

UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY

COLLECTION
OF
GERMAN AUTHORS.

VOL. 48.

JOSHUA BY GEORG EBERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

By the same Author,

AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS	2 vols.
UARDÄ	2 vols.
HOMO SUM	2 vols.
THE SISTERS [DIE SCHWESTERN]	2 vols.

LG
E168
Jant.

281-57

JOSHUA.

A STORY OF BIBLICAL LIFE.

BY

GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," "UARDA," ETC.

FROM THE GERMAN BY

CLARA AND MARGARET BELL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

Copyright Edition.

48419
1900

LEIPZIG 1890

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON, LIMITED.
ST. DUNSTAN'S HOUSE, FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

PARIS: C. REINWALD, 15, RUE DES SAINTS PÈRES; THE GALIGNANI
LIBRARY, 224, RUE DE RIVOLI.



JOSHUA

STORY OF BIBLICAL LIFE

7739

 18/11/90

 Vols 1-38; 41-49

 47 Vols

LEIPZIG 1800

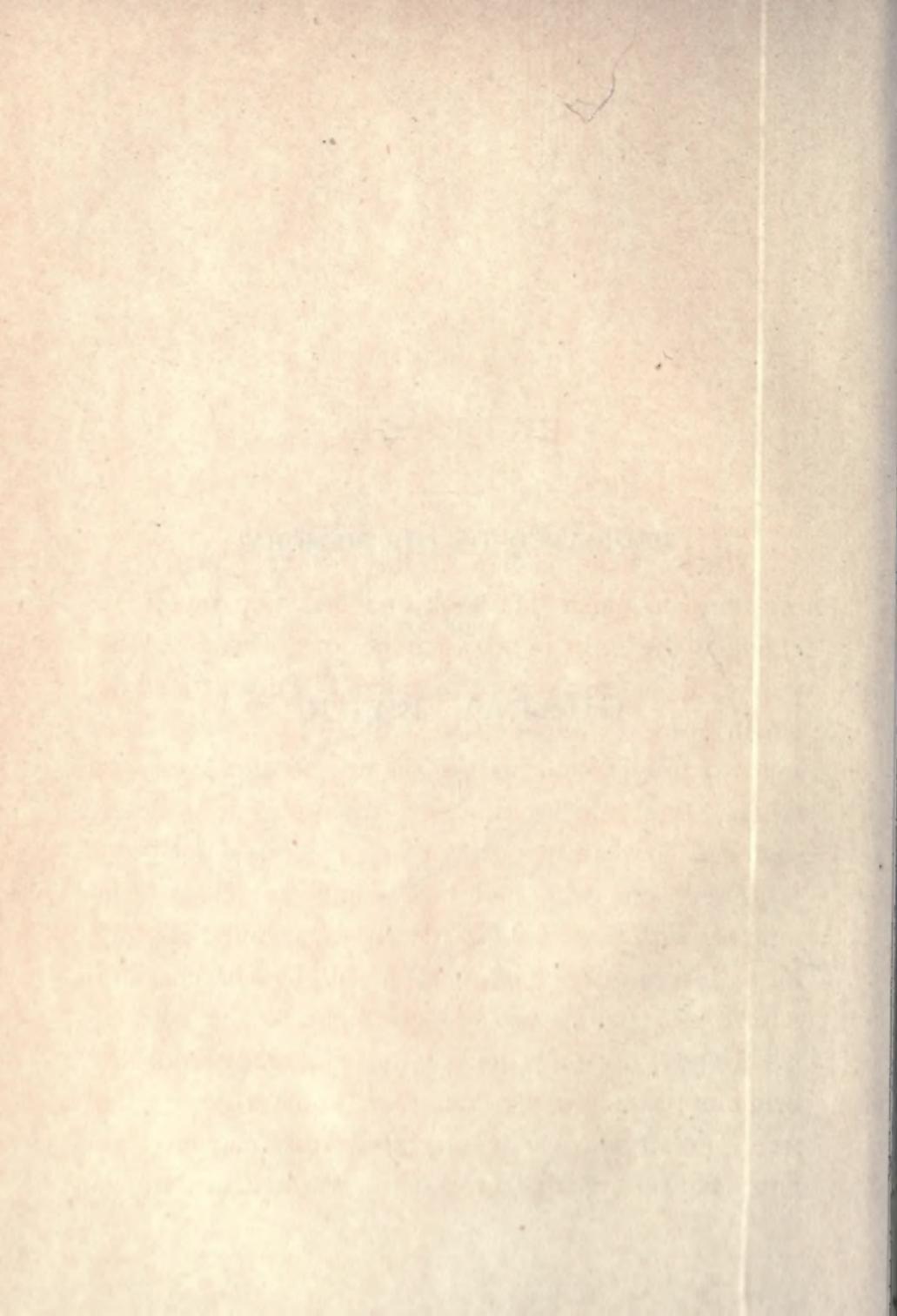
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

LEIPZIG, AM BUCHHANDLUNGS-VERLAG VON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
 1800
 LEIPZIG, AM BUCHHANDLUNGS-VERLAG VON BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ
 1800

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY

OF

GUSTAV BAUR.



PREFACE.

WHEN in the course of last winter I made up my mind to finish this book and occupied myself in giving it the form in which it is now offered to the public, I constantly bore in mind the dear friend to whom I always intended to dedicate it. Now, it is my sad privilege to inscribe it only to the Manes of Gustav Baur, for, but a few months since, death snatched him away.

Every one who had ever come into close communion with him felt his death as an unspeakably bitter loss, not only because his bright and cheerful nature and happy wit brought light to the soul of his friends; not only because he was ready from the brimming stores of his abundant knowledge to give freely to all who came into intellectual contact with him; but, above all, because the warm heart, which

beamed through his eyes, made him feel the joy and sorrow of others as his own, and throw himself into their thoughts and feelings. Till my latest day I can never forget how, in these latter years, infirm in body and overwhelmed with the work of a professor and a member of the Consistory, he would still constantly find his way to see me, his yet more crippled friend. The hours it was then my good fortune to spend in eager conversation with him, were such as we "write down good", to quote old Horace, whom he knew and loved so well. I have done so; as I gratefully recall them my friend's voice sounds in my ear asking: "And what about the tale of the Exodus?" When I first told him that it was in the midst of the desert, while following up the traces of the fugitive Hebrews, that the idea had occurred to me of treating their wanderings in a work of imagination, he expressed his approval with the captivating eagerness which was characteristic of the man. When, then, I developed the idea which I had first sketched riding on a camel, he never was weary of encouraging me, although he quite understood my hesitation and fully recognised the difficulties which surrounded the execution of my task.

This book then, in a certain sense, is his, and the fact that it can no longer be offered to him

living, can never be the subject of his subtle judgment, is one of the sorrows which make it hard to accept with a good grace the advancing years, which otherwise have brought so much that is sweet.

He, who was one of the most famous, clear-sighted and learned students of the Bible and its exegesis of our day, was familiar with all the critical labours which have been published within the last few lustra in the field of Old Testament criticism. He took up a determined attitude against the views of a younger school who endeavour to expunge the Exodus of the Israelites from the page of history, and regard it as a later outcome of the myth-forming spirit of the people; a theory which he, like myself, regarded as untenable. One of his sentences on this question dwells in my memory, to this effect: "If the events recorded in the Second Book of Moses really never occurred—a hypothesis I entirely reject—then no historical event entailing equally important results need have happened anywhere or at any time. The story of the Exodus has, for thousands of years, survived in the minds of numberless human beings as a real event, and has influenced them as such. Hence it is no less certainly a part of history, than the French Revolution and its results."

But in spite of such encouragement, for many years I lacked courage to bring my tale of the Exodus to a conclusion, till, last winter, an unexpected request from abroad prompted me take it up again. I then carried it through without interruption and with fresh spirit, and I may say with rejuvenated delight in the perilous and yet fascinating theme.

The locality of the narrative, the scenery in which it moves, I have described as exactly as possible from that which I saw in Goshen and the Sinaitic peninsula, and it will answer to the preconceptions of many a reader of "Joshua." With regard to those parts of the story which I have introduced on the ground of ancient Egyptian lore it will be different. They will surprise the novice, for few perhaps have ever reflected as to how the events related in the Bible from the Jewish point of view, may have affected the Egyptians; or what the political condition of the land of the Pharaohs may have been when they bid the Israelites depart. I have endeavoured to depict these things as truly as possible from the monumental records. For the portraits of the Hebrews mentioned in Scripture the Bible is the best authority, and the character of the Pharaoh of the Exodus is also painted from the Bible narrative; it agrees very remarkably with the

remaining pictures of the weak King Menephtah. From the history of a somewhat later period I have borrowed and introduced the conspiracy of Siptah; the accession of Seti II. and the person of Aarsu the Syrian, who, according to the Harris Papyrus, No. I. (London) seized the reins of government after Siptah had been proclaimed king.

Monsieur Naville's excavations have left no doubts as to the position of Pithom, or Succoth. They brought to light the fortified Storehouse of Pithom mentioned in the Bible; and as the narrative tells us that the Israelites rested there, and then set forth again, it must be assumed that they conquered the garrison of the building and took possession of the contents of the vast granaries which may be seen at this day.

In my work, published so long ago as 1868,* I already pointed out that the Etham of the Bible was identical with the Egyptian Khetam, that is to say, the line of fortresses which protected the isthmus of Suez from the attacks of the peoples of the East, and my opinion has long since been generally accepted. It fully explains the return of the wanderers from Etham.

* *Egypten und die Bücher Mose's.* Leipzig, W. Engelmann.

The mount of the Lawgiving is, to me, the majestic peak of Serbal, not the Sinai of the monks; my reasons are fully explained in my work on Sinai.* I have also endeavoured in the same book to show that the resting place called in the Bible Dophkah, is identical with the abandoned mines now called Wadi Maghâra.

The writer has endeavoured by means of the actors in his tale, their adventures and reflexions—in part the invention of his own fancy—to make the mighty destinies of the people he has attempted to describe more humanly real to the sympathetic reader. If he has succeeded in this, without seeming to dwarf the splendid narrative of the Bible, he has attained his end; if he has failed, he must rest content with the pleasure and personal exaltation he has enjoyed while composing the work.

TUTZING am Starnberger See. September 1889.

GEORG EBERS.

* Durch Gosen nach Sinai. Leipzig, W. Engelmann.
2. Auflage 1882.

J O S H U A.

CHAPTER I.

“Go down, grandfather. I will keep watch.”

But the old man to whom the words were spoken shook his shaven head.

“But up here you will get no rest.”

“And the stars? Or even below; rest, in such times as these? Throw my cloak over me. Rest, in such a fearful night!”

“You are so cold; and your hand and the instrument shake.”

“Then steady my arm.”

The lad willingly obeyed the request; but after a short space he exclaimed: “It is all in vain. Star after star is swallowed up in black clouds. Ah, and the bitter cry of the city comes up. Nay, it comes from our own house. I am sick at heart, grand-

father; only feel how hot my head is. Come down, perchance they need help."

"That is in the hands of the gods, and my place is here. But there, there! Eternal gods! Look to the north across the lake! No, more to the westward. They come from the city of the dead!"

"Oh, grandfather, father, there!" cried the youth, a priestly neophyte, who was lending his aid to an elder, his grandfather, the chief astrologer of Amon-Ra.

They were standing on the watch tower of the temple of the god of Tanis, the capital of the Pharaohs, in the north of the land of Goshen. As he spoke he drew away his shoulder on which the old man was leaning. "There, there! Is the sea swallowing up the land? Have the clouds fallen on the earth to surge to and fro? Oh, grandfather, may the immortals have mercy! the nether world is yawning! The great serpent Apep is come forth from the city of the dead! It comes rolling past the temple. I see it, I hear it! The great Hebrew's threat is being fulfilled! Our race will be cut off from the earth. The serpent! Its head is set toward the south-east. It will surely swallow up the young sun when it rises in the morning!"

The old man's eye followed the direction of the

youth's finger, and he, too, could discern that a vast, black mass, whose outline was lost in the darkness, came rolling through the gloom, and he, too, heard with a shudder the creature's low roar.

Both stood with eye and ear alert, staring into the night; but the star-gazer's eye was fixed not upward, but down, across the city to the distant sea and level plain. Overhead all was silent, and yet not all at rest, for the wind swept the dark clouds into shapeless masses in one place, while in another it rent the gray shroud and scattered them far and wide.

The moon was not visible to mortal ken, but the clouds played hide and seek with the bright Southern stars, now covering them, and now giving their rays free passage. And as in the firmament, so on earth there was a constant change from pallid light to blackest darkness. Now the glitter of the heavenly bodies flashed brightly down on the sea and estuary, on the polished granite sides of the obelisks in the temple precincts, and the gilt copper roof of the King's airy palace; and again, lake and river, the sails in the harbour, the sanctuaries and streets of the city, and the palm-strewn plain surrounding it, were all lost in gloom.

Objects which the eye tried to rest on vanished

in an instant, and it was the same with the sounds that met the ear. For a while the silence would be as deep as though all life, far and near, were hushed or dead, and then a piercing shriek of woe rent the stillness of the night. And then, broken by longer or shorter pauses, that roar was heard which the youthful priest had taken for the voice of the serpent of the nether world; and to that the grandfather and grandson listened with growing excitement.

The dusky shape, whose ceaseless movements could be clearly made out whenever the stars shot their beams between the striving clouds, had its beginning out by the city of the dead and the strangers' quarter. A sudden panic had fallen on the old man as on the young one; but he was quicker to recover himself, and his keen and practised eye soon discerned that it was not a single gigantic form which was rising from the necropolis to cross the plain, but a multitude of moving creatures who seemed to be surging or swaying to and fro on the meadow-land. Nor did the hollow hum and wailing come up from one particular spot, but was audible now nearer and now more remote. Anon he fancied that it was rising from the bosom of the earth, and then again that it fell from some airy height.

Fresh terror came upon the old astrologer. He seized his grandson's wrist in his right hand, and pointing with his left to the city of the dead, he cried in a trembling voice: "The dead are too many in number. The nether world overflows, as the river does when its bed is too narrow for the waters of the south. How they swarm and sway and surge on! How they part, hither and thither. These are the ghosts of the thousands whom black death hath snatched away, blasted by the Hebrew's curse, and sent unburied, unprotected from corruption, to descend the rungs of the ladder which leads to the world without end."

"Yea, it is they!" cried the other, in full belief. He snatched his hand from the old man's grasp and struck his fevered and burning brow, exclaiming, though hardly able to speak for terror: "They—the damned! The wind has blown them to the sea, and its waters spew them out and cast them on the land again, and the blessed earth rejects them and drives them into the air. The pure ether of Shoo flings them back to the ground, and now—look, listen! They are groaning as they seek the way to the desert."

"To the fire!" cried the elder. "Flame, purify them; water, cleanse them!"

The youth joined in the old priest's form of exorcism, and while they chanted it in unison the trap door was lifted which led to this observatory on the top of the highest gate of the temple, and a priest of humble grade cried to the old man:

"Cease thy labours. Who cares now for the stars of heaven when all that has life is being darkened on earth?"

The old priest listened speechless till the messenger went on to say that it was the astrologer's wife who had sent for him, and then he gasped out:

"Hora? Is my son then likewise stricken?"

The priest bent his head, and both his hearers wept bitterly, for the old man was bereft of his first-born son, and the lad of a tender father.

But when the boy, trembling with fever, fell sick and sorrowing on his grandfather's breast, the elder hastily freed himself from his embrace and went to the trap door; for although the priest had announced himself as the messenger of death, it needs more than the bare word of another to persuade a father to give up all hope of life for his child. The old man went quickly down the stone stairs, through the lofty halls and wide courts of the temple, and the lad followed him, although his

shaking knees could scarcely carry his fevered frame. The blow which had fallen within his own little circle had made the old man forget the fearful portent which threatened the whole world perhaps with ruin; but the boy could not get rid of the vision, so when he had passed the first court and was in sight of the outermost pylons, to his terrified and anxious soul it seemed as though the shadows of the obelisks were spinning round, while the two stone statues of King Rameses on the corner piers of the great gate beat time with the crook in his hand.

At this the lad dropped fever-stricken on the ground. A convulsion distorted his features and tossed his slender frame to and fro in frantic spasms; and the old man, falling on his knees, while he guarded the curly head from striking the hard stone flags, moaned in a low voice: "Now it has fallen on him!"

Suddenly he collected himself and shouted aloud for help, but in vain, and again in vain. At last his voice fell; he sought consolation in prayer. Then he heard a sound of voices from the avenue of sphinxes leading to the great gate, and new hope revived in his heart.

Who could it be who was arriving at so late an hour?

Mingled with cries of grief, the chanting of priests fell on his ear, the tinkle and clatter of the metal sistrum shaken by holy women in honor of the god, and the measured footfall of men, praying as they marched on.

A solemn procession was approaching. The astrologer raised his eyes, and after glancing at the double line of granite columns, colossal statues and obelisks in the great court, looked up, in obedience to the habits of a lifetime, at the starry heavens above, and in the midst of his woe a bitter smile parted his sunken lips, for the gods this night lacked the honors that were their due.

For on this night—the first after the new moon in the month of Pharmutee—the sanctuary in former years was wont to be gay with garlands of flowers. At the dawn of day after this moonless night the high festival of the spring equinox should begin, and with it the harvest thanksgiving.

At this time a grand procession marched through the city to the river and harbour, as prescribed by the Book of the Divine Birth of the Sun, in honor of the great goddess Neith, of Rennout, who bestows the gifts of the field, and of Horus, at whose bidding the desert blooms; but to-day the silence of death reigned in the sanctuary, whose courtyard should

have been crowded at this hour with men, women and children, bringing offerings to lay on the very spot where his grandson lay under the hand of death.

A broad beam of light suddenly fell into the vast court, which till now had been but dimly lighted by a few lamps. Could they be so mad as to think that the glad festival might be held in spite of the nameless horrors of the past night?

Only the evening before, the priests in council had determined that during this pitiless pestilence the temples were to be left unadorned and processions to be prohibited. By noon yesterday many had failed to attend, because the plague had fallen on their households, and the terror had now come into this very sanctuary, while he, who could read the stars, had been watching them in their courses. Why else should it have been deserted by the watchmen and other astrologers, who had been with him at sunset, and whose duty it was to keep vigil here all night?

He turned once more to the suffering boy with tender anxiety, but instantly started to his feet, for the gates were opened wide and the light of torches and lanterns poured into the temple court. A glance at the sky showed him that it was not long past midnight, and yet his fears were surely well grounded

—these must be the priests crowding into the temple to prepare for the harvest festival.

Not so.

For when had they come to the sanctuary for this purpose chanting and in procession? Nor were these all servants of the divinity. The populace had joined them. In that solemn litany he could hear the shrill wailing of women mingled with wild cries of despair such as he had never before, in the course of a long life, heard within these consecrated walls.

Or did his senses deceive him? Was it the groaning horde of unresting souls which he had seen from the observatory who were crowding into the sanctuary of the god?

Fresh horror fell upon him; he threw up his arms in prohibition and for a few moments repeated the formula against the malice of evil spirits; but he presently dropped his hands, for he marked among the throng some friends who yesterday, at any rate, had been in the land of the living. Foremost, the tall figure of the second prophet of the god, then the women devoted to the service of Amon-Ra, the singers and the holy fathers, and when at last, behind the astrologers and pastophoroi, he saw his son-in-law whose home had till yester-

day been spared by the plague, he took heart and spoke to him. But his voice was drowned by the song and cries of the coming multitude.

The courtyard was now fully lighted; but every one was so absorbed in his own sorrow that no one heeded the old astrologer. He snatched the cloak off his own shivering body to make a better pillow for the boy's tossing head, and while he did so with fatherly care, he could hear among the chanting and wailing of the approaching crowd, first, frantic curses on the Hebrews, through whom these woes had fallen on Pharaoh and his people, and then, again and again, the name of the heir to the crown, Prince Rameses, and the tone in which it was spoken, and the formulas of mourning which were added, announced to all who had ears to hear that the eyes of the first-born of the King on his throne were also sealed in death.

As he gazed with growing anguish in his grandson's pale face the lamentations for the prince rang out afresh and louder than ever, and a faint sense of satisfaction crept into his soul at the impartiality of death, who spared not the sovereign on his throne any more than the beggar by the wayside.

He knew now what had brought this noisy throng to the sanctuary.

He went forward with such haste as his old limbs would allow to meet the column of mourners, but before he could join them he saw the gatekeeper and his wife come out of the gatehouse, bearing between them on a mat the corpse of a boy. The husband held one end, his frail, tiny wife held the other, and the stalwart man had to stoop low to keep their stiff burden in a horizontal position that it might not slip down toward the woman. Three children closed the melancholy party, and a little girl holding a lantern led the way.

No one, perhaps, would have observed them but that the gatekeeper's wife shrieked forth her griefs so loudly and shrilly that it was impossible not to hear her cries. Then at length the second prophet of Amon and his companions turned about; the procession came to a standstill, and, as some of the priests went nearer to the body, the father cried in a loud voice: "Away, away from the plague-stricken! Our first-born is dead!"

The mother, meanwhile, had snatched the lantern from her little daughter, and, holding it so as to throw a light on the rigid face of the dead boy, she shrieked out:

"The god hath suffered it to come to pass. Yea, even under our own roof. But it is not his will, but

the curse of the stranger in the land that has come over us and our lives. Behold, this was our first-born; and two temple servants have likewise been taken. One is dead already; he is lying in our little room yonder; and there—see, there lies young Ramus, the grandson of Rameri, the star-reader. We heard the old man calling, and saw what was happening, but who can hold another man's house up when his own is falling about his ears? Beware while it is yet time, for the gods have opened even the temple gates to the abomination, and if the whole world should perish I should not be surprised and never complain—certainly not. My lords and priests, I am but a poor and humble woman, but am I not in the right when I ask: Are our gods asleep, that a magic spell has bound them? Or what are they doing, and where are they, that they leave us and our children in the power of the vile Hebrew race?"

"Down with them! Down with the strangers! They are magicians; into the sea with Mesu,* the sorcerer!"

As an echo follows a cry, so did these imprecations follow the woman's curse, and Hornecht, the

* Mesu is the Egyptian form of Moses.

old astrologer's son-in-law, captain of the archers, whose blood boiled over at the sight of his dying, fair young nephew, brandished his short sword, and cried in a frenzy of rage: "Follow me, every man who has a heart! At them! Life for Life! Ten Hebrews for each Egyptian whom their sorcerer has killed!"

As a flock will rush into the fire if only the ram leads the way, the crowd flocked to follow the noble warrior. The women pushed in front of the men, thronging the doorway, and as the servants of the sanctuary hesitated till they should know the opinion of the prophet of Amon, their leader threw up his majestic figure, and said deliberately:

"All who wear priests' robes remain to pray with me. The people are the instrument of heaven, and it is theirs to repay. We stay here to pray for success to their vengeance."

CHAPTER II.

BAIE, the second prophet of Amon, who acted as deputy for the now infirm old head-prophet and high-priest Ruie, withdrew into the holy of holies, and while the multitude of the inferior ministers of the god proceeded to their various duties, the infuriated crowd hurried through the streets of the town to the strangers' quarter.

As a swollen torrent raging through a valley carries down with it everything in its way, so the throng, as they rushed to their revenge, compelled every one on their way to join them. Every Egyptian from whom death had snatched his nearest and dearest was ready to join the swelling tide, and it grew till it numbered hundreds of thousands. Men, women and children, slaves and free, borne on the wings of their desire to wreak ruin and death on the detested Hebrews, flew to the distant quarter where they dwelt.

How this artisan had laid hold of a chopper or that housewife had clutched an axe they themselves

scarcely knew. They rushed on to kill and destroy, and they had not sought the weapons they needed; they had found them ready to their hand.

The first they hoped to fall upon in their mad fury was Nun, a venerable Hebrew, respected and beloved by many—a man rich in herds, who had done much kindness to the Egyptians; but where hatred and revenge make themselves heard gratitude stands shy and speechless in the background.

His large estates lay, like the houses and huts of the men of his race, to the west of Tanis, the strangers' quarter, and were the nearest of them all to the streets inhabited by the Egyptians themselves.

At this morning hour Nun's flocks and herds were wont to be taken, first to water, and then to the pasture; so the large yard in front of his house would be full of cattle, farm men and women, carts and field implements. The owner himself commonly ordered the going of his beasts, and he and his were to be the first victims of the popular rage.

The swiftest runners had already reached his spacious farm, and among them Hornecht, the captain of the archers. There lay the house and buildings in the first bright beams of the morning sun, and a brawny smith kicked violently at the closed

door; but there was no bolt, and it flew open so readily that he had to clutch at the door post to save himself from falling. Others pushed by him into the courtyard, among them the archer chief.

But what was the meaning of this?

Had some new charm been wrought to show the power of Mesu, who had brought such terrible plagues already on the land, and to display the might of his god?

The yard was empty, absolutely empty; only in their stalls lay a few cattle and sheep, slain because they had suffered some injury, while a lame lamb hobbled away at the sight of the intruders. Even the carts and barrows had vanished. The groaning and bleating crowd, which the star-gazer had taken to be the spirits of the damned, was the host of the Hebrews, who had fled by night with all their herds, under the guidance of Moses.

The leader dropped his sword, and it might have been thought that the scene before him was to him an agreeable surprise, but his companion, a scribe from the King's treasury, looked round the deserted courtyard with the disappointed air of a man who has been cheated.

The tide of passions and schemes which had

risen high during the night ebbed under the broad light of day! Even the soldier's easily-stirred ire had subsided to comparative calm. The mob might have done their worst to the other Hebrews, but not to Nun, whose son Hosea had been his comrade in battle, one of the most esteemed captains in the field, and a private friend of his own. If Hornecht had foreseen that his father's farmstead would be the first spot to be attacked, he would never have led the mob to their revenge, and once more in his life he bitterly rued that he had been carried away by sudden wrath to forget the calm demeanor which beseeemed his years. And now, while some of the crowd proceeded to rifle and pull down Nun's deserted dwellings, men and women came running in to say that no living soul was to be found in any of the other houses near. Some had to tell of yelling cats squatting on vacant hearths, of beasts past service found slaughtered, and broken household gear; till at last the angry crowd dragged forward a Hebrew with his family, and a gray-haired, half-witted woman whom they had hunted out among some straw. The old woman laughed foolishly and said that her people had called her till they were hoarse, but Mehela knew better; and as for walking, walking forever, as her people meant to do, that she

could not; her feet were too tender, and she had not even a pair of sandals.

The man, a hideous Jew, whom few even of his own race would have regarded with pity, declared, first with humility bordering on servility, and then with the insolent daring that was natural to him, that he had nothing to do with the god of lies in whose name the impostor Moses had tempted away his people, but that he and his wife and child had always been friends with the Egyptians. As a matter of fact he was known to many, being an usurer, and when the rest of his tribe had taken up their staves he had hidden himself, hoping to pursue his dishonest dealings and come to no loss.

But some of his debtors were among the furious mob; and even without them he had not a chance for his life, for he was the first object on which the excited multitude could prove that they were in earnest in their revenge. They rushed on him with yells of rage, and in a few minutes the bodies of the hapless wretch and his family lay dead on the ground. No one knew who had done the bloody deed; too many had fallen on the victims at once.

Others who had remained behind were dragged forth from houses or hovels, and they were not a few, though many had time to escape into the coun-

try. These all fell victims to the wrath of the populace; and while their blood was flowing, axes were heaved, and doors and walls were battered down with beams and posts to destroy the dwellings of the detested race from the face of the earth.

The glowing embers which some furious women had brought with them were extinguished and trodden out, for the more prudent warned them of the danger which must threaten their own adjoining dwellings and the whole city of Tanis if the strangers' quarter were set in flames.

Thus the homes of the Hebrews were spared from fire, but as the sun rose higher, the site of the dwellings they had deserted was wrapped in an impenetrable cloud of white dust from the ruins, and on the spot where but yesterday thousands of human beings had had a happy home, and where vast herds had slaked their thirst by fresh waters, nothing was now to be seen but heaps of rubbish and stone, while broken timber and splintered woodwork strewed the scorching soil. Dogs and cats, abandoned by the fugitives, prowled among the ruins, and were presently joined by the women and children who herded in the beggars' hovels on the skirts of the neighbouring necropolis, and who now, with their hands over their mouths, hunted among the choking

dust and piles of lumber for any vessels or broken victuals which the Hebrews might have left behind and the plunderers have overlooked.

In the course of the afternoon Baie was borne in his litter past the scene of devastation. He had not come hither to feast his eyes on the sight of the ruins, but because they lay in the nearest way from the city of the dead to his own home. Nevertheless, a smile of satisfaction curled his grave lips as he noted how thoroughly the populace had done their work. What he himself had hoped to see had not indeed been carried out; the leaders of the fugitives had evaded their revenge, but hatred, though it is never satiated, can be easily gratified. Even the smaller woes of an enemy are joy, and the priest had just quitted the mourning Pharaoh, and though he had not yet succeeded in freeing him completely from the bonds laid upon him by the Hebrew soothsayer, yet he had loosened them.

Three words had the proud, ambitious man murmured to himself again and again—a stiffnecked man, not wont to talk to himself—as he sat alone in the sanctuary, meditating on what had happened and on what had to be done; and those three words were: “Bless me also.”

It was Pharaoh who had spoken them, address-

ing the petition to another; and that other not old Ruie, the supreme judge and high priest, nor Baie himself, the only men living whose privilege it could be to bless the king; no; but the worst of the accursed, the stranger, the Hebrew Mesu, whom he hated as he hated none other on earth.

“Bless me also!” That pious entreaty, which springs so confidently from the human soul in anguish, had pierced his soul like a dagger-thrust. He felt as though such a prayer, addressed by such lips to such a man, had broken the staff in the hand of the whole priesthood of Egypt, had wrenched the panther skin from its shoulders, and cast a stain on all the nation he loved.

He knew Mesu well for one of the wisest sages ever produced by the schools of Egypt; he knew full well that Pharaoh was spell-bound by this man, who had grown up in his house, and had been the friend of the great Rameses, his father. He had seen the monarch pardon misdeeds in Mesu which any other man, were he the highest in the land, must have expiated with his life; and how dear must this Hebrew have been to Pharaoh—the sun-god on his earthly throne—when he could compel the King, standing by the deathbed of his son, to uplift his hands to him and implore him: “Bless me also!”

All this he had told himself and weighed with due care, and still he, Baie, could not, would not yield to the powerful Hebrew. He had regarded it as his most urgent and sacred duty to bring destruction on him and his whole race. To fulfill that duty he would not have hesitated to lay hands on the throne; indeed, in his eyes, by the utterance of that blasphemous entreaty, "Bless me also," Pharaoh Menephtah had forfeited his right to the sovereignty. Moses was the murderer of Pharaoh's first born, whereas he himself and the venerable high priest of Amon held the weal or woe of the deceased youth's soul in their hands. And this weapon was a keen and a strong one, for he knew how soft and irresolute was the King's heart. If the high priest of Amon—the only man who stood above him—did not contravene him in some unaccountable fit of senile caprice, it would be a small matter to reduce Pharaoh to submission, but the vacillating monarch might repent to-morrow of what he resolved on to-day, if the Hebrew should again succeed in coming between him and his Egyptian counsellors. Only this very day, on hearing the name of Moses spoken in his presence, the degenerate son of Rameses the Great had covered his face and quaked like a frightened gazelle, and to-morrow he might curse

him and pronounce sentence of death against him. He might perhaps indeed be moved to do this, but even then by the day after he would very surely recall him and beseech his blessing once more.

Away with such a monarch! Down with the feeble reed who sat on the throne, down to the very dust! Baie had found a fitting successor among the princes of the blood royal, and when the time should come—when Ruie, the high-priest of Amon, should cross the boundary of the time of life granted to man by the gods and close his eyes in death—then he, Baie himself, would fill his place; a new life should begin for Egypt, and Moses and his tribes were doomed.

As the prophet thus meditated a pair of ravens fluttered around his head, and then, croaking loudly, alighted on the dusty ruins of one of the wrecked tenements. His eye involuntarily followed their flight and perceived that they had settled on the body of a dead Hebrew, half buried in rubbish. And again a smile stole over his cunning, defiant features, a smile which the inferior priests who stood about his litter could by no means interpret.

CHAPTER III.

HORNECHT, captain of the bowmen, had by this time joined company with the prophet. He was indeed in his confidence, for the warrior likewise was one of the men of high rank who had conspired to overthrow the reigning Pharaoh.

As they approached the ruined dwelling of Nun, the priest pointed to the heap of destruction and said: "The man to whom this once belonged is the only Hebrew I fain would spare. He was a man of worth, and his son Hosea—"

"He will be true to us," interrupted the captain. "Few better men serve in the ranks of Pharaoh's armies, and," he added, in a lower voice, "I count on him in the day of deliverance."

"Of that we will speak before fewer witnesses," replied the other. "But I owe him a special debt of gratitude. During the Libyan war—you know of it—I was betrayed into the hand of the enemy, and Hosea, with his handful of men, cut me a way of escape from the wild robbers." Then, dropping his

voice, he went on in his didactic manner, as though he were making excuse for the mischief before them. "Such is life here below! When a whole race of men incurs punishment the evil falls on the guiltless with the guilty. Not even the gods can in such a case divide the individual from the mob; the visitation falls even on the innocent beasts. Look at that flock of pigeons hovering over the ruins; they seek the dovecote in vain. And that cat with her kittens! Go, Bekie, and rescue them; it is our duty to preserve the sacred animals from starving to death."

And this man, who had contemplated the destruction of so many of his fellow-creatures with barbarous joy, took the kindly care of the unreasoning brutes so much to heart that he made the bearers stop, and looked on while his servants caught the cats. But this was not so quickly done as he had hoped, for the mother fled into the nearest cellar opening, and the gap was so narrow as to prevent the men from following her. However, the youngest of them all, a slim Nubian, undertook to fetch her out; but he hardly looked down into the opening when he started back and cried to his lord:

"A human being is lying there, and seems to be yet alive. Yes, he beckons with his hand. It is a

boy or a youth, and certainly not a slave. His hair is long and curly, and on his arm—for a sunbeam falls straight in—I can see a broad gold band.”

“One of the family of Nun, perhaps, who has been forgotten,” said the warrior, and Baie eagerly added: “It is the guidance of the gods! The sacred beasts have led me to the spot where I may do a service to the man to whom I owe so much. Try and make your way in, Bekie, and fetch the youth out.”

The Nubian, meanwhile, had moved away a stone, which, in its fall, had partly closed the entrance, and in a short while he held up to his comrades a motionless young form, which they lifted out into the open air and carried to a well. There they soon brought him back to life with the cool water.

As he recovered consciousness he rubbed his eyes, looked about him in bewilderment as though he knew not where he was, and then his head fell on his breast as if overcome by grief and horror, and it could be seen that at the back of his head the hair was matted with dark patches of dried blood.

By the prophet’s care the wound, which was deep, from a stone which had fallen on the lad, was washed at the well; and when it was bound up he

bid him get into his own litter, which was screened from the sun.

The youth had arrived before sunrise, after a long walk by night from Pithom, called by the Hebrews Succoth, to bring a message to his grandfather, Nun, but finding the place deserted he had lain down in one of the empty rooms to rest awhile. Awaking at the uproar of the infuriated Egyptians, and hearing the curses on his race, which rang out on every side, he had fled to the cellar, and the falling roof, although he had been hurt, had proved his salvation, for the clouds of dust, which had hidden everything as it crashed down, had concealed him from the sight of the plunderers.

The priest gazed at him attentively, and though the youth was unwashed and pale, with a blood-stained bandage round his head, he could see that the being he had restored to life was a handsome, well-grown lad, on the verge of manhood. Full of eager sympathy, he mollified the stern gravity of his eye, and questioned him kindly as to whence he came and what had brought him to Tanis, for it was impossible to tell from the youth's features even of what nation he might be. He might easily have passed himself off as an Egyptian, but he quite frankly owned that he was the grandson of Nun. He

was eighteen years of age, his name was Ephraim, like his ancestor, the son of Joseph, and he had come to see his grandfather. And he spoke with an accent of steadfast self-respect and joy in his illustrious descent.

When asked whether he had been the bearer of a message he did not forthwith reply, but after collecting his thoughts he looked fearlessly into the prophet's face and answered frankly:

"Be you who you may, I have been taught to speak the truth. You shall know, then, that I have another kinsman dwelling in Tanis—Hosea, the son of Nun, who is a captain in Pharaoh's army, and I have a message for him."

"And you shall know," replied the priest, "that it was for the sake of that very Hosea that I lingered here and bid my servants rescue you alive from that ruined house. I owe him thanks, and although the greater number of your nation have done deeds worthy of the heaviest punishment, yet for his noble sake you shall dwell among us free and unharmed."

On this the boy looked up at the priest with a flash of eager pride; but before he could speak Baie went on with encouraging friendliness:

"I read in your eyes, my boy, if I am not mis-

taken, that you are come to seek service under your Uncle Hosea in Pharaoh's army. Your stature should make you skilful in handling weapons, and you certainly cannot lack for daring."

A smile of flattered vanity lighted up Ephraim's face, and turning the broad gold bangle on his arm, perhaps unconsciously, he eagerly replied:

"I am brave, my lord, and have proved it often in the hunting-field. But at home there are cattle and sheep in abundance, which I already call my own, and it seems to me a better lot to wander free and rule the shepherds than to do what others bid me."

"So, so," replied the priest. "Well, Hosea perhaps will bring you to another and a better mind. To rule! a noble goal indeed for a youth! The pity is that we who have reached it are but servants, the more heavily-burdened in proportion to the greater number of those who obey us. You understand me, Captain; and you, boy, will understand me later, when you have become such a palm tree as your sapling growth promises. But time presses. Who sent you hither to Hosea?"

The youth again looked down and hesitated; but when the prophet had broken in on his silence by saying, "And that candour which you have been

taught?" he replied, firmly and decidedly: "I came to do pleasure to a woman whom you know not. Let that suffice."

"A woman!" echoed the prophet, and he cast an inquiring glance at Hornecht. "When a valiant warrior and a fair woman seek each other the Hathors* are wont to intervene and use the binding cords, but it ill beseems a minister of the divinity to play spectator to such doings, so I inquire no further. Take this boy under your protection, Captain, and help him to carry his errand to Hosea. The only question is whether he is yet returned."

"No," replied the soldier, "but this very day he and ten thousand men are expected at the armory."

"Then may the Hathors who favor love-messages bring these two to a meeting no later than tomorrow!" cried the priest. But the youth broke in indignantly: "I bear no love message from one to the other!"

And the priest, who was well pleased by his boldness, replied gaily: "I had forgotten that I am speaking to a shepherd-prince." Then he added more gravely: "When you shall have found Hosea give him greeting from me, and say to him that

* The Hathors were the Egyptian love-goddesses. They are often depicted with cords in their hands.

Baie, the second prophet of Amon, whom he saved from the hand of the Libyans, believes that he is paying some part of his debt by extending a protecting hand over you, his nephew. You, bold youth, know not, perhaps, that you have escaped a two-fold danger as by a miracle. The furious Egyptians would no more have spared your life than would the choking dust of falling houses. Bear that in mind, and tell Hosea, moreover, from me, Baie, that I am sure that as soon as he sees with his own eyes the misery wrought on the house of Pharaoh to whom he has sworn allegiance, and with it, on this city and on the whole land, by the magic arts of one of your race, he will cut himself off in horror from those cowards. For they have basely fled, after slaying the best and dearest of those among whom they have dwelt in peace, whose protection they have enjoyed, and who for long years have given them work and fed them abundantly. If I know him at all, as an honest man he will turn his back on those who have sinned thus. And you may tell him likewise that the Hebrew officers and fighting men under the captainship of Aarsu, the Syrian, have already done so of their own free will. This day—and Hosea will have heard the tidings from others—they offered sacrifice, not only to their own

gods, Baal and Set—whom you, too, many of you, were wont to serve before the vile magician Mesu led you astray—but also to Father Amon and the sacred nine of our eternal gods. And if he will do likewise, he and I, hand in hand, will rise to great power—of that he may be assured—and he is worthy of it. The rest of the debt of gratitude I still owe him I will find other means of paying, which as yet must remain undiscovered. But you may promise your uncle from me that I will take care of Nun, his worthy father, when the vengeance of the gods and of Pharaoh overtakes the other men of your nation. Already—tell him this likewise—is the sword set, and judgment without mercy shall be done on them. Tell him to ask himself what can fugitive shepherds do against the might of that army of which he himself is one of the captains?—Is your father yet alive, my son?”

“No; he was borne out long since,” replied Ephraim in a broken voice.

Was it that the fever of his wound was too much for him? That the disgrace of belonging to a race who could do such shameful deeds overpowered his young soul? Or was the youth true to his people, and was it wrath and indignation that made his cheek turn pale, then red, and stirred up such tur-

moil in his soul that he could hardly speak? No matter. But it was clear that he was no fit bearer of the prophet's message to his uncle, and the priest signed to the captain to come with him under the shade of a broad sycamore tree. The Hebrew must at any cost be retained with the army; he laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, saying: "You know that it was my wife who won you over to our great scheme. She serves it better and with greater zeal than many a man, and while I admire your daughter's beauty she is full of praises of her winning charm."

"And Kasana is to join the conspiracy?" exclaimed the soldier in displeasure.

"Not as an active partner, like my wife—of course not."

"She would hardly serve that end," replied the other in a calmer tone, "for she is like a child."

"And yet she may win over to our cause a man whose good-will appears to me to be inestimable."

"You mean Hosea?" asked Hornecht, and again his brow grew black, while the prophet went on:

"And if I do? Is he indeed a thorough Hebrew, and can you think it unworthy of the daughter of a warrior of valour to give her hand to the man who, if

our undertaking prospers, will act as chief captain over all the troops of the land?"

"No, my lord," cried the archer. "But one of the causes of my wrath against Pharaoh, and of my taking part with Siptah, is that his mother was not of our nation, while Egyptian blood flows in Siptah's veins. Now, the mother determines a man's race, and Hosea's mother was a Hebrew woman. I call him my friend; I know how to value his merits; Kasana is well inclined to him——"

"And yet you desire a greater son-in-law?" interrupted Baie. "How can our difficult enterprise prosper if those who risk their lives in it think the very first sacrifice too great? And your daughter, you say, is well inclined to Hosea?"

"She was; yes, truly," the soldier put in. "Yes, her heart longed after him. But I brought her to obedience; she became the wife of another; and now that she is a widow shall I be the one to offer her to him whom I compelled her to give up—the gods alone know how hardly? When was the like ever heard of in Egypt?"

"Whenever the men and women by the Nile have so far mastered themselves as to submit to necessity in opposition to their own wishes, for the sake of a great cause," replied the priest. "Think

of these things. Remember, too, that Hosea's ancestress was an Egyptian—he has boasted of it in your presence—the daughter of a priest like myself.”

“But since then how many generations have passed to the grave!”

“That matters not. It brings him nearer to us and that must suffice. We shall meet again this evening. Meanwhile will you give hospitality to Hosea's nephew and bespeak your fair daughter's care, for he seems to need it sorely?”

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was mourning in the house of Hornecht, as in every house in the city. The men had shaved their heads and the women had strewn dust on their foreheads. The captain's wife was long since dead, but his daughter and her women met him with waving veils and loud wailing, for their lord's brother-in-law was bereft both of his first-born son and of his grandson; and in how many houses of their circle of friends had the plague claimed its victims!

However, the fainting youth demanded all the women's care; he was washed, and the deep wound in his head was freshly bound up; strong wine and food were set before him, and then, refreshed and strengthened, he followed at the bidding of his host's daughter.

The dust-stained and exhausted lad now stood revealed as a handsome young fellow. His scented hair flowed in long, waving locks from beneath the clean, white bandage, and his elastic, sunburnt

limbs were covered by Egyptian garments embroidered with gold, out of the wardrobe of the captain's deceased son-in-law. He seemed pleased to see himself in the handsome raiment, from which there proceeded a fragrance of spikenard new to his experience, for his black eyes brightly lighted up his well-cut features.

It was long since the captain's daughter had seen a better-favoured youth, and she herself was full of great and lovely charm. After a brief married life with a man she had never loved, Kasana within a year had come back a widow to her father's house, where there was now no mistress; and the great wealth of which she had become possessed by her husband's death enabled her to bring into the warrior's modest home the splendour and luxury which to her had become a necessity.

Her father, who in many a contest had proved himself a man of violent temper, now yielded to her will in all things. In past time he had ruthlessly asserted his own, and had forced her at the age of fifteen into a marriage with a man much older than herself. This he had done because he had observed that Kasana's young heart was set on Hosea, the man of war, and he deemed it beneath him to accept the Hebrew, who at that time held no place

of honor in the army, as a son-in-law. An Egyptian maiden could but obey her father without demur when he chose her a husband, and so Kasana had submitted, though during the period of her betrothal she shed so many bitter tears that the archer-captain was glad indeed when she had done his bidding and given her hand to the husband of his choice.

But even in her widowhood his daughter's heart clung to the Hebrew; for when the army was in the field she never ceased to be anxious, and spent her days and nights in troubled unrest. When tidings came from the front she asked only concerning Hosea, and it was to her love for him that Hornecht, with deep vexation, ascribed her repeated rejection of suitor after suitor. As a widow she had the right to dispose of her hand, and this gentle, yielding young creature would amaze her father by the abrupt decisiveness with which she made her independence felt, not alone to him and her suitors, but likewise to Prince Siptah, whose cause her father had made his own.

This day Kasana expressed her satisfaction at Hosea's home-coming so frankly and unreservedly that the hot-tempered man hastened out of the house lest he should be led into some ill-considered act or speech. He left the care of their young guest

to his daughter and her faithful nurse; and how delightful to the lad's sensitive soul was the effect of the warrior's home, with its lofty, airy rooms, open colonnades and bright and richly-colored paintings; its artistic vessels and ornaments, soft couches and all-pervading fragrance. All this was new and strange to the son of a pastoral land-owner, accustomed to live within the bare, gray walls of a spacious but perfectly graceless farm-dwelling; or, for months at a time, in canvas tents amid flocks and shepherds, and more often in the open air than under a roof or shelter. He felt as though by enchantment he had been transported to some higher and more desirable world, and as though he became it well in his splendid garb, with his oiled and perfumed curls and freshly-bathed limbs. Life, indeed, was everywhere fair, even out in the fields among the herds or in the cool of the evening round the fire in front of the tent, where the shepherds sang songs, and the hunters told tales of adventure, while the stars shone brightly overhead. But hard and hated labour had first to be done. Here it was a joy merely to gaze and breathe; and when presently the curtain was lifted and the young widow greeted him kindly and made him sit down by her, now questioning him and now listening sym-

pathetically to his replies, he almost fancied that he had lost his senses, as he had done under the ruins in the cellar, and that the sweetest of dreams was cheating him.

The feeling which now seemed to choke him, and again and again hindered his utterance, was surely the excess of bliss poured down upon him by great Astarte, the partner of Baal, of whom he had heard many tales from the Phœnician traders who supplied the shepherd settlers with various good things, and of whom he was forbidden by stern Miriam ever to speak at home.

His people had implanted in his young soul a hatred of the Egyptians as the oppressors of his race; but could they be so evil, could he abhor a nation among whom there were such beings to be found as the fair and gentle lady who looked so softly and yet so warmly into his eyes; whose speech bewitched his ear like sweet music, whose gaze set his blood in such swift motion that he could hardly bear it, and pressed his hand to his heart to still its wild throbbing?

There she sat opposite him on a stool covered with a panther skin, and drew the wool from the distaff. He had taken her fancy, and she had welcomed him warmly because he was kin to the man

she had loved from her childhood. She believed she could trace a likeness in him to Hosea, although the boy still lacked the gravity of the man to whom she had given her young heart, when and how she herself could not tell, for he had never sued for her love.

A lotos-flower was fastened into her well-arranged, waving black hair, and its stem lay in a graceful curve on her bent neck, round which hung a mass of beautiful curls. When she raised her eyes to look into his it was as though two deep wells opened before him to pour streams of bliss into his young breast, and that slender hand which spun the yarn he had already touched in greeting and held in his own.

Presently she inquired of him concerning Hosea and the woman who had sent him a message—whether she were young and fair, and whether there were any tie of love between her and his uncle. At this Ephraim laughed aloud. For she who had sent him was so grave and stern that the mere idea of her being capable of a tender emotion roused his mirth. As to whether she were fair, he had never given it a thought.

The young widow took this laughter as the most welcome reply she could hear, and with a sigh of

relief she laid aside the spindle she held and desired Ephraim to come with her into the garden.

How sweet it was with scent and bloom, how well trimmed were the beds, the paths, the arbours and the pool. The only pleasance of his simple home was a broad courtyard devoid of ornament, full of pens for cattle and sheep; yet he knew that some day he would be ruler over great possessions, for he was the only son and heir of a rich father, and his mother was a daughter of the wealthy Nun. The serving-men had told him all this many a time, and it vexed his soul to see that his own home was little better than the quarters for the Captain's slaves, which Kasana pointed out to him.

As they rambled through the garden she bid Ephraim help her to pluck some flowers, and when the basket which he carried for her was full, she invited him to sit with her in an arbour and lend a hand in twining garlands. These were offerings to the beloved dead. Her uncle and a favourite cousin—somewhat like Ephraim himself—had been snatched away during the past night by the pestilence, which his people had brought upon Tanis.

And from the street which ran along the garden-wall the wailing of women was incessantly heard, as they mourned over the dead or bore a corpse to its

burying; and when suddenly it rose louder and more woful than before, she gently reproached him for all that the people of Tanis had suffered for the sake of the Hebrews, and asked him if he could deny that her nation had good reason to hate a race that had brought such plagues upon it.

To this he found it difficult to answer discreetly, for he had been told that it was the God of his people who had stricken the Egyptians, to release his own from oppression and slavery, and he dared not deny or contemn his own flesh and blood. So he was silent, that he might neither lie nor blaspheme, but she gave him no peace, and at last he made answer that all which brought sorrow on her was repugnant to him, but that his people had no power over health and life, for that when a Hebrew was sick he very commonly applied to an Egyptian leech. What had now come to pass was no doubt the act of the great God of his fathers, who was of more might than all other gods. He, at any rate, was a Hebrew, and she might believe him when he assured her that he was guiltless of the pestilence, and that he would gladly call her uncle and cousin back to life again if he had it in his power. For her sake he was ready to do anything, even the hardest task.

She smiled on him sweetly, and said: "Poor boy! If I find a fault in you, it is only that you belong to a race to whom forbearance and pity are alike unknown. Alas! for our hapless and beloved dead. They must even be deprived of the songs of lamentation of those who mourn for them; for the house where they lie is plague-stricken and none may enter there."

She dried her eyes and said no more, but went on winding her garland; but tear after tear rolled down her cheeks. He knew not what more to say, and could only hand her flowers and leaves. Whenever her hand chanced to touch his the blood coursed hotly through his veins. His head and the wound began to ache violently, and now and then he shivered. He felt that the fever was gaining on him, as it had once before, when he had nearly lost his life in the red sickness, but he was ashamed to confess it, and held out against it.

When the sun was already low the Captain came out into the garden. He had already seen Hosea, and although he was sincerely glad to meet his trusted friend once more, he had been ill pleased and uneasy that, before all else, he had made warm inquiry for his daughter. He did not conceal this from Kasana, but the glare of his eyes revealed the

dissatisfaction with which he greeted her from the Hebrew. Then he turned to Ephraim, and told him that Hosea with his host had halted outside the city, by reason of the plague. They were to pitch their tents without its precincts, between Tanis and the sea. They must presently go forth to the camp, and his uncle sent him word that he was to seek him there in his tent.

When he saw the lad helping his daughter to wind the funeral wreaths he smiled, exclaiming: "Only this morning this young lordling longed to be free and a ruler all his life, and now he has entered your service, Kasana. Nay, do not blush, my young friend. And if either your mistress or your uncle can prevail upon you to become one of us, and devote yourself to the noblest toil—that of a warrior—it will be well for you. Look at me! For more than forty years have I wielded the bow, and to this day I rejoice in my calling. I have to obey, to be sure, but I have also to command, and the thousands that do my bidding are not sheep and beasts, but brave men. Consider the matter once more. He would make a splendid chief of the bowmen; what do you say, Kasana?"

"Certainly," replied the lady, and she had it in her mind to say more, but beyond the garden-wall

the measured tread of approaching troops fell on the ear. The bright blood mounted to her cheeks, her eyes glowed with a flame which startled Ephraim, and, heedless of her father or her guest, she flew past the pool, across the avenues and flower-beds, up a turf-bank near the wall to gaze with eager eyes out into the road and on the armed host which presently came past.

Hosea marched at its head in full armor. He turned his grave face as he came by the Captain's garden, and when he saw Kasana he lowered his battle axe in friendly greeting. Ephraim had followed with the Captain, who pointed out Hosea and said: "A bright weapon like that would well become you, too, and when the drum is beating and the pipe squeaking, while the standards ride high over head, a man marches as lightly as though he had wings. To-day the martial music is silenced by reason of the dreadful grief that the malignant Hebrew has brought upon us. Hosea, indeed, is of his race; yet, little as I can overlook that fact, I must confess that he is a thorough soldier and a model for the younger generation. Only tell him what I think of him in this respect. Now, bid farewell at once to Kasana and follow the troops; the little side-gate in the wall is open."

As he spoke he turned to go back into the house, and Ephraim held out his hand to bid the young woman farewell. She gave him hers, but instantly withdrew it, saying: "How hot your hand is. You are in a fever!"

"Nay, nay," murmured the boy; but even as he spoke he dropped on his knees, and a cloud came over the suffering lad's soul, chased as it had been from one emotion to another.

Kasana was startled, but she at once recovered her presence of mind, and proceeded to cool his brow and the top of his head with water out of the adjacent pool. And as she did so she looked anxiously in his face, and never had his likeness to Hosea struck her so vividly. Yes, the man she loved must have exactly resembled this youth when he himself was a boy. Her heart beat faster, and as she supported his head in her hands she softly kissed him.

She thought he was unconscious, but the refreshing moisture had recovered him from his brief swoon, and he felt the touch with a sweet thrill, but kept his eyes shut, and would have lain thus for a lifetime with his head on her bosom, in the hope that her lips might once more meet his. Instead of kissing him again she called loudly for help. At

this he roused himself, gave one more passionate, fervid look into her face, and, before she could stop him, fled like a strong man to the garden-door, pushed it open and was gone after the host. He soon caught up the rear, soon overtook the others, and at last, finding himself by the Captain's side, he called to his uncle and announced himself by name. At this Hosea, in his joy and surprise, held out his arms; but almost before Ephraim could fall upon his neck he again lost consciousness, and strong soldiers carried the lad into the tent which the quartermasters had already pitched on a sand-hill by the sea.

CHAPTER V.

It was midnight. A fire burned before Hosea's tent and he sat alone beside it, gazing sadly and thoughtfully first into the flames and then out into the distance. The lad Ephraim was lying inside the tent on his uncle's camp bed.

The leech who accompanied the troops had dressed the youth's wound, and having given him a strengthening draught bade him remain quiet, for he was alarmed at the high fever that had fallen on him.

But Ephraim found not the rest the physician had advised. The image of Kasana now rose before his imagination and added fire to his already overheated blood. Then his thoughts flew to the advice that he should become a warrior like his uncle; and it seemed to him reasonable, because it promised him glory and honor, as he would fain persuade himself, though in truth he desired to follow it because it would bring him nearer to her whom his soul longed for.

Then again his pride rebelled when he thought of the insult with which she and her father had branded those to whom he belonged by blood and sympathy. He clinched his fist as he remembered the ruined house of his grandfather, whom he had always considered the most reverend of men. Nor had he forgotten his message. Miriam had said it over to him several times, and his clear memory held it word for word; also at intervals he had repeated it over to himself as he wandered on the lonely way to Tanis. Now he endeavoured to do so again, but before he could get to the end his mind carried him back to thoughts of Kasana. The doctor had ordered Hosea to forbid any talking, so when the patient tried to deliver his message he bade him be silent. Then the soldier smoothed his pillow as gently as a mother might, gave him his medicine, and kissed him on the brow.

At last he sat down by the fire in front of the tent, and only rose to give the youth a drink when the stars showed him that an hour had passed.

The flames lighted up Hosea's somewhat dark features, and showed them to be those of a man who had faced many dangers, and had vanquished them by stern perseverance and prudent reflection. His black eyes wore a domineering expression, and

his full, tightly-closed mouth gave evidence of a hot temper, but even more of the iron will of a determined man. His broad-shouldered frame leaned against a sheaf of spears set crossing each other in the ground, and when he drew his powerful hand through his thick black hair, or stroked his dark beard, while his eyes lighted up with wrath, it might be seen that his soul was seething and that he stood on the threshold of some great resolve.

As yet the lion rests, but when he springs up his enemies must beware.

His soldiers had often compared their bold, strong-willed leader, with his mane-like hair, to the king of beasts; and now he shook his fist, and at the same time the muscles of his brown arm swelled as though they would burst the gold bands that surrounded them, bright flames flashed from his eyes, and he was an unapproachable and awesome presence.

Out there in the west, whither he turned his gaze, lay the city of the dead and the ruined strangers' quarters. A few hours since he had led his troops past his father's dismantled house and through the deserted town, round which the ravens were flying.

Speechless, for he was still on duty, he had

passed it by; and it was not until they had halted that quarters might be found for his troops that he learned the events of the previous night from Hornecht, the captain of the archers. He had listened in silence and without moving a muscle or asking one word of further information, and meanwhile the soldiers had pitched the tents; but scarcely had he gone to rest when a lame Hebrew girl, in spite of the threats of the watch, forced her way in and besought him, in the name of Eliab, one of the oldest slaves of his house, whose granddaughter she was, to go with her to the old man. He had been left behind, as feebleness and ill health prevented his wandering, and directly after the departure of his people he and his wife had been brought on an ass to the little cottage by the harbour which had been given to the old servant by his generous master.

The girl, too, had been left to look after the infirm couple, and now the heart of the old slave was longing to see once more the first-born of his lord, whom as a child he had carried in his arms. He had bidden the girl tell the captain that his father had promised that he, Hosea, would leave the Egyptians and follow his people. The tribe of Ephraim, yea, the whole race, had heard the news with great rejoicing. The grandfather would give

him more news, for she herself had been nearly out of her mind with trouble and anxiety. He would deserve the richest blessings if he would only go with her.

The warrior perceived from the first that he must fulfil this wish, but he had postponed the visit to the old man until the next morning. The messenger, though in haste, managed to inform him of several things that she had seen or heard of from others.

At last she was gone. He made up the fire, and as long as the flames blazed brightly he looked with a dark and thoughtful gaze toward the west. It was not till they had consumed the fuel, and only flickered, feeble and blue over the charred wood, that he fixed his eyes on the embers and the flying sparks, and the longer he did so the deeper and more insurmountable did he feel the discord in his soul, which only yesterday had been set on a single glorious aim.

For a year and a half he had been far from home fighting against Libyan rebels, and for fully ten months he had not heard a word from his people. A few weeks since he had been ordered home, and his heart beat with joy and hopefulness, and he, a man of thirty, had felt a boy again as he

drew nearer and nearer to Tanis, the city of Rameses, famed for its obelisks.

In a few hours he would once more behold his beloved and worthy father, who had only after deep consideration and at the persuasion of his mother—now long since departed in peace—allowed him to follow his own inclinations and devote himself to military service and Pharaoh's army. This very day he had hoped to surprise him with the news that he had been promoted above other and older captains of Egyptian race.

The neglect which Nun had feared for his son had, through his entire devotion, his valour, and, as he modestly added, his good luck, been turned to advancement; and yet he had not ceased to be a Hebrew. When in offering sacrifice and prayer, he had felt the need of acknowledging a god, he had worshipped Set, into whose sanctuary his own father had led him as a child, and whom, at that time, all the Semitic race in Goshen had worshipped. For him, however, there was another god, and this was not the God of his fathers, but the god who was confessed by all those Egyptians who had received initiation, though he remained hidden from the people, who were not able to comprehend him. It was not only the adepts that knew him, but also

most of those who were placed in high positions in the service of the state and in the army—whether they were ministers of the divinity or not—and he likewise, though a stranger and not of the initiated. All of these knew what was meant when allusion was made to “The God,” the “Sum of All,” the “Creator of Himself” or the “Great One.” Hymns praised him, epitaphs which every one could read spoke of this, the only god who revealed himself in the world, who was co-existent and co-equal with the universe, immanent in all creation, not merely as life exists in the body of man, but as being himself the sum total of created things, the universe itself in its perennial growth, decay and resurrection, himself obeying the laws he had laid down. His essence, dwelling in every part of himself, dwelt likewise in man; and look where he might, a mortal could perceive the presence and action of the One. Without him nothing could be conceived of, and thus he was One, like the God of his fathers. Without him nothing could come into being nor any event happen on earth. Thus, like the God of Israel, he was almighty. Hosea had long been wont to think of these gods as essentially the same, and differing only in name. He who worshipped one he deemed was the servant of the other; and so the captain of the host could,

with a clear conscience, have stood before his parent and have told him that he had been as faithful to the God of his people as he had been as a warrior in the service of the king.

And there was something else which had made his heart beat faster and more gladly as he saw from afar the pylons and obelisks of Tanis, for in his endless marches across the silent desert, and in many a lonely camp-tent, the image had haunted his vision of a maiden of his own people, whom he had first known as a strange child stirred by wondrous thoughts, and whom he had seen again as a woman grown, unapproachable in her dignity and severe beauty, not long before he had last led his host to the Libyan war. She had come from Succoth to Tanis to his mother's burial; her image had been deeply stamped on his heart, and his—he dared to hope—on hers. She had now become a prophetess, hearing the voice of God. While the other daughters of Israel were strictly secluded, she had asserted her freedom, even among men; and in spite of her hatred for the Egyptians, and for his place among them, she had not concealed from Hosea that to part from him was grief and that she would never cease to think of him. His wife, when he should wed, must be as strong and grave as himself, and Miriam was

both, and cast another and brighter image; of which he once had loved to dream, quite into the shade.

He was fond of children, and a sweeter child than Kasana he had never seen, either in Egypt or in distant lands. The sympathy with which this fair daughter of his comrade-in-arms had watched his achievements and his fortunes, and the modest, tender affection which the much courted young widow had since shown him, had brought him much joy in times of peace. Before her marriage he had thought of her as growing up to be his wife; but her union with another and her father's repeated declaration that he would never give his daughter to wife to a foreigner had wounded his pride and cooled his ardour. Then he had met Miriam, and she had inspired him with a fervent desire to call her his own. And though, as he marched homeward, the thought of seeing Kasana once more had been pleasing to him, he was well content that he no longer wished to marry her, for it must have led to much vexation. The Egyptians and Hebrews alike deemed it an abomination to eat at each other's table, or to use the same seats or knives; and though, as a fellow-soldier he was accepted as one of themselves, and had often heard the young widow's father speak kindly of his people, still "the

strangers" were hateful in the sight of Hornecht and his household.

In Miriam he had found the noblest help-mate. Kasana might yet make another happy. Henceforth she could be no more to him than a delightful child, from whom we look for nothing but the pleasure of her sweet presence. He had learned to ask nothing of her beyond a glad smile, always at his service. Of Miriam he demanded herself, in all her lofty beauty, for he had long enough endured the loneliness of a camp life, and now that no mother's arms were open to the home-comer he felt the emptiness of his single state. He longed once more to feel glad in times of peace, when he laid down his arms after perils and privations of every kind. It was his duty to take a wife home to dwell under his father's roof and to provide that the noble race of which he was the only male descendant should not die out. Ephraim was only his sister's son.

His heart uplifted with such glad thoughts as these, he had come back to Tanis, and had almost reached the goal of his hopes and wishes, when behold! there lay before him, as it were, a field of corn destroyed by hail and swarms of locusts.

And as though in mockery, fate brought him

first to what had been the home of his fathers. Where the house had once stood in which he had grown up, and for which his heart had longed, there lay a dust-heap of ruins. Where those near and dear to him had proudly watched him depart, beggars were searching for booty in the rubbish.

Kasana's father was the first to hold out a hand to him in Tanis, and instead of a glance of kindly welcome he had from him nothing but a tale of woe that had cut him to the heart. He had dreamed of fetching home a wife, and the house in which she should have been mistress was level with the earth. The father whose blessing he craved, and who was to have rejoiced over his promotion, was by this time far away, and the foe henceforth of the sovereign to whom he himself owed his elevation.

It had been a proud thought that, in spite of his birth, he had risen to power and dignity, and that now, as the leader of a great army, he might indeed show of what great deeds he was capable. There was no lack of schemes in his fertile brain, plans which, if they had been ratified by the authorities, might have led to good issues; and now he was in a position to carry them out at his own pleasure, and be himself the motor-power instead of the tool. All this had roused a delightful exultation in his

breast, and had lent wings to his feet on the homeward march; and now, when he had reached the longed-for goal, was he to turn back, to become the comrade of shepherds and masons? By birth, indeed, he belonged to them (and how hard a fortune did that at this moment seem), though there was no denying that they were now as alien to him as the Libyans against whom he had taken the field. On almost every point for which he cared he had nothing whatever in common with them. To his father's question as to whether he had returned still a Hebrew, he had believed he might truly answer, Yes; but now he felt that it would be against his will, a less than half-hearted adhesion.

His soul clung to the standards under which he had marched to battle, and which he now might himself lead to victory. Was it possible to tear himself from them, and forfeit all he had won by his own merit? But had he not heard from the grandchild of his old slave, Eliab, that his people expected him to quit the army and follow them? A messenger must ere long arrive from his father—and among the Hebrews a son might not resist a parent's command.

Yet there was another to whom he owed strict obedience—Pharaoh, to whom he had sworn that he

would serve him faithfully and follow his call without hesitation or reflection, through fire and water, by night or day. How many a time had he stigmatized a soldier who should go over to the foe or rebel against the orders of his chief as a wretch devoid of honour, and many a one who had deserted from his standard had perished shamefully on the gallows under his own eye. And should he now commit the crime for which he had scorned others or done them to death? He was known for his swift decisiveness throughout the army, for even in the greatest straits he could arrive at the right determination and reduce it to action; but in this dark and lonely hour he seemed to himself as a bending reed, as helpless as a deserted orphan.

A gnawing rage against himself possessed him wholly, and when he presently thrust his spearhead into the fire, so that the glowing brands fell in and the sparks danced brightly up into the night, it was fury at his own vacillating mind that spurred his hand.

If the events of the past night had called him to the manly task of revenge, all hesitation and doubt would have vanished, and his father's call would have determined him to act; but who had here been the victims of ill-usage? Beyond doubt

the Egyptians, who had been bereft by Moses' curse of thousands of precious lives, while his people had escaped their vengeance by flight. To find the home of his fathers destroyed by the Egyptians had, indeed, roused his wrath; but he saw no just cause for a bloody revenge when he reflected on the unutterable woe which had come upon Pharaoh and his subjects through the Hebrews.

No. He had no revenge to take; he could only look upon himself as one who sees his father and mother in danger of their lives, and knows that he cannot save both, but if he risks his own life to rescue one the other must certainly perish. If he obeyed the call of his people honour was lost—that honour which he had kept as bright as the brass of his helmet—and with it all he most hoped for in life; if he remained faithful to Pharaoh he was betraying his own blood, his father's curse would darken the light of all his days, and he must renounce all his fairest dreams for the future; for Miriam was a true daughter of her tribe, and woe to him if her lofty soul could hate as bitterly as it could love fervently.

Her image rose before his mind's eye, tall and beautiful, but with a dark look and warning mien, as he sat gazing across the dying fire out into the

night; and his manly pride surged up, and it seemed to him a mean thing to risk everything that is dear to the warrior's heart for fear of a woman's wrath and blame.

"No, no," he murmured to himself, and the scale which held duty and love and filial obedience and the ties of blood suddenly kicked the beam. He was what he was—the captain of ten thousand in the king's army. He had sworn allegiance to him and to none other. His people! Let them run away if they chose from the Egyptian yoke! He scorned flight. Bondage had lain heavy on them; but as for him, the mightiest in the land had treated him as their equal and held him worthy of high honour. To repay their good will with treason and desertion went against him, and with a deep breath he started to his feet, feeling as though he had chosen rightly. A woman and a weak desire for love to fill his heart should never lead him to be false to grave duty and the highest aims of his existence.

"I remain!" cried a loud voice in his breast, "My father is wise and kind, and when he hears my reasons he will approve them, and instead of cursing he will bless me. I will write to him, and the boy that Miriam sent to me shall be my messenger."

A cry from the tent made him start; looking at the stars he found he had neglected his duty toward the sick youth and went quickly to his bedside.

Ephraim was sitting up expecting him, and cried to him: "I have been wanting you a long time. So much has passed through my mind, and, above all, the message from Miriam. Till I have delivered it I shall not find any rest, so hear me now."

Hosea nodded assent, and after the youth had taken the healing draught that he handed him, he began:

"Miriam, the daughter of Amram and Jochebed, sends greeting to the son of Nun, of the tribe of Ephraim. Hosea, or the Helper, is thy name, and the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be the helper of his people. And henceforth thou shalt be called Joshua*, Holpen of Jehovah. For the God of her fathers, who is the God of thy fathers also, hath spoken by Miriam, his handmaid, commanding thee to be the shield and sword of thy people. In him is all power, and His promise is to strengthen thine arm that He may smite the enemy."

* Or more correctly Jehoshua.

The lad began in a low tone, but his voice gradually grew stronger, and the last words rang loud and solemn in the silence of the night.

Thus had Miriam spoken to him, and had laid her hands on his head and looked earnestly into his eyes with her own, which were as black as the night, and as Ephraim repeated her words he had felt as though some secret power compelled him to cry them aloud to Hosea, as he had heard them from the mouth of the prophetess. Then he breathed a sigh of relief, turned his face to the white canvas wall of the tent, and said quietly:

“Now I will sleep.”

But Hosea laid his hand on his shoulder and said in commanding tones: “Say it again.”

The lad did his bidding, but this time he repeated the words unheedingly and in a low tone to himself. Then he said imploringly: “Leave me to rest,” put his hand under his cheek and shut his eyes.

Hosea let him have his way. He gently laid a fresh wet bandage over his burning head, put out the light and cast more logs on the dying fire outside; but the keen, resolute man did it all as in a dream. At last he sat down, resting his elbows on his knees and his head on his hand,

with his eyes fixed on vacancy or gazing at the flames.

Who was this God who called him through Miriam to be, by His aid, the sword and shield of his people?

He was to bear a new name, and to the Egyptians the name was the man. "Honour to the name of Pharaoh!" not "to Pharaoh," was written in every inscription and document; and if henceforth he was to be called Joshua this involved a command to cast the old man off and to become a new man. This, which Miriam had declared to him as the will of the God of his fathers, was nothing less than a bidding to cease to be an Egyptian, as his life had made him, and become a Hebrew again, as he had been as a boy.

He must learn to act and feel as a Hebrew.

And Miriam's message required him to go back to his own tribe. The God of his nation, through her, bade him to do what his father expected of him. Instead of the Egyptian host, which he must now leave, henceforth he should lead the sons of Israel when they went forth to battle; this was the meaning of her words; and when that high-souled maiden and prophetess declared that it was God Himself who spoke by her mouth, it was no

vain boast; she was certainly obeying the voice of the Most High. And now the image of the woman whom he had dared to love appeared to him as unapproachably sublime; many things which he had heard in his childhood of the God of Abraham and His promises, recurred to his mind; and the scale which till now had been the heavier gradually rose. What had but just now seemed firmly settled was no longer sure, and once more he stood face to face with the fearful gulf which he fancied he had overleaped.

How loud and mighty was the call he had heard! The sound in his ears disturbed his clearness and peace of mind. Instead of calmly weighing the matter as he had done before, memories of his boyhood, which he had fancied long since buried, lifted up their voices and disconnected flashes of thought confused his brain.

Sometimes he felt prompted to turn in prayer to the God who called him, but as often as he made the attempt he remembered the oath he must break, and the vast host he must leave behind him, to become the leader, no more of a well-trained, brave, obedient troop of brothers-in-arms, but of a miserable horde of cowardly serfs and wild, obstinate shepherds accustomed to the rule of oppression.

It was three hours past midnight. The men on guard had been relieved, and he began to think of giving himself a few hours' rest. He would think the matter out again by daylight with his wonted rational decisiveness, which he now felt he could not attain to. But as he entered the tent, and Ephraim's steady breathing fell on his ear, in fancy he heard again the lad's solemn delivery of his message. It startled him, and he was about to repeat the words to himself when he heard a tumult among the outposts, and a vehement dispute broke the stillness of the night.

The interruption was welcome. He hurried out to where the guards were posted.

CHAPTER VI.

HOGLAH, the grand-daughter of the old slave Eliab, had come to entreat Hosea to go with her forthwith to see her grandfather, whose strength had suddenly failed him, and who, feeling death near at hand, could not die without seeing him and blessing him once more. So the captain bade her wait, and after assuring himself that Ephraim slept peacefully, he charged a man he could trust to keep watch over the lad, and went with Hoglah.

As she led the way she carried a small lantern, and when the light fell on the girl's face and figure, he saw how ill-favoured she was, for slave's toil had bent the poor child's back before its time. Her voice had the rough tones which a woman's tongue often acquires when her strength is too unsparingly taxed; but all she said was loving and kind, and Hosea forgot her appearance as she told him that she had a lover among the men who had gone forth, but that she had remained behind with her grand-

parents, for she could not bring herself to leave the old folks alone; that as she was not fair to look upon, no man had coveted her as his wife till Asser had come, and he did not look to appearances, because he was hard-working, as she herself was, and had expected that she would help to save his earnings. He would have been willing to stay behind with her, but his father had commanded him to set out with him; so he had no choice, but must obey and part from her forever.

The tale was simply told, and in a harsh accent, but it struck to the heart of the man who, for his part, meant to go his own way in opposition to his father.

As they presently came in sight of the harbour, and Hosea looked down on the quays and the huge fortified storehouses, built by the hands of his own people, he thought once more of the ragged troops of labourers whom he had so often seen cringing before the Egyptian overseer, or again, fighting madly among themselves. He had marked, too, that they did not hesitate to lie and cheat in order to escape their toil, and how hard it was to compel them to obey and do their duty!

The more odious objects among these hapless

hundreds rose clearly before his mind, and the thought that perhaps his fate in the future might be to lead such a wretched crew came over him as a disgrace which the humblest of his subalterns, the captain of fifty, would fain be spared. There were, of course, among the mercenaries of Pharaoh's armies many Hebrews who had won a reputation for courage and endurance, but these were the sons of owners of herds or of men who had been shepherds. The toiling multitude whose clay hovels could be overturned with a kick formed the greater mass of those to whom he was bidden to return.

Firmly resolved to remain faithful to the oath which bound him to the standard of the Egyptian host, and yet stirred to the depths of his soul, he entered the slave's hut, and his vexation was increased when he found the old man sitting up and mixing some wine and water with his own hand. So he had been brought away from his nephew's bedside on a false pretence, and deprived of his own night's rest that a slave, who, in his eyes, was scarcely a man at all, should have his way! Here he himself was the victim of a trick of that cunning selfishness which, in the Egyptians' eyes, was the reproach of his people, and which, indeed, did not attract him to them. But the wrath of the clear-

sighted and upright man was soon appeased as he saw the girl's unfeigned delight at her grandfather's rapid recovery; and he then learned from the aged wife that Hogleh had hardly set out on her quest when they remembered that they had some wine in the house, and after the first draught her husband got better and better, though she had before thought he had one foot already in the grave. Now he was mixing some more of the blessed gift to strengthen himself with a draught of it every now and then.

Here the old man himself broke in, and said that he owed this and much that was better to the goodness of Nun, Hosea's father; for besides this hut, and wine and meal for bread, he had given him a milch cow and likewise an ass, on which he could often ride out and take the air, and he had left him his grand-daughter and some silver, so that they could look forward with contentment to their end; all the more so as they had a patch of land behind the house, which Hogleh would sow with radishes, onions and leeks for their pottage. But best of all was the written deed which made them and the girl free forever. Aye, Nun was a true lord and father to his people, and his good gifts had brought with them the blessing of the Most High, for immediately after the departure of the Hebrews, by the help of

Asser, Hoglah's betrothed, he and his wife had been conveyed hither without any demur or difficulty.

"We old folks," the old woman added, "will die here. But Asser has promised Hoglah to come back for her when she has done her duty to her parents to the very last." And turning to the girl she said in an encouraging tone: "And it cannot be for much longer now."

At this Hoglah began to wipe her eyes with the skirt of her blue gown, and cried: "Long, long may it be! I am young. I can wait."

Hosea heard the words, and it seemed to him as though the poor, ill-favoured, deserted girl was giving him a lesson.

He had let the old folks talk on, but his time was precious, and he now asked whether it was for any special cause that Eliab had sent for him.

"I could not help sending," was the answer, "and not only to ease the longing of my old heart, but because my lord Nun had bidden me to do so.

"Great and noble is thy manhood, and now art thou become the hope of Israel! Thy father, too, hath promised the men and women of his house

that after his death thou shalt be their lord and their head. His speech was full of thy glory, and great was the rejoicing when he declared that thou wouldst follow the departing tribes. And I am he whom my lord vouchsafed to command that, if thou shouldst return before his messenger could reach thee, I was to say that Nun, thy father, awaited his son. Whithersoever thy people go it is for thee to follow. By sunrise, or more nearly at midday, thy people shall stay to rest by Succoth. He would hide a writing in the hollow sycamore before the house of Aminadab, which should tell thee whither next they take their way. His blessing and the blessing of our God be with thee in the way!"

As the old man pronounced the last words Hosea bent his head, as though to invite an invisible hand to rest on it. Then he thanked the old man and asked in a subdued voice whether all had been willing to obey the call to quit house and home.

The old woman clasped her hands, exclaiming: "No, no, my lord; by no means. What a wailing and weeping there was before they went away! Many rebelled, others escaped or sought some hole or corner wherein to hide. But in vain. In the house of our neighbour Deguel—you know him—his

young wife had been lately brought to bed with a boy, her first-born. What would become of the poor creature on the journey? At first she wept bitterly and her husband blasphemed, but there was no help for it. She and her infant were laid in a cart, and as things went forward they got over it, he and she both, like all the rest; even Phineas, who crept into a pigeon-house with his wife and five children, and even old crippled Graveyard Keziah—you remember her, Adonai?—she had seen her father and mother die, her husband, and then five well-grown sons; everything the Lord had given her to love, and had laid them one after another in our graveyard; and every morning and evening she would go to their resting-place, and as she sat there on a log of wood which she had rolled close to the tombstone her lips would always be moving; but what she muttered was not prayer; no—I have listened to her many a time when she did not heed me—no; she talked with the dead as if they could hear her in the tomb, and could understand her speech like those who live in the light of the sun. She is nigh upon threescore years old, and for three times seven years she has been known to the folk about as Graveyard Keziah. It was a senseless way she had, but for that very reason perhaps it was doubly hard to her

to give it up; and she would not go, but hid away behind the shrubs. When Ahiezer, the head of her house, dragged her forth, her wailing was enough to make your heart ache. But when it came to the last she plucked up courage and could not bear to stay behind any more than the rest."

"What had come over the poor wretches? What possessed them?" Hosea here broke in, interrupting the old woman's flow of words; for his fancy again pictured the people that he ought to, nay, that he must lead, as surely as he held his father's blessing of price above all else; and he saw them in all their misery. The old woman started, and, fearing lest she might have angered the first-born son of her master, this proud and lordly warrior, she stammered out:

"What possessed them, my lord? Aye, well—I am but a poor, simple slave woman; but indeed, my lord, if you had but been there also——"

"Well, what then?" cried the soldier roughly and impatiently; for now, for the first time in his life, he found himself compelled to act against his inclinations and convictions.

At this the old man tried to come to his wife's rescue, saying, timidly:

“Nay, my lord, tongue cannot tell of it, nor the understanding conceive of it. It came upon Israel from the Lord, and even if I could describe how mightily He worked in the souls of the people——”

“Try,” said Hosea, “but my time is short. Then they were forced to depart? It was against their will that they took up their staff? That they have followed Moses and Aaron for some time past, as sheep follow the shepherd, is known even to the Egyptians. And have those men, who brought down the pestilence on so many innocent beings, worked a miracle to blind the eyes of you and your wife here?”

The old man lifted supplicating hands to the warrior, and replied, much troubled, in a tone of humble entreaty: “Oh, my lord, you are the first-born son of my master, the greatest and noblest of his house, and if you will you can tread me in the dust like a beetle; and yet will I lift up my voice and tell you they have told you falsely. You have been among strangers all this year while mighty signs have been wrought upon us. You were far from Zoan*, as I have heard, when the people went forth. For any son of our race who had be-

* The Hebrew name for Tanis.

held this thing would sooner that his tongue should wither in his mouth than laugh to scorn the mighty things which the Lord has vouchsafed to us to behold. If you had patience, indeed, and could grant me to tell the story——”

“Speak,” cried Hosea, amazed at the old man’s fervour; and Eliab thanked him with a glowing look, and cried:

“Ah! would that Aaron, or Eleazar, or my lord Nun, your father, were here; or that the Most High would grant me the gift of their speech! But as it is, well. And, indeed, meseems as though I saw and heard it all, as though it were all happening again; and yet how may I tell it? But by God’s help I will try.”

He paused, and as Hosea saw that the old man’s lips and hands trembled, he himself reached him the cup, and the old man thankfully emptied it to the bottom. Then he began with half-closed eyes and his wrinkled features grew more keenly eager as he proceeded with his tale:

“What befell after that it became known what command had come to the people, my wife has already told you, and we, too, were among those who lost heart and murmured. But last night we all

who were of the house of Nun were bidden to the feast—even the shepherds and the slaves and the poor—and there we ate of roast lamb and fresh unleavened bread, and had plenty of wine, more than usual at the harvest festival which begins on that night, and which you yourself have often witnessed as a boy. There we sat and enjoyed ourselves, and my lord, your father, spoke words of encouragement and told us of the God of our fathers and of the great things He had done for his people. Now, said he, it was the Lord's will that we should set forth and depart out of this land, where we have borne contempt and bondage. This was no such sacrifice as that for which Abraham had sharpened his knife to shed the blood of his son Isaac withal, at the bidding of the Most High, although it would fall hardly on us to leave a home grown dear to us and many an old custom. Nay, it would at last bring much happiness on us all. For, cried he, we were not to wander forth into the unknown, but toward a lordly land which God himself had set before us. He had promised us a new home instead of this land of bondage, where we should dwell as free men on fruitful meadows and find rich pastures where a man and his household might be fed and their hearts made glad. Just as a man must work

hard to earn his wage, so were we to endure a brief space of privation and sorrow to earn that beautiful new home for ourselves and our children, as the Lord had promised. A land of God it must surely be, since it was the gift of the Most High.

“Thus he spoke, and thus he blessed us all, and promised that you, too, would shake the dust from off your feet and join yourself to the people, and fight for them with a strong arm as an experienced warrior and an obedient son.

“Hereupon we all shouted for joy; and when we were all gathered in the market place and found that all the bondsmen had been able to escape from the overseers our courage rose. Then came Aaron into our midst and stood upon the salesman’s bench, and all that my lord Nun had spoken at the feast we now heard from his lips, and the words he spoke sounded now like rolling thunder and now like the sweet tones of the lute, and we all knew that it was the Lord our God who spoke by him, for he touched the hearts even of the rebellious, so that they murmured and complained no more. And when at last he proclaimed to the multitude that no erring man, but the Lord God himself, would be our Captain; when he described the beauty of the promised land,

whose gates He would open before us and where we should dwell as free and happy men, released from all bondage, owing no obedience to any but to the God of our fathers and those whom we may choose for our leaders, it was as though every man there was drunk with new wine, and as if the way that lay before them, instead of a barren track across the desert into the unknown, led to a great feast spread for them by the Most High Himself. Nay, and even those who had not heard Aaron's words were likewise filled with marvelous confidence, and men and women were all more cheerful and noisy than their wont at the harvest feast, for all hearts overflowed with pure thankfulness. It even seized the old folks. Old Elishama, the father of Nun, who is a hundred years old, and as you know has long sat bent and silent in his seat, rose up with a light in his eyes and spoke fiery words. The spirit of the Lord had come upon him as upon us all.

"I felt myself quite young again in body and soul, and as I passed by the host as it made ready for its departing I saw Elisheba with her babe in a litter, and she looked as happy as on the day of her marriage, and pressed her infant to her heart and blessed his lot in growing up in the Promised Land and free. And her husband, Deguel,

who had blasphemed the loudest, swung his staff and kissed his wife and child with tears of joy in his eyes, and shouted for joy like a vintager at the pressing when jars and wine skins are too small to hold the blessing. The old woman, too, Graveyard Keziah, who had torn herself away from the tombs of her race, sat with other feeble folk in a chariot, and waved her veil and joined in the hymn of praise which Elkanah and Abiasaph, the sons of Korah, had begun. And thus they set forth. We who were left behind fell into each other's arms, and knew not whether the tears we shed flowed from our eyes for grief or for overjoy at seeing the multitude of those we loved so glad and full of hope. Thus it came to pass.

"Pitch torches were carried in front of the multitude, seeming to light it up more brightly than the great blaze of lamps which the Egyptians light up at the gates of the temple to Neith, and it was not till they were swallowed up in the darkness that we set forth, so as not to keep Asser too long behind the rest. As we made our way through the night, the streets were full of the mourning cry of the citizens, but we sang softly the hymn of the sons of Korah, and great joy and peace fell upon us, for we knew that the Lord our God would keep and lead His people."

Here the old man ceased, but his wife and the girl, who had hearkened to him with eager eyes, drew closer to each other, and without any word between them they both together began the hymn of praise, and the old woman's thin voice mingled with pathetic fervour with the harsh tones of the girl, ennobled as they were by lofty enthusiasm.

Hosea felt that it would be wicked to break in on this overflow of full hearts, but the old man presently bade them cease and looked up at his master's first-born son with anxious inquiry in his grave features.

Had Hosea understood?

Had he made it plain to this warrior who served Pharaoh how that the Lord God himself had ruled the souls of His people at their departing?

Was Hosea so fallen away from his own nation and their God, so led away by the Egyptians, that he would dare to defy the wishes and commands of his own father?

Was he, on whom he had set the highest hopes, a deserter and lost to his own people?

To these questions he might have no answer in words; but when Hosea took his horny old hand between his own and shook it as that of a friend, when he bade him farewell, his eyes glistening with

moisture, and murmured, "You shall hear of me!" he felt that this was enough, and overcome by vehement joy he kissed the soldier's arm and clothing again and again.

CHAPTER VII.

Hosea returned to his tent with a bowed head. The discord in his soul was resolved. He knew now what burden he must take up. His father called him and he must obey.

And the God of his people! As he listened to the old man's tale, all he had heard of that God in his childhood reawakened in his soul, and he knew now that He was another than Set, the God of the Asiatics in Lower Egypt; and another than the "One," the "Sum of All," of the Adepts. The prayer he had been wont to say on going to rest, the story of the Creation which he had never been weary of hearing, because it so plainly showed how everything which existed in heaven and on earth had gradually come into being till man came to take possession of it and to enjoy it all; the history of his Father Abraham, of Isaac and Jacob, Esau and his own forefather Joseph—how gladly had he hearkened to all this as it was told him by the

gentle mother who had borne him, by his nurse and his grandfather, Elishama; and yet he seemed long since to have forgotten it. But under the old slave's humble roof he could have repeated the tale word for word, and he now knew of a surety that there was indeed one God, Invisible, Almighty, who had chosen Israel to be His own people and had promised to make them a great nation. That which the Egyptian priesthood kept secret as the greatest mystery was the common possession of His people; every beggar, every slave might lift his hands in prayer to the one invisible God who had revealed Himself to Abraham and promised him great things. Over-wise heads among the Egyptians, who had divined His existence and overlaid His essence with the monstrous births of their own imaginings and their own thoughts, had shrouded Him in a thick veil and hidden Him from the multitude. It was only among His chosen people that He lived and showed forth His power in its mighty and awful greatness.

This God was not nature, though the initiated in the temples confounded them: no, the God of his fathers was enthroned on high, above all created things and the visible universe, above man, His last and most perfect work, created in His own image;

and all creatures were subject to His will. He, the King of Kings, ruled all that had life with just severity; and although He hid Himself from the sight of man who was His image, and was beyond man's apprehension, yet was He a living, thinking and active Being, even as men were, save that His term of life was eternity, His mind was omniscience, His realm was infinity.

And this God had instituted Himself the leader of His people. There was no captain who could dare to defy His power. If Miriam were not deceived by the spirit of prophecy, and if He had indeed called Hosea to be His sword, how could he resist, or what higher place could he fill on earth?

And his people? The rabble crowd of whom he had thought with scorn, how transfigured they seemed by the power of the Most High now that he had heard old Eliab's tale! Now he only longed to lead them; and on his way back to the camp he stayed his steps on a sandy knoll from whence he could see the limitless waters gleaming under the light of the lamps of heaven, and for the first time for many long years, uplifted his arms and eyes to the God whom he had found again.

He began with a simple prayer which his mother had taught him; but then he cried to the Lord as a mighty counsellor, and besought Him with fervent entreaty to show him the way in which he should walk without being disobedient to his father, or breaking the oath he had sworn to the King, or becoming a traitor in the eyes of those to whom he owed so much.

“Thy people glorify Thee as the God of truth, punishing those who break their oath!” he cried. “How canst Thou bid me to be faithless, and to be false to the pledge I have given? All I am or can do is Thine, O Lord, and I am ready to give my blood and my life for my brethren. But rather than cast me into dishonour and perjury let me die and give the task thou hast chosen me, Thy servant, to do, to a free man bound by no oath.”

Thus he prayed, and he felt as though he clasped in his arms a friend whom he had accounted as lost. Then he walked on in silence through the diminishing darkness, and as the gray dawn stole up, the high tide of passion ebbed in his soul, and the clear-headed warrior could think calmly.

He had vowed to do nothing against the will of his father or his God, but he was no less resolved

never to be a traitor and oathbreaker. What he had to do he now saw plainly and clearly. He must quit Pharaoh's service, and declare before the face of his superiors that as a dutiful son he must obey the commands of his father and go forth to share his fortunes and the fortunes of his people.

But he did not conceal from himself that his demand might be refused, that he might be kept back by force—perhaps, if he persisted unmoved in his resolve, be threatened with death, or, if it came to the worst, be handed over to the executioner. But even if this should be his doom, if his deed cost him his life, he would have done what was right, and his comrades in arms, whose esteem was dear to him, would still think of him as their worthy mate; his father and Miriam would not be wroth with him; nay, but would mourn for the faithful son, the true man who preferred death to treason.

Calm and elevated in spirit, he gave the watchword to the sentry with proud composure, and went into his tent.

Ephraim still lay sleeping, and smiling as though wrapped in sweet dreams. Hosea lay down on a mat near him to seek strength for the hard day before him. His eyes soon closed, and after sleeping

an hour he awoke of his own accord and called for his handsomest raiment, his helmet and gilt armour which he was wont to wear only at high festivals or in the King's presence.

Meanwhile Ephraim, too, awoke, gazed at his uncle from head to foot with delighted curiosity as he stood before him in stalwart manliness, and shining, warlike splendor, and cried as he started up:

"It must be a fine thing to be dressed like that and feel oneself to be the leader of thousands!"

The elder man shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"Obey the Lord thy God, and give no man, whether great or small, the right to regard you with anything but respect, and then you may carry your head as high as the proudest hero in his purple robe and gilt breastplate."

"But you have done great things among the Egyptians," the lad went on; "they hold you in high esteem; even Hornecht, the great captain, and his daughter Kasana."

"Do they?" said the warrior with a smile, and he bid his nephew to lie down and keep quiet, for his brow, though less seriously burning than it had been the night before, was still very hot.

“Do not go out of doors,” Hosea added, “till the leech has been to see you, and await my return.”

“And will you be long away?” asked the boy.

At this Hosea paused in thought, looked kindly in his face, and then gravely replied:

“The man who serves a master never knows how long he may be detained.” Then, changing his tone, he added less emphatically: “To-day, this morning, I may perhaps get through my business quickly and return in a few hours. If it should not be so, if I should not be with you by this evening, or early to-morrow morning, then”—and he laid his hand on the boy’s shoulder—“then make your way home as fast as you can. If, when you reach Succoth, the people have gone on before you, look in the hollow sycamore before the house of Aminadab, and you will find a letter which will tell you whither they have gone: and when you come up with them greet my father and my grandfather Elishama, and likewise Miriam, and tell them and all the people that Joshua will ever be mindful of the commands of God and of his father. Henceforth he will be called Joshua by all men—Joshua, and not Hosea. Tell this to Miriam first of all.

“Finally, say to them that if I stay behind, if I am not allowed to follow them, as I fain would do,

it is that the Most High hath dealt otherwise with me, and hath broken the sword which He had chosen before he had used it. Do you understand me, boy?"

And Ephraim bowed his head and said: "You mean that death alone can keep you from obeying the call of God and your father's commands?"

"That was my meaning," replied his uncle. "And if they ask you why I have not stolen away from Pharaoh and escaped from his power, answer that Hosea would fain enter on his office as a true man unstained by perjury, or, if it be God's will, die true. Now rehearse the message."

Ephraim obeyed; and his uncle's words must have sunk deep into his soul, for he neither forgot nor altered a single word; but he had no sooner ended his task of repetition than he seized Hosea's hand with vehement urgency and implored him to tell him whether he had indeed any fear for his life.

At this the warrior clasped him in a loving embrace, and assured him that he hoped that he had given him this message only to be forgotten.

"Perhaps," he added, "they may try to keep me by force, but by God's help I shall soon be back with you again, and we will ride forth together to Succoth."

He turned and went out without heeding his nephew's questions, for he heard the sound of wheels without, and two chariots with fine horses came rapidly up to the tent and stopped in front of the entrance.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOSEA was well acquainted with the men who stepped out of the chariots; they were the head chamberlain and one of the King's chief scribes, and they had come to bid him to the "High Gate," as the palace of the Pharaohs was called. No hesitancy or escape was possible, and he got into the second chariot with the scribe, surprised indeed, but not uneasy. Both officials wore mourning robes, and instead of a white ostrich plume, the insignia of office, a black plume fixed on the brow. The horses, too, and the runners were decked with badges of the deepest woe. And yet the King's messengers seemed to be cheerful rather than dejected, for the noble bird which they were charged to bring into Pharaoh's presence had come out at their call, and they had feared to find the nest deserted.

The long-limbed bays of royal breed carried the light vehicles with the swiftness of the wind across the uneven sandy way and the smooth high road beyond, toward the palace.

Ephraim, with youthful inquisitiveness, had gone out of the tent to see the unwonted scene that met his eyes. The soldiers were well pleased that Pharaoh should have sent his own chariots to fetch their captain, and he even felt his vanity flattered when he saw his uncle drive away. But he had not long the pleasure of watching him, for thick clouds of dust soon hid the chariots from view. The hot desert wind had risen which so often blows in the Nile valley during the spring months, and whereas all night and in the morning the sky had been clearly blue, it was now not clouded, but veiled, as it were with white haze.

The sun looked down, a motionless globe, like a blind eye above the heads of men, and the fierce heat it shed seemed to have burned up its beams, which to-day were invisible. The eye, protected by the mist, could look up at it unhurt, and yet its scorching power was as great as ever. The light breeze which commonly fanned the brow in the early part of the day touched it now like the hot breath of a raging beast of prey. It was loaded with the fine scorching sand of the desert, and the pleasure of breathing was turned into torture. The usually fragrant air of a March day in Egypt was now an oppression both to man and beast, choking

their lungs, and seeming, indeed, to weigh on the whole frame and check its joy in life.

The higher the pale and rayless orb rose in the sky the denser grew the mist, the heavier and swifter rolled the sand-clouds from the desert.

Ephraim still stood in front of the tent gazing at the spot where Pharaoh's chariots had vanished in the dust. His knees shook, but he attributed this to the wind sent by Set-Typhon, at whose blowing even the strongest was aware of a weight about his feet.

Hosea was gone, but he might return in a few hours, and then he would be compelled to follow him to Succoth; then the fair dreams and hopes which yesterday had brought him, and whose bewitching charms his fever had enhanced, would be lost to him forever.

In the course of the night he had quite made up his mind to enter Pharaoh's army, to the end that he might remain near Tanis and Kasana; but, although he had not more than half understood Hosea's message, he could clearly infer that he meant to turn his back on Egypt and his high office, and that he counted on taking him, Ephraim, with him, unless meanwhile he could make good his escape. So then he must give up his desire to see

Kasana once more. But this thought was more than he could endure, and a voice within whispered to him that he had neither father nor mother and was free to act as he chose. His guardian, the brother of his deceased father, in whose house he had been brought up, had died not long since of an illness, and no new guardian had been appointed to him, as he was now past childhood. He was destined by and by to become one of the chiefs of his proud tribe, and until yesterday had never wished for anything better.

When yesterday he had rejected the priest's challenge to become a warrior under Pharaoh, with the pride of a shepherd prince, he had followed the impulse of his heart; but now he said to himself that he had been foolish and childish to reject a thing of which he knew nothing, which had always and intentionally been represented to him in a false and hideous light in order to attach him more closely to his own people. The Egyptians, he had always been told, were his enemies and oppressors, and how delightful, on the contrary, had everything seemed in the first house of an Egyptian warrior which he had happened to enter.

And Kasana! What would she think of him if he quitted Tanis without a word of greeting or

leave-taking? Would it not be a perpetual vexation and regret to him that he must dwell in her memory as a clumsy peasant shepherd? Indeed, it would be actually dishonest not to restore the costly garments which she had lent him. Gratitude was accounted among the Hebrews, too, as the holiest duty of a noble heart. He would be a hateful wretch all his life long if he did not go to see her once more.

Only he must make haste, for when his uncle should return he must find him ready to set out.

He began forthwith to strap the sandals on his feet; but he did it but slowly, and he could not understand what it was that made everything so difficult to him to-day.

He crossed the camp unimpeded. The Pylons and obelisks in front of the temples showed him the way, though they seemed to quiver in the sand-filled air, and he presently came out on the broad road which led to the town market-place. A panting Egyptian, whose ass was carrying wine-skins to the camp, directed him on his way.

The path was deep in dust, and dust wrapped him as he went. The sun overhead poured a flood of fire down on his bare head, and his wound again began to ache, the sand filled his eyes and mouth

and stung his face and bare limbs. He was overpowered by thirst, and more than once he was forced to stop, for his feet felt strangely heavy. At last he reached a well, dug for wayfarers by a pious Egyptian, and although it was graced with the image of a god, and Miriam had taught him that it was an abomination to turn from the way to such images, he drank nevertheless, and drank again, and thought he had never enjoyed such a refreshing draught.

He got over his fear of losing his senses, as he had done yesterday, and, though his feet still dragged, he walked on briskly to the tempting goal. But presently his strength again failed him, the sweat streamed from his brow, and there was a throbbing and hammering in the cut on his head and he felt as if his skull was being crushed in an iron fillet. Now his usually keen sight was failing, for the things he tried to see seemed to float in dancing sand, the horizon rocked before his eyes; and suddenly he felt as though the hard pavement had turned to a bog beneath his feet. Still all this troubled him little, for his fancy had never glowed so brightly within him. The things he thought of rose before him with marvellous vividness. Image after image stood before the wide-open eyes of his soul, and not at his bidding, but as if raised by a

will outside himself. Now he beheld himself lying at Kasana's feet, his head fondly laid on her lap while he gazed up into her lovely face. Then it was Hosea who stood before him, in splendid armour as he had just now seen him, only more gorgeous; and in ruddy firelight, instead of the dim light in the tent. Then again, all the finest oxen and rams of his herds passed in front of him, and mingling with all these, sentences of the message he had learned passed through his mind—nay, he fancied that they were being shouted in his ears; but before he could be quite sure of their meaning, some new and dazzling vision or a loud, rushing sound filled his mind's eye and ear.

And on he went, tottering like one drunk, with the sweat standing on his brow and a parched mouth. Now and then he mechanically lifted his hand to wipe the dust from his burning eyes, but he cared little that they failed to show him clearly what was passing around him, for nothing could be more delightful than what he beheld when he looked within. Every now and then, to be sure, he was conscious of acute suffering, and he felt inclined to fling himself on the ground in sheer exhaustion, but then again a strange sense of relief kept him up. At last the delirium was too much for him; his head

seemed growing and swelling till it was as large as the head of the colossus he had seen yesterday in front of a temple, then it rose to the height of the palm trees by the roadside, and at last it reached the mist over the firmament, and higher and higher yet. Then this head, which was still his head, was as wide as the horizon, and he pressed his hands to his temples and held his brow, for his neck and shoulders were too weak to bear the burden of so huge a head, and possessed with this madness, he shrieked aloud, his knees gave way and he sank senseless in the dust.

CHAPTER IX.

AT this same hour a chamberlain was leading Hosea into the hall of audience.

Though subjects bidden to attend the King commonly had hours to wait, the Hebrew's patience was put to no severe test. At this time of deep mourning the spacious rooms of the palace, in which a gay and noisy throng were wont to move, were as still as the grave, for not the slaves and sentries only, but many persons of superior rank in immediate attendance on the royal pair, had fled from the pestilence and escaped without leave.

Here and there a solitary priest or official leaned against a pillar or cowered on the ground, hiding his face in his hands, while awaiting some command. Soldiers went about trailing their arms and in silent brooding. Now and then a few young priests in mourning robes stole through the deserted rooms and speechlessly swung the silver censers, which shed a pungent perfume of resin and juniper.

It was as though a terrible incubus weighed on

the palace and its inhabitants, for, added to the loss of the King's beloved son, which came home to many hearts, the fear of death and the desert wind had crushed the energies of mind and body alike.

Here, under the shadow of the throne, where of yore all eyes had glittered with hope, ambition, gratitude or fear, devotion or hatred, Hosea saw to-day only bowed heads and downcast looks.

Baie alone, the second prophet of Amon, seemed untouched by sorrow or the terrors of the night and the enervating influences of the day, for he greeted the captain in the ante-chamber as frankly and cheerfully as ever, and assured him, though in an undertone, that no one dreamed of calling him to account for the sins of his people. But when the Hebrew, of his own free will, acknowledged that at the moment when he was sent for by the King he was in the act of going to the superior captains of the army to beseech them to release him from his service, the priest interrupted him to remind him of the debt of gratitude which he, Baie, owed to him. And he declared that for his part, he would do his utmost to keep him with the army and to prove to him that an Egyptian knew how to honour faithful service without respect of persons or considerations

of birth, nay, even against Pharaoh's will; and of this he would presently speak with him in secret.

But the Hebrew had no time to reiterate his purpose, for the head chamberlain interrupted them to lead Hosea into the presence of the "Kind God."*

Pharaoh awaited him in the smaller reception hall, adjoining the royal apartments. It was a noble room, and looked more spacious to-day than when, as usual, it was filled with a crowd. Only a few courtiers and priests, with some of the Queen's ladies, formed a small group, all in deep mourning, round the throne; opposite the King, squatting in a circle on the ground, were the King's councillors and interpreters, wearing each his ostrich plume.

All wore badges of mourning, and the monotonous chant of the wailing women, broken now and then by a loud, shrill, tremulous outcry, came pealing out from the inner rooms and found its way to the great hall, a token that death had claimed a victim even in the palace.

The King and Queen sat on a couch under a canopy of black; the throne itself was of ivory and gold. Instead of their splendid state attire they were clad in dark robes, and the royal wife and

* An euphemistic title of the Pharaohs.

mother, who bewailed her first-born, leaned motionless and with downcast head against her husband's shoulder.

Pharaoh, too, kept his eyes fixed on the ground, as if lost in a dream. The sceptre had fallen from his hand and lay in his lap.

The Queen had been torn from the corpse of her son, which was now given over to the embalmers, and it was not till she entered the audience hall that she had been able to control her tears. But she had not thought of resistance, for the unrelenting ceremonial of court life made the Queen's presence indispensable at any audience of high importance. And to-day of all days she certainly would fain have escaped, but that Pharaoh had commanded her to appear. She knew what counsel was to be taken and approved of it beforehand, for she was wholly possessed by her dread of the power of Mesu, the Hebrew, called by his own people Moses, and of his God, who had brought such terrors on Egypt. Alas! for she had other children to lose, and she had known Mesu from his childhood, and knew in what high esteem the learning of this stranger had been held by the great Rameses, her husband's father and predecessor, who had brought him up with his own sons.

Oh, if it were but possible to make terms with this man! But Mesu had departed with his people, and she knew his iron will, and that the terrible foe was armed not alone against Pharaoh's threats but even against her passionate supplications.

Now she would meet Hosea, and he, the son of Nun and the most noble of the Hebrews of Tanis, could succeed, if any man could, in carrying out such measures as she and her husband might think best for all parties, in concert with Ruie, the venerable high priest and chief prophet of Amon, the pontiff of all the priesthood of Egypt, who combined in his own person the dignities of chief judge, treasurer and viceroy of the realm, and who had come with the court from Thebes to Tanis.

When she had been sent for to the audience chamber she was winding a garland for the beloved dead, and lotos flowers, larkspurs, mallow and willow leaves were handed to her as she required them. They lay before her now on a table and in her lap, but she felt paralyzed, and her hand, as she put it forth, refused its service.

Ruie, the chief prophet of Amon, sat on his heels on a mat to the left of the King; he was a very old man, long past his ninetieth year. A pair of shrewd eyes, shaded by a pent house of thick white

eyebrows, looked out of his brown face, which was as gnarled and wrinkled as the bark of a rugged oak, like bright flowers from withered foliage; and their brilliancy was startling in such a shrunken, huddled, stooping figure.

This old man had long since left all active conduct of affairs to the second prophet, Baie, but he clung stoutly to his dignities, to his place at Pharaoh's side and his seat in the council; and, rarely as he spoke, his opinion more often carried the day than that of the eloquent, fiery, and much younger second prophet.

Since the pestilence had invaded the palace the old man had not quitted Pharaoh's side; yet he felt more alive than usual to-day, for the desert wind, which made others languish, revived him. He was wont to shiver continually in spite of the panther skin which covered his back and shoulders, and the heat of the day warmed his sluggish old blood.

The Hebrew Mesu had been his pupil, and never had he had the guidance of a grander nature or the teaching of a youth more richly graced with all the gifts of the spirit. He had initiated the Hebrew into all the highest mysteries, and had expected the greatest results for Egypt and the priesthood; and when Mesu had one day slain an over-

seer who was unmercifully flogging one of his fellow Hebrews, and had fled into the desert, Ruie had bewailed the rash deed as deeply as if his own son had committed it and was to suffer the consequences. His intercession had procured Mesu's pardon, but when Mesu had returned to Egypt, and that change had been wrought in him which his friends in the temple called his apostasy, he had caused his old master a keener grief than by his flight. If Ruie had been younger he would have hated the man who had cheated his dearest hopes; but the old priest, to whom the human heart was as an open book, and whose sober impartiality enabled him to put himself in the place of his fellow man, confessed to himself that it was his own fault that he had failed to foresee this falling away. Education and dogma had made of Mesu, the Hebrew, an Egyptian priest after his own heart and pleasing to the divinity, but when once he had raised his hand to defend one of his own race against those to whom he had been allied only by human agencies, he was lost to the Egyptians. He was henceforth a true son of his people, and whithersoever this high-minded and strong-willed man might lead, others must inevitably follow.

Aye, and the high priest knew full well what

it was that the apostate hoped to give to his people; he had confessed to Ruie himself that it was the faith in one God. Mesu had denied that he was guilty of perjury, and had pledged himself never to betray the mysteries to his people, but only to lead them back to the God whom their forefathers had served before Joseph and his kindred had ever come into Egypt. The one god of the initiated was, no doubt, in many respects like the God of the Hebrews, and that was precisely what had reassured the ancient sage; for he knew by experience that the common folk would not be content with a god, one and invisible, such as many even of the more advanced of his own disciples found it difficult to conceive of. The men and women of the masses required sensible images of everything of which they perceived the effects in and about them, and this need the religion of the Egyptians gratified. What comfort could a love-lorn maid find in an invisible and creative Power, governing the course of the universe? She would be drawn to the gentle Hathor, who held in her beneficent grasp the cords which bind heart to heart, the fair and powerful goddess of procreation, before whom she could pour forth in full confidence all that weighed on her soul. Or a mother who longed to snatch a darling child from death—how

could her small sorrows concern the incomprehensible and almighty Being who ruled the whole world? But Isis, the gracious mother, who herself had wept in such deep anguish, she could understand her grief! And how often in Egypt it was the wife who influenced her husband's attitude to the gods!

And the high priest had frequently seen Hebrew men and women worshipping devoutly in the sanctuaries of Egypt. Even if Mesu should succeed in persuading them to acknowledge one God, he, the experienced old man, foresaw with certainty that they would ere long turn away from the invisible Spirit who must ever remain remote and unreal to their apprehension, and flock back in hundreds to the gods they could understand.

Now Egypt was threatened with the loss of the tilers and brickmakers she so greatly needed. Still Ruie believed he could lure them back.

"When kind words will do the work let sword and bow lie idle," he had said to his deputy, Baie, who had urged that the fugitives should be pursued and slain. "We have more corpses than enough already; what we lack are workers. Let us try to keep our hold on what we are so likely to lose."

And this milder counsel had been quite after the heart of Pharaoh, who had had enough of lamentation, and who would have thought it less rash to go unarmed into a lion's cage than to defy the terrible Hebrew any further.

So he had turned a deaf ear to the incitements of the second prophet, whose decisive and energetic nature had an influence all the more powerful as his own was irresolute, and had approved old Ruie's proposal that Hosea, the man of war, should be sent to his people to treat with them in Pharaoh's name—a plan which had calmed his fears and inspired him with new hopes.

Baie himself had at last agreed to this suggestion. It gave him a further chance of undermining the throne he hoped to overthrow, and if once the Hebrews were re-established in the land, Prince Siptah, in whose eyes no punishment was too severe for the Hebrews, who hated him, might very probably seize the sceptre of the cowardly Menephtah. But first the fugitives must be stopped, and for this Hosea was the right man. No one, Baie thought, was better fitted to win the confidence of an unsuspecting soldier than Pharaoh himself and his royal wife.

The old high priest was on this point of the same opinion, although he had nothing to do with the conspiracy; and thus the sovereigns had determined to interrupt the lamentations for the dead, and themselves speak with the Hebrew.

Hosea fell on his face before their feet, and when he rose the King's weary countenance was bent on him, sadly indeed, but graciously.

The father who had lost his first-born son had, according to custom, sacrificed his hair and beard to the razor. They had formerly framed his face in glossy black, but near twenty years of anxious rule had turned them gray, and his figure had lost its upright bearing and had a languid, senile stoop, though he was scarcely past fifty. His regular features were still handsome and there was something pathetic in their melancholy softness, evidently incapable of any severe tension, especially when a smile lent betwitting charm to his mouth. The indolent deliberateness of his movements scarcely detracted from the natural dignity of his person, though his voice, which was agreeable, generally had an exhausted and plaintive sound. He was not born to rule; thirteen brothers, older than he, had died before the heirship to the throne had devolved upon him, and he, meanwhile, as the handsomest

youth in all the land, the darling of the women and a light-hearted favourite of fortune, had lived a life of unbroken enjoyment till he had almost arrived at manhood. Then he had succeeded his father, Rameses the Great; and hardly had he grasped the sceptre when the Libyans, with strong allies, had rebelled against his rule. The veteran troops and their captains, schooled in his father's wars, helped him to conquer. But in the twenty years which had now elapsed since his father's death his armies had rarely had any rest, for rebellions had constantly to be quelled, now in the East and now in the West, and instead of dwelling in Thebes, where he had spent many happy years, and living in the most gorgeous of palaces, as he would fain have done, enjoying the blessings of peace and the society of the illustrious students and poets who were at that time to be found there, he was forced sometimes to lead his armies into the field and sometimes to reside at Tanis. Thus only could he settle the difficulties that disturbed the border province, and in this he yielded willingly to the counsels of Ruie. In the later years of his father's reign the national sanctuary at Thebes, and, consequently, its high priest, had attained greater wealth and power than the royal family, and it suited Menephta's indolent

nature to be an instrument rather than a master, so long as he abdicated none of the external honours due to the Pharaoh. These he guarded with a resolute care which he was incapable of exerting when more serious matters demanded it.

The gracious condescension with which the King received him gratified Hosea, and at the same time roused his suspicions. However, he had the courage to declare freely that he desired to be released from his office and from the oath he had taken to his sovereign lord.

Pharaoh listened unmoved, and it was not till the soldier had confessed that his father's commands had prompted him to take this step that Pharaoh signed to the high priest, who then spoke in scarcely audible tones:

"A son who sacrifices greatness that he may continue dutiful to his father must be one of the most faithful of Pharaoh's servants. Go, then, do the bidding of Nun. The Child of the Sun, the lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, sets you free. But on one condition, which, I as the minister of the Master, declare to you."

"And what is that?" inquired Hosea.

And again the King signed to the old priest;

then he sank back on the throne, while Ruie fixed his piercing eyes on Hosea and went on:

“That which the Lord of both worlds requires of you by my mouth is easy to fulfill. You must return, to be his servant and one of us again, as soon as your people and their chief, who brought such woe on this land, shall have taken the hand of the divine son of the Sun which he vouchsafes to hold forth to them in pardon, and shall have come back under the shadow of his throne. He, of his divine mercy, is ready to attach them to him and to his land again with rich gifts, as soon as they come home from the desert, whither they are gone forth to sacrifice to their god. Mark me well! All the oppressions which weighed on the people to whom you belong shall be lifted from them. The divine King will make a new law granting them much freedom and many privileges, and all that we promise them shall be written down and witnessed on our part and on yours, as a new covenant binding on our children and our children’s children. Now when this shall have been done, with an honest purpose to abide by it forever on our part, and when your people shall have agreed to accept it, will you then consent to be one of us once more?”

“Take upon yourself the office of mediator,” the Queen here broke in, in a low voice, and her sad eyes were fixed beseechingly on the Hebrew’s face. “I quail before Mesu’s wrath, and all that may be done shall be done to win back his former friendship. Speak to him in my name, and remind him of the days when I, Isisnefert, would learn of him the names of the plants I carried to him, and he taught me and my sister their uses or their poisonous powers when he came to see the Queen, his second mother, in the women’s quarters. The wounds he has inflicted on our hearts shall be forgiven and forgotten. Be our ambassador, Hosea; do not refuse our prayer!”

“Such words from such gracious lips are a command,” replied the warrior, “and are sweet to the heart. I will be mediator.”

At this the old high priest nodded approval and said: “Then I hope that the fruit of this short hour may be a long period of peace. But mark me. Where medicine may avail we avoid the knife and cautery; where there is a bridge over the river a man does not rashly try to swim through the whirlpool.”

“Yes, verily, we will avoid the whirlpool,” said

the King, and the Queen repeated his words; then she again fixed her eyes on the flowers in her lap.

Then a formal council was held.

Three private scribes sat down on the ground, close to the high priest, to enable them to hear his low tones, and the interpreters and counsellors, in their places, took out their writing things, and, holding the papyrus in their left hands, wrote with reeds or brushes, for nothing might remain unrecorded which was discussed and decided in Pharaoh's presence. Hardly a whisper was to be heard in the hall while this went on, the guards and courtiers remained motionless in their places, and the royal couple sat rigid and speechless, gazing into vacancy, as if in a dream.

Neither Pharaoh nor his wife could possibly have caught a word of the murmured colloquy of the speakers, but the Egyptians never ended a sentence without glancing up at the King, as if to make sure of his approval. Hosea, who was accustomed to the scene, followed their example, speaking like the others in a subdued voice, and when presently the voice of the second prophet, or of the chief interpreter, sounded rather louder, Pharaoh raised

his head and repeated the high priest's last saying: "Where there is a bridge over the river a man does not try to swim the whirlpool," for this exactly expressed his wishes and the Queen's. No fighting! Peace with the Hebrews, and from the wrath of their terrible leader and of his god, without losing the thousand diligent hands of the fugitive tribes.

Thus matters proceeded, and when the muttering of the speakers and the scratching of the pens had gone on for fully an hour, the Queen was still sitting in the same attitude; but Pharaoh began to stir and raise his voice, for he knew that the second prophet hated the man whose blessing he received and whose hostility filled him with such dread, and he feared but he should be requiring some impossible conditions of the envoy.

Still, all he said was again a repetition of the counsel as to the bridge; but his inquiring glance at the chief interpreter moved that official to assure him that all was proceeding favourably. Hosea had merely demanded that the overseers, who kept guard over the men at work, should not, for the future, be watchmen of Libyan race, but Hebrews themselves, to be chosen by the elders of their people under the sanction of the Egyptian government.

At this Pharaoh cast his look of anxious en-

treaty at Baie and the other councillors. The second prophet only shrugged his shoulders regretfully, and, feigning to defer his own opinion to the divine wisdom of Pharaoh, conceded this point to Hosea. The god enthroned on earth acknowledged this submission with a grateful bow, for Baie's will had often crossed his; and then, when the herald or rehearser had read aloud all the clauses of the treaty, Hosea was required to take a solemn oath that he would in any case come back to Tanis and report how his people had received the King's advances.

But the cautious warrior, who was well aware of all the snares and traps with which the state was only too ready, took this oath most unwillingly and only when he had obtained a written pledge that whatever the issue, his freedom should be in no way interfered with as soon as he could give them his word that he had done his part to induce the leaders of his people to accept these terms.

At last Pharaoh held out his hand for the captain to kiss, and when he had also pressed to his lips the hem of the Queen's robe, Ruie signed to the monarch, who understood that the moment was come when he might withdraw. And he did so with good will and a sense of encouragement, for

he believed that he had acted for the best for his own welfare and that of his people.

A bright radiance lighted up his handsome, languid features, and when the Queen rose and saw him smile, content, she did the same. At the door the King drew a breath of relief, and turning to his wife he said: "If Hosea does his errand well we shall get across the bridge."

"And not swim the whirlpool," replied the Queen in the same tone.

"And if the Hebrew captain can pacify Mesu," Pharaoh went on, "and he persuades his people to remain in the land——"

"Then you must adopt this Hosea into the royal family. He is well favoured and of a lordly mien," his wife broke in.

But at this Pharaoh suddenly abandoned his stooping and indifferent attitude.

"Impossible!" he eagerly exclaimed. "A Hebrew! If we raise him to be one of the 'friends,' or a fan-bearer, that is the highest he can hope for. In such matters it is very difficult to avoid doing too much or too little."

As the royal couple went forward toward the private apartments the wailing of the mourners fell more loudly upon the ear. Tears started afresh to

the Queen's eyes, while Pharaoh continued to deliberate precisely what position in the court Hosea might be allowed to fill if he succeeded in his embassy.

CHAPTER X.

Hosea had now to hasten if he was to overtake the Hebrews in time, for the further they had got on their way the more difficult it might be to persuade Moses and the heads of the tribes to return and accept the terms offered them.

The events of this morning were to him so marvellous that he regarded the issue as a dispensation of the god he had found once more; also he remembered the name of Joshua, that is to say, "Holpen of the Lord," which had been laid upon him by Miriam's message, whereas he had hitherto been called Hosea. He was willing to bear it, although he felt it hard to deny the sovereign who had raised him to honour. Many of his fellow-warriors had assumed similar names, and his had proved itself nobly true. Never had the help of God been more clearly with him than it had been this day. He had gone into Pharaoh's palace in the expectation of losing his freedom or being handed over to the executioner as soon as he declared his

wish to follow his people; and how easily had the ties been severed which bound him to Egypt. And he had been charged with a task in his eyes so great and noble that he could not forbear believing that the God of his fathers had called him to fulfil it.

He loved Egypt. It was a glorious land. Where could his people find a fairer dwelling place? The conditions only under which they had dwelt there had been intolerable. Better days were now before them. The Hebrews were to be permitted to return to Goshen or to settle in the lake-land west of the Nile, a district whose fertility was well known to him. No one henceforth might compel them to serfdom, and if they laid their hands to labour for the state, Hebrews only were to be their taskmasters, and not the hard and cruel stranger. That his people must remain subject to Pharaoh was a matter of course. Joseph, Ephraim and his sons, Joshua's forefathers, had called themselves so, and had been well content to be called Egyptians. If his embassy came to a good end the elders of the tribes were to be allowed to rule the domestic affairs of the people. Moses must be the chief ruler in the new settlement, in spite of the second prophet's objections; and he himself would be captain of the

united force which should defend its frontiers; and form fresh legions of those Hebrew mercenaries who had already proved their valour in many wars. Before he left the palace the second prophet had given him several mysterious hints which had remained unsolved, but from which he inferred that Baie was big with portentous schemes, and purposed to give him some important charge as soon as the conduct of the state should fall from the hands of old Ruie into his own; perhaps the chief captaincy of the whole army of mercenaries, a post at present held by a Syrian named Aarsu. This disturbed rather than gratified him; but on the other hand it was a great satisfaction to him to have made it a condition that the eastern frontier should, every third year, be thrown open to the Hebrews, that they might go forth to the desert to offer sacrifices to their God. On this Moses had insisted most strongly, and as the law now stood no one was permitted to cross the eastern limit line, which was fortified at all points, without the expressed consent of the authorities. This concession to their great leader's desire might perhaps gain his assent to a treaty so favourable to his people.

All through these transactions Hosea had felt keenly how far he had been cut off from his race; he could

not even say what was the aim of this worship in the desert. He had frankly confessed before Pharaoh's council that he knew nothing of the complaints or demands of the Hebrews, and he did so advisedly, reserving their right to alter and amplify the proposals of which he was the bearer. But what could the people or their chief hope for better?

The future lay before him full of hope for his nation and himself. If the covenant should be concluded the time would be come for him to found a family, and the image of Miriam rose before him in all its lofty beauty. The thought of winning this noble woman was an intoxicating one, and he asked himself whether he were indeed worthy of her, and if it were not too bold to sue for the possession of this superb inspired maiden and prophetess.

He knew life well, and understood how little trust could be placed in the promises of the irresolute man for whose weak hand the sceptre was too heavy. But he had taken precautions, and if the elders of the people could only be pacified, the covenant, clause by clause, would be graven on metal tablets, like every other compact between Egypt and a foreign nation, and hung up in the national temple at Thebes, signed by Pharaoh and by the representatives of his people. Such a document—as he had

learnt from the treaty of peace concluded with the Kheta—secured and prolonged the brief “forever” of international compacts. He had omitted nothing that might protect the Hebrews against treason and faithlessness.

Never had Hosea felt stronger, more confident, more glad of life than when he once more stepped into Pharaoh’s chariot to take leave of his subalterns. Even Baie’s mysterious hints and confessions did not disturb him, for he was wont to leave the cares of the future to the future day; but in the camp a trouble awaited him which darkened the present hour, for he there heard to his surprise, wrath and distress that Ephraim had quitted the tent and stolen away, telling no man whither. His hasty questions elicited the fact that the lad had taken the road to Tanis, so Hosea charged his faithful shieldbearer to seek the boy out in the town, and if he found him to bid him follow his uncle to Succoth.

Then, as soon as the Captain had taken leave of his men, he set forth, followed by his old squire.

It was a pleasure to him to see that the Adones* and other inferior officers who had served with him, hard warriors with whom he had shared all he pos-

* Answering to our adjutants.

sessed in war and peace, in peril and privation, so frankly showed their grief at parting. The tears rolled down the brown cheeks of many a man grown gray in battle as he shook hands with him for the last time. Many a bearded lip was pressed to the hem of his garment, or his feet, or the shining coat of the Libyan charger, which bore him through the ranks with arched neck and eager prancing, though firmly held in by his rider. His own eyes were moist for the first time since his mother's death, as shouts of honest regret and farewell wishes broke from the manly hearts of his troops, and echoed along the lines. Never had he felt so deeply as at this moment, how closely his heart was knit to these men, and how precious to him was his noble calling.

But the duty which lay before him was high and noble, too, and the God who had released him from his oath and made his way plain to obey his father's behest and yet be true and faithful, would perhaps lead him back to his comrades in arms, whose farewell he could fancy still rang in his ears when he was long since out of hearing.

Still, the full glory of the work intrusted to him, the exalted frame of mind of a man who goes forth with a high moral purpose to fulfill a difficult task, the perfect bliss of a lover who flies with well-

grounded hopes to crown the purest and dearest wish of his heart, did not wholly possess him till he had left the town behind him, and was hastening, at a brisk trot, across the level plain dotted with palm groves and pools which lay to the southeast.

So long as he had kept his horse at a moderate pace along the streets of the town and about the harbour, his mind was so full of the immediate past and of anxiety for the missing youth, that he had paid small heed to the scene around him; the numerous vessels lying at anchor, the motley throng of ships' captains, merchants, sailors and porters of the most diverse races of Africa and Western Asia, who here sought their fortunes, or the officials, soldiers and supplicants who had followed the court from Thebes to Tanis.

And he had also failed to observe two men of higher rank, though one of them, Hornecht, the captain of the bowmen, had saluted him as he passed. They were standing back under the gateway of the temple of Set, for shelter from a cloud of dust blown along the road by the wind from the desert. And as the archer vainly endeavoured to attract the rider's attention, Baie, his companion, said to him: "It matters not; he will learn soon enough where his nephew has found refuge."

“By your command,” replied the soldier. Then he went on eagerly with what he had been saying: “The lad looked like a lump of clay in the potters’ shed when he was brought in.”

“And no wonder,” interrupted the priest. “He had been lying quite long enough in Set-Typhon’s dust. But what did your steward want among the soldiers?”

“My Adon, whom I had sent out last evening, brought word that the poor lad was in a high fever, so Kasana packed up some wine and her nurse’s balsam, and the old woman went with them to the camp.”

“To the boy or to the captain?” asked the prophet, with a cunning smile.

“To the sick lad,” replied the soldier, decisively, with an ominous frown. But he checked himself and went on, apologetically: “Her heart is as soft as wax, and the Hebrew boy—you saw him yesterday——”

“A handsome fellow — quite after a woman’s heart,” laughed the priest. “And stroking the nephew down cannot hurt the uncle.”

“She can hardly have had that in her mind,” said Hornecht sharply. “And the unembodied God

of the Hebrews, it would seem, is no less mindful of his own than the immortals you serve, for when he led Hotepoo to the spot the boy was very nigh unto death. And the old man would have ridden past him, for the dust had already——”

“As you said, turned him into a lump of potter’s clay. But what then?”

“Then the old man saw something golden gleam in the gray mass.”

“And for gold the stiffest back will bend.”

“Very true! So did my old man. The broad gold bracelet, glittering in the sun, saved the boy’s life once more.”

“And the best of it is that we have got him alive.”

“Yes. I, too, was glad to see him open his eyes again. He quickly got better and better, and the leech says he is like a young cat and nothing will kill him. But he is in a high fever and talks all sorts of nonsense in his ravings, which even my daughter’s old nurse, a woman from Ascalon, does not understand. But she believes she can distinguish Kasana’s name.”

“A woman once more at the bottom of the mischief.”

“Cease jesting, reverend father,” replied the

warrior, and he bit his lip. "A decent widow, and this downy-cheeked boy?"

"At his tender years," the priest went on, in the same tone, "full-blown roses tempt young beetles more than buds do, and in this case," he added, more gravely, "nothing could be more fortunate. We have Hosea's nephew in our net, and now it is your part not to let him escape the toils."

"You mean," cried the soldier, "that we are to keep him a prisoner?"

"As you say."

"But you esteem his uncle highly?"

"Certainly, but higher still the State."

"But this lad—"

"He is a most welcome hostage. Hosea's sword was an invaluable weapon, but if the hand that wields it is guided by the man whose power over greater men than he we know too well——"

"You mean Mesu, the Hebrew?"

"Hosea will wound us as deeply as heretofore our enemies."

"But I heard you yourself say that he was incapable of treachery."

"And I say so still; and he has proved my words this very day. It was simply to procure his release from the oath of fealty that he this day put

his head into the crocodile's jaws. But if Hosea is a lion, in Mesu he will find his tamer. That man is Egypt's arch foe, and my gall rises only to think of him."

"The cries of woe within these gates are enough to keep our hatred alive."

"And yet the feeble creature who fills the throne postpones revenge and sends forth a pacificator."

"With your consent, I believe?"

"Quite true," replied the priest, with a sardonic smile. "We have sent him forth to build a bridge! A bridge, forsooth! The dried-up wisdom of an ancient sage recommends it, and the notion is quite after the heart of that contemptible son of a great father, who, for his part, never shrunk from swimming the wildest whirlpool, especially when revenge was in view. Well, Hosea may try to build it. If the bridge over the torrent only brings him back to us, I will give him a warm and sincere welcome. But we, who alone have any spirit in Egypt, must make it our business to see that as soon as this one man has recrossed to our shore the piers shall give way under the tread of the leader of his nation."

"Yes, yes. But I fear that we should lose the captain if his people met the fate they deserve."

"It may seem so."

"You are wiser than I."

"But, still, in this case you think I am mistaken."

"How could I make so bold!"

"As a member of the Council of War it is your duty to express your own opinion, and I regard it now as my part to show you whither the road leads along which you have come so far with bandaged eyes. Listen, then, and be guided by what I tell you when it is your turn to speak in the assembly. Ruie, the high priest, is very old."

"And you already exercise half his prerogatives."

"Would that he might soon lay down the rest of the burden! Not for my own sake, I love a contest,—but for the welfare of our country. It has become a deeply-rooted habit to accept all that age decides and rules as the language of wisdom; thus there are few among the councillors who do not adhere to the old man, and yet his statecraft, like himself, goes only on crutches. All that is good gets lost in a fog under his weak and half-hearted guidance."

"On this point you may count on my support," cried the warrior. "I will lend both hands to overthrow the dreamer on the throne and his senseless adviser."

At this the prophet laid his finger to his lip in

warning, went close up to his companion and said in low, rapid accents: "I am now expected at the palace, so hearken only to this much: If Hosea effects a reconciliation, his people, the guilty with the innocent, will all return, and the guilty will be punished. Among the innocent we may reckon the whole of the Captain's tribe, the tribe of Ephraim, from old Nun, the father, down to the boy in your house."

"They may be spared; but as Mesu is a Hebrew, whatever is done to him——"

"It will not be done in the open street; and there is never any difficulty about sowing the seeds of discord between two men who have an equal right to rule in their own circle. I will take care that Hosea shall wink at the death of the other, and then Pharaoh, whether his name be Menephtah or" (and here his voice fell to a murmur) "or Siptah, shall raise him to such a giddy height—for he deserves it—that his bewildered eye will never see anything we choose to hide from him. There is a dish of which no man can cease to eat who has once tasted it, and that meat we shall serve him withal."

"A dish—meat?"

"Power, Hornecht. Immense power. As governor

of a province, or Captain-general over all the mercenary troops in Aarsu's place, he will beware of quarrelling with us. I know him. If we can but make him believe that Mesu has done him a wrong—and that overbearing man will of a certainty give us some ground—and if he can but be convinced that the law prescribes such punishment as we may inflict on the magician and most of his followers, he will not merely consent, but approve."

"But if the embassy should fail?"

"Still he will come back to us; for he never would break an oath. But in the event of his being forcibly detained by Mesu, who is capable of anything, the boy will prove useful; for Hosea loves him, his people set great store by his life, and he is a son of one of their noblest families. Pharaoh shall at any rate threaten the lad; we, on our part, will protect him, and that will bind us more closely than ever to his uncle, and join him to those who are wroth with the King."

"Admirable!"

"And we shall yet more certainly gain our end if we can bind him by yet another tie,—and now I beseech you to be calm, for you are too fiery for your years. In short, our brother in arms, the man

who saved my life, the best warrior in all the army, and who consequently must rise to the highest honours, must be your daughter's husband. Kasana loves the Hebrew—that I know from my wife."

The frown once more knit the archer's brow, and he struggled painfully to be calm. He felt that he must subdue his distaste for calling this man his son-in-law; for in fact he liked and esteemed him, though he was averse to his nationality. He could not, indeed, refrain from muttering a curse, but his reply to the priest was calmer and more reasonable than Baie had expected. If Kasana was so possessed by demons as to be drawn to this stranger, then she should have her way. But Hosea as yet had not wooed her, "and," he added furiously, "by the red god Set and his seventy fellows! neither you nor any other man shall ever move me to force my child, who has suitors by the score, on a man who, though he calls himself our friend, has never yet found leisure to greet us in our own house! Taking charge of the lad is another matter, and I will see that he does not escape."

"Very good, my friend," replied the priest, laying his hand on his companion's shoulder. "You know how highly I value Hosea, and if he should

become your son-in-law he will be the most important and indispensable of all our colleagues, and then I fancy his nephew may grow up to be a valiant officer in our army."

CHAPTER XI.

THE midnight sky, sown with innumerable stars, spread deeply and purely blue over the broad level of the eastern delta and the town of Succoth, which the Egyptians called, from its presiding deity, Pithom, or the city of Toom. The March night was drawing to its close. White mists floated above the canal, a work of the Hebrew bondsmen, which intersected the plain and watered the pasture land and meadows that spread on all sides as far as the eye could reach. To the east and south the horizon was shrouded by the thick haze which rose from the broad lakes by the isthmus. The hot, sandy desert wind which yesterday had blown over the thirsty grass, the barren border-land to the east, and the houses and tents of Succoth, had died away during the night, and the chill hour which in March precedes sunrise, even in Egypt, was very perceptible.

Any one who had in former days arrived between midnight and dawn at the humble frontier

town with its squalid hovels of Nile mud and modest farms and dwellings, could not have recognized it now. Even its one important building, besides the splendid temple of the god Toom, the spacious and fortified storehouse, presented a strange spectacle. The long, white, lime-washed walls gleamed as usual through the dusk; but it no longer towered in death-like silence over the sleeping town; all about it was stir and bustle. It did duty as a fortress against the plundering tribes of Shasoos* who had made their way round the outworks on the isthmus, and an Egyptian garrison dwelt within its indestructible walls, which could easily be held against very superior numbers.

This morning it might have been supposed that the sons of the desert had taken it by storm, but the men and women who were so busy round the walls and on the broad marble parapet of the huge building were not Shasoos, but Hebrews. With shouts and demonstrations of joy they were taking possession of the thousands of measures of wheat and barley, rye and doorah, lentils, dates and onions which they had found in those vast lofts, and had

* Bedouins, whose nomad hordes swarmed in the desert adjoining Egypt on the east, now regarded as belonging to Asia.

set to work before sunrise to empty the storehouse and pack the contents into sacks and pitchers and skins, into kneading-troughs, jars and sheets, let down from the roof by cords or carried up and down on ladders.

The chiefs of the tribes, indeed, took no part^t in the work, but in spite of the early hour children of all ages might be seen, as busy as the rest, carrying as much as they could lift in pots and bowls—their mothers' cooking vessels.

Above, close to the opened trapdoors of the lofts, into which the stars shone down, and round the foot of the ladders below, women held lanterns or torches to light the others at their work. Flaring pitch brands were burning in front of the ponderous closed doors, and armed shepherds were pacing up and down in the light of the blaze. When, now and again, there was a sound within as of a stone thrown, or a kick against the brass-bound door, and threatening words in the Egyptian tongue, the Hebrews outside were ready enough with shouts of mockery and scorn.

On the day of the harvest-festival, at the hour of the first evening watch, certain swift runners had come to Succoth and had announced to the sons of

Israel who dwelt there, and whose numbers were twentyfold as great as those of the Egyptians, that they had started from Tanis early that morning, that their people were to depart thence that night, and that their kindred of Succoth were to make ready to fly with them. At this there had been great rejoicing among the Hebrews. They, like their fellow-Israelites of Tanis, had assembled together that night of the new moon after the spring equinox, when the harvest-festival began, to a solemn feast, and the heads of their households had declared to them that the day of freedom was now at hand, and that the Lord was about to lead them forth to the promised land.

Here, as at Tanis, many had been faint-hearted and rebellious, and others had attempted to separate their lot from that of the rest and so remain behind; but here, too, they had been carried away by the multitude. And as Aaron and Nun had addressed the people at Tanis, so here Eleazar the son of Aaron, and Hur and Nahshon, the heads of the tribe of Judah, had done the same. And Miriam, the maiden sister of Moses, had gone from house to house, and with her glowing words had lighted and fanned the flames of enthusiasm in the hearts of the men, and persuaded the women that, with the

morning's sun, a day of gladness, plenty and freedom would dawn on them and on their children.

Few had turned a deaf ear to the prophetess, and there was something majestic and commanding in the presence of this maiden, whose large, black eyes, overarched by thick, dark eyebrows which met in the middle, seemed to read the hearts of those they gazed on, and to awe the refractory with their solemn gleam.

When the feast was over each household had retired to rest with hopeful and uplifted hearts. But the next day and the following night and dawn had changed everything. It was as though the desert wind had buried all courage and confidence in the sand it swept before it. The dread of wandering through the unknown had crept again into every soul, and many a one who had brandished his staff with the high spirit of enterprise now clung obstinately to the house of his fathers, to his well-tended garden plot, and to the harvest in the fields, of which not more than half was yet garnered.

The Egyptian garrison in the fortified storehouse had not indeed failed to observe that some unusual excitement prevailed among the Hebrews, but they had ascribed it to the harvest-feast. The com-

mander of the fort had heard that Moses desired to lead his people forth into the desert, there to sacrifice to their God, and he had asked for re-inforcements. But he knew nothing more, for till the morning when the hot wind had arisen no Hebrew had betrayed his brethren's purpose. On that day, however, as the heat oppressed them more and more, the greater grew the dread of the terrified people of marching ever onward through the scorching, sandy and waterless waste. This fearful day was but a foretaste of what lay before them, and when toward mid-day the dust cloud was yet denser and the air more suffocating, a Hebrew dealer, from whom the Egyptian soldiers would purchase small wares, stole into the storehouse and instigated the captain to hinder his fellow-Hebrews from rushing to destruction.

Even among the better sort the voice of discontent had been loud; Izehar and Michael and their sons, who disliked the power of Moses and Aaron, had gone from one to another and tried to incite them to call the elders together again before they set forth, and ask them whether it would not be wiser to make terms with the Egyptians.

While these malcontents had succeeded in assembling many followers, and the traitor had gone

to the captain of the Egyptian garrison, two more runners had come in with a message to say that the multitude of the Hebrew fugitives would arrive at Succoth between midnight and dawn.

Breathless and speechless, bathed in sweat and bleeding at the mouth, the elder of the two messengers dropped on the threshold of the house of Aminadab, where Miriam just now was dwelling. The exhausted men had to be revived with wine and food before even the less weary one could speak coherently; and then in a husky voice, but overflowing with thankfulness and enthusiasm, he told all that had happened at their departing, and how that the God of their fathers had filled all hearts with his spirit, and infused fresh confidence into the most faint-hearted.

Miriam had listened with flashing eyes to this inspiring tale, and then, flinging her veil about her head, she bade the servants of the house, who had collected round the runners, to gather all the people together under the sycamore, whose broad boughs, the growth of a thousand years, sheltered a wide space from the scorching sun.

The hot wind was still blowing, but the glad tidings seemed to have broken its power over the

spirits of men, and thousands had come pouring out to assemble under the sycamore. Miriam gave her hand to Eleazar, the son of her brother Aaron, sprang on to the bench which stood close to the huge, hollow trunk of the tree, and in a loud voice prayed to the Lord, raising her hands and eyes to Heaven, as though in ecstasy her eyes beheld Him.

Then she bade the messenger speak, and when he had once more declared all that had befallen in Tanis, a loud cry went up from the multitude. Then Eleazar, the son of Aaron, described in glowing words all that the Lord had done for his people, and had promised to them and their children and their children's children.

Every word from the speaker's eager lips had fallen on the hearts of his hearers like the fresh dew of morning on parched grass. The believers had shouted greeting to him and to Miriam, and the faint-hearted had found new wings of hope. Izehar and Michael and their followers murmured no more; nay, most of them had caught the general enthusiasm; and when presently a Hebrew soldier of the garrison stole out from the storehouse and revealed to them that his chief had been informed of what was going forward, Eleazar, Nahshon, Hur and some others

had held a council with the shepherds present, and had urged them in fiery language to show now that they were men and not afraid to fight, with God's mighty help, for their nation and its freedom. There was no lack of axes, staves, sickles and brazen pikes, of heavy poles and slings, the shepherds' weapons against the beasts of the desert, though of bows and arrows they had none. A strong force of powerful herdsmen had collected round Hur, and they at once had marched upon the Egyptian overseers who were in authority over some hundreds of Hebrew bondsmen toiling at the earthworks.

With the cry, "They are coming! Down with the oppressors! The Lord our God is our Captain!" they threw themselves on the Libyan guard, scattered them abroad and released the Hebrew labourers and stone-hewers. The noble Nahshon had set the example of clasping one of the hapless serfs as a brother to his heart, and then the others embraced the men they had set free, and thus the shout: "They are coming! The Lord God of our fathers is our Captain!" rang out far and wide. When at last the handful of shepherds had swollen to a thousand, Hur had led them on to meet the Egyptian warriors, whose numbers were far inferior.

The garrison, indeed, was but a handful; the Hebrew host was now beyond counting.

The Egyptian archers had shot a flight of arrows, and the slings of the stalwart Hebrews had sent a shower of deadly pebbles among the foremost of the foe, when a trumpet-call was heard calling the party of soldiers back into the shelter of the scarped walls and stout doors. The Egyptian chief had judged the Hebrew force too great, and his first duty was to hold the fort till re-inforcements should arrive.

But Hur had not been content with this first victory. Success had fanned the courage of his followers as a fresh breeze fans a smouldering fire; whenever an Egyptian showed himself on the roof of the storehouse a smooth pebble hit him sharply from the sling of a shepherd marksman. By Nahshon's orders ladders were brought out. In an instant the besiegers were swarming up the building on all sides, and after a short and bloodless struggle the stores were in the hands of the Hebrews. The Egyptians could only keep possession of the adjoining stronghold.

Meanwhile the wind had fallen. The more furious of the released bondsmen had piled straw, timber and brushwood before the door of the little

fort into which the Egyptians had retired, and they could without difficulty have destroyed the foe to the last man by fire; but Hur, Nahshon and the other wiser heads among the Hebrews had not permitted the destruction of the victuals laid up in the great storehouse.

It had, indeed, been no easy matter to keep the younger men among the oppressed serfs from this deed of vengeance, but they all belonged to some family in the settlement; and as Hur's prohibition was supported by the commands of their parents, they were soon not merely pacified, but ready to help in distributing the contents of the granaries among the households, and in loading them into carts or on to beasts of burden, to be carried off by the fugitives.

All this took place by the flaming light of torches, and it soon had assumed the character of an orgie, for neither Nahshon nor Eleazar had been able to hinder the men and women from opening the wine skins and jars. However, they succeeded in saving the larger part of the precious booty for the time of need, and although there were, indeed, too many drunk, the strong juice of the grape and their glee at securing so much plunder moved the multitude to thankfulness. When at length Eleazar went among

them once more to speak to them of the Promised Land they were ready to listen to him with uplifted hearts, and joined in a hymn of praise started by Miriam.

As in Tanis the spirit of the Lord had fallen on the people in the hour of their departing, so now in Succoth. When some seventy men and women who had hidden themselves in the temple of Toom heard the song of triumph, they came forth and joined the rest, and packed up their possessions with as much glad hope and confidence in the God of their fathers as if they had never murmured at departing.

As the stars faded, joy and excitement increased. Men and women went out in troops on the road to Tanis to meet their brethren. Many a father led his youthful son by the hand, many a mother carried her infant on her arm; for there were kindred to greet in the coming multitude, and this day must bring some moments of solemn joy in which all who were near and dear must share, and which even the youngest child would remember when he himself had children and grandchildren.

None sought his bed in tent, hut or house, for every hand was needed to finish the work of packing. The crowd of toilers in the storehouse had

diminished, and most households were furnished with as much food as they could carry away.

In front of the tents and hovels men and women, ready to depart, were camping round hastily-lighted fires, and in the farm yards the cattle were being driven together, and such beasts and sheep as were unfit to march were at once slaughtered. Outside many of the houses men plied the axe and hammer, and the sound of sawing was heard, for litters and couches had to be hastily constructed for the sick and feeble. Here, again, chariots and wagons were still being loaded, and husbands had no small trouble with their wives; for it is always hard to forfeit a possession, be it great or small, and a woman's heart often clings more fondly to some worthless trifle than to the most precious object she owns. When Rebecca was eager to carry away the roughly-made cradle in which her infant died rather than the beautiful ebony chest inlaid with ivory which her husband had taken in pledge from an Egyptian, who could blame her? Lights shone from every window and tent door, and torches or lanterns blazed from the roof of all the better dwellings to welcome the coming host.

At the feast which had been held on the night of the harvest festival not a table had lacked its

lamb roast with fire, but in this hour of waiting the housewives again offered such food as they had ready. The narrow street of the little town was alive with stir; the waning stars had never before looked down on such joyful faces, such bright and eager eyes, such beaming looks of hope and happy faith.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN morning dawned all those who had not already gone forth to greet the wanderers were gathered on the roof of one of the largest houses in Succoth, where the coming Hebrews were to make their first long halt.

Hurrying on before them, fleet-footed men and boys, one after another, arrived in the town. Aminadab's house was their goal. It consisted of two buildings, one of which was inhabited by Nahshon, the son of the owner, and his family. In the other and larger part, besides the master of the house and his wife, his son-in-law, Aaron, dwelt with his wife, children and grandchildren, and also Miriam.

The old man, a prince of a tribe, who had given over the duties connected with his position to his son Nahshon, stretched out his trembling hands toward each messenger, and listened to his story with sparkling eyes that were nearly blinded by tears. He had persuaded his old wife to sit in the arm-

chair in which she was to be carried after their people, so that she might become accustomed to it, and for the same reason he was reclining in his.

When the old woman heard the messengers announce that the glorious future that had been promised the people was now within reach, her eyes sought her husband's and she cried: "Aye, through Moses!" For she held the brother of her daughter's husband in high esteem and it pleased her to see his prophecies fulfilled. She looked also with pride on Aaron, her son-in-law: but above all she loved Eleazar, her grandson, in whom she looked forward to the development of a second Moses. She had found Miriam, after the death of her parents, a very welcome house companion. But the warm-hearted old folks' affection for the grave young maid never grew to parental tenderness, and Elisheba, Aaron's busy wife, would not share the cares of the great household with Miriam; nor did their son Nahshon's wife need her help, for she, indeed, lived with her nearest of kin under their own roof. But the old people were grateful to Miriam for her care of their grandchild Milcah, the daughter of Aaron and Elisheba, whom a great misfortune had changed from a happy child into a melancholy woman, for whom

all joy was dead. A few days after her marriage with a beloved husband he had allowed himself, in a fit of wrath, to lift his hand against an Egyptian taxgatherer, who, when Pharaoh was passing eastward by Succoth, wanted to drive off a large herd of his finest oxen for the kitchen of the Lord of two worlds. In consequence of this self-redress the unfortunate man had been taken as a State prisoner to work in the mines, and it was well known that the convicts there must perish, body and soul, of torturing overwork. Through the influence of Nun, Hosea's father, the prisoner's wife and household were spared from sharing this punishment. She, however, pined away more and more, and the only one who understood the way to rouse the pale, silent wife from her brooding was Miriam. To her had the deserted woman attached herself, and she followed Miriam when she practised the medical knowledge that she had learned, and carried remedies and alms into the huts of the poor.

The last messengers, whom Aminadab and his wife received on the roof, painted in dark colours the pain and misery of the wandering of which he had been a witness; but when a soft-hearted creature among them wept aloud at the great sufferings the women and children had undergone during the gale

from the desert, and gloomily foretold for the future horrors not less than those he so vividly remembered, the old man spoke words of comfort to him, reminding him of the almighty power of God, and of the force of habit, which would also help them. His wrinkled face expressed sincere hope, whereas in Miriam's beautiful but stern features there was little expression of the religious trust of which youth usually has more than age.

While the messengers went and came she did not stir from the side of the old people, and left it to her sister-in-law, Elisheba, and her serving maids, to give refreshments to the fatigued wanderers. She listened to them intently and with deep-drawn breath, though it appeared to her that all she learned forboded trouble. For she knew that only those who were attached to her brothers, the leaders of the people, would have found their way into the house that sheltered Aaron; and if their gladness was already drooping how must it be with the lukewarm and recalcitrant.

Now and then she would ask a question, as well as the old man, and as she spoke, the messengers, who heard her voice for the first time, looked up at her in surprise, for it was indeed sweet, though singularly deep.

After several runners had assured her, in answer to her inquiry, that Hosea, the son of Nun, had not come with the others, she dropped her head and asked no more, until pale Milcah, who followed her everywhere, cast a beseeching look from her black eyes and whispered "Reuben," the name of her imprisoned husband. Then the young girl kissed the lonely child and looked at her as though she had neglected something, and asked the messengers with pressing eagerness if they had heard anything of Reuben, who had been carried away to the mines. But only one had heard from a released criminal that Milcah's husband was alive in the copper mines in the district of Beck, near Mount Sinai. The news encouraged the young prophetess to assure Milcah with vivid warmth that when the people should march eastward they would certainly go to the mines to release the captive Hebrews who were there.

These were good words, and Milcah, who was leaning on the breast of her comforter, would gladly have heard more, but those who were looking out into the distance from Aminadab's roof were now in great excitement. From the north came a dark cloud, and directly after a wonderful muttering, then a loud roar, and lastly a thousand-voiced cry and

shout, with bellowing, neighing and bleating, such as had never been heard before—and the multitudinous and many-voiced mass of men and herds came rolling along in that interminable stream which the astrologer's grandson, when watching from the temple at Tanis, had taken for the serpent from the nether world.

Even now, by the light of dawn, it was easy to mistake it for an army of disembodied spirits driven from the stronghold of the dead; for a pale gray column of dust reaching to the blue heavens swept before them, and no single figure could be distinguished among the immense, swarming, noisy throng which was enveloped in the cloud. Every now and again the sunbeams caught the metal point of a lance or of a brass vessel with a bright gleam, and the loud shout of one voice could be heard above the others.

Now the foremost waves of the stream had reached Aminadab's court yard, in front of which lay a vast tract of pasture lands.

Commands rang out, and the multitude halted and parted like a mountain lake which, flooded in spring, overflows in brooks and tiny rills. However, the narrow streams soon reunited, and, taking possession of the broad, level meadows now wet with

morning dew, the procession of men and beasts settled down to rest, and there the veil of dust that had hidden them presently vanished.

The road remained for some time wrapped in the cloud, but in the fields, men, women and children were to be seen in the blaze of the rising sun, with oxen and asses, sheep and goats; and in a little while tent after tent was erected on the land round Aminadab's and Nahshon's houses. The cattle were penned in with hurdles; poles and stakes were driven into the hard ground, awnings spread, cows fettered, herds of oxen and sheep driven to water, and fires lighted. Long files of women, carrying jars on their heads, which they balanced with easily and beautifully-curved arms, passed by to the well behind the old sycomore, or the bank of the nearest canal.

To-day, as on every other work-day, a humped ox turned the water wheel. It irrigated the land which the owner of the oxen must leave on the morrow; but the slave that drove it thought not of the morrow, and, as no one hindered him, worked on in the stolid way he was used to, watering the grass for the enemy into whose hands it would fall.

It was a long hour before the wandering crowd had all reached the camp, and Miriam, as she de-

scribed to Aminadab—whose eyes were no longer strong enough to see at a distance—what was going on down below, beheld many a sight from which she would gladly have turned away her eyes.

She dared not tell the old man openly all she saw, for it would have destroyed his glad hopefulness. She, who trusted with the whole ardour of an inspired soul in the God of her fathers, had shared till yesterday the confidence of the old man, although the Lord had certainly granted her the fatal gift of seeing things and hearing words no one else could comprehend. This generally took place in her dreams, but also in lonely hours when she fixed her mind in meditation on the past and the future.

The message from the Most High, which Ephraim had carried to Hosea in her name, had come to her from invisible lips as she sat under the sycamore, thinking of the exodus, and of the man she had loved from her childhood; and this very morning, between midnight and dawn, as she lay under the venerable tree, overpowered by fatigue, it seemed to her that she had again heard the same voice. The words had vanished from her mind as she woke, but she knew that they had been sad and ominous.

Vague as the warning had been, it still haunted her painfully, and the cry which came up from the

plain was certainly no shout of joy at having happily reached their brethren and the first stage of their wanderings, as the old man at her side believed; nay, it was the angry cry of fierce, ungoverned men, wrangling and fighting for a pleasant spot in the meadow whereon to pitch their tents, or for a good watering place for their beasts by the well or on the banks of the water-courses.

Rage, disappointment and despair were heard in that cry; and presently, looking round for the spot whence it rose the loudest, she beheld a woman's corpse borne along by some bondsmen on a sheet of tent-cloth, and a pale babe, touched by the finger of death, which its father, a wild-looking fellow, carried in one arm, while he shook his clenched left hand, which was free, with threatening gestures in the direction of her brothers.

And in a moment she saw an old man, bent with hard labour, lift up his hand against Moses, whom he would have struck to the ground if others had not dragged him away.

She could no longer bear to stay on the roof. Pale and panting she flew out to the camp. Milcah followed her closely, and wherever they met people belonging to Succoth they were greeted with respect. The people of Zoan, and those of Pha-kos, whom

they met in the way, did not know Miriam; still, the prophetess' tall figure and noble dignity made them move aside for her, or reply to her questions.

Then she heard terrible and evil tidings, for the multitude which had set forth so joyfully on the first day had crept along in dejection and woe on the second. The hot wind had broken the spirit and strength of many who had started in high health, and other sick folks, besides the bondsman's wife and infant, had fallen sick of fever from the choking dust and scorching heat, and the speaker pointed to a procession making its way to the Hebrew burying-place of Succoth. Nor were those who were being borne to the rest whence there is no return, women and children only, or such as their kindred had brought away sick rather than leave them behind; but likewise men, who only yesterday had been strong, and who had either sunk under too heavy a burden or had heedlessly exposed themselves to the sun's rays as they drove their herds onward.

In one tent Miriam found a young mother, who lay trembling with fever, and she bade Milcah go fetch her case of medicines. The forlorn wife gladly and quickly departed on this errand. On her way she stopped many a passer-by to inquire timidly for her captive husband, but she could get no news of

him. Miriam, however, learned from Nun, Hosea's father, that Eliab, the freedman he had left behind, had sent him word that his son was ready to follow his people. She also heard that Ephraim had been hurt and had found shelter in Hosea's tent.

Was the lad seriously ill, or what could it be that detained his uncle in Tanis? The question filled Miriam's heart with fresh anxiety, yet she dispensed help and comfort wherever it was possible with unflagging energy.

Old Nun's hearty greeting had cheered her; and no more stalwart, kind, or more lovable old man could be imagined. The mere sight of his noble head with its thick, snow-white hair and beard, and the bright eyes which sparkled with youthful fire in the handsome face, had done her good; and when he expressed his joy at seeing her once more, in his vivid and winning manner, pressing her to his heart and kissing her brow, she told him that she had bidden his son, in the name of the Lord, henceforth to bear the name of Joshua, and had called upon him to be reunited to his people and to be the captain of their host. Then she felt, indeed, as though she had found a father in the place of him she had lost, and applied herself with renewed vigour to the stern duties which called her from every side.

Nor was it a small effort to the lofty-minded maiden to devote herself with loving kindness to her fellow-creatures, whose wild and coarse demeanour pained her soul. The women, indeed, were glad of help, but to the men, who had grown up under the overseer's whip, modesty and consideration were unknown. Their minds were as savage as their manners. As soon as they knew who she was, they reviled her because her brother had tempted them forth to leave endurable woes and rush to a fearful fate; and as she heard their curses and blaspheming, and saw the fierce black eyes that glittered in those brown faces all hung about with rough, curling black hair and beard, her heart shrank within her. And yet she was able to control her fear and aversion; her pulses throbbed and she was prepared for the worst, yet she did but commend the men who were so repulsive to her to the God of their fathers and His promises, though womanly weakness prompted her to flee. Now, indeed, she understood what the sad, warning voice forboded which she had heard under the sycamore, and as she stood by the bed of a young mother sick unto death, she lifted up her hands and heart to the Most High, and made a vow that she would dedicate all her power to fight against the faint-hearted want of faith and the wild insubordi-

nation which threatened to bring her people into great straits. The Lord Almighty had promised them a fair land, and the short-sighted pride of a few erring ones should not cheat them of it. And God himself could hardly be wroth with a race which was content so long as their bodies were supplied with the food they needed, and which had endured scorn and blows as unresistingly as cattle. The multitude did not yet understand that they must live through the night of their present woes to be worthy of the day which awaited them.

Her medicines seemed to relieve the sick woman, and she quitted the tent in revived spirits to seek her brothers.

In the camp matters were no better, and again she witnessed many scenes which shocked her soul and made her regret that she had brought with her the tender-hearted Milcah.

Certain evildoers among the bondsmen, who had laid hands on the cattle and goods of others, had been caught and tied up to a palm tree; and the ravens which had followed the tribes, and had found ample food by the way, were already croaking greedily round the hastily contrived gallows tree.

None knew who was judge or executioner of the sentence; but the owners who were assisting in the

deed thought themselves fully justified and gloried in it. With hasty steps and averted head, Miriam drew the trembling Milcah away and placed her in the charge of her uncle, Nahshon, to be conducted home. Nahshon was just parting from the man who shared with him the rank of prince of the tribe of Judah. This was that same Hur who had won the first victory against the Egyptians at the head of the shepherds, and he now led the maiden with happy pride towards a man and a youth—his son and grandson. They had both been in the service of the Egyptians, and at Memphis had worked as goldsmiths and brass founders to Pharaoh. The elder, by reason of his skill, had received the name of Uri, or the Great; and the son of this father, Hur's grandson, Bezaleel, was said to be more gifted even than his father, though as yet hardly more than a youth.

Hur gazed at his child and grandchild with justifiable pride, for although they had both risen to high esteem among the Egyptians they had followed without demur at their father's bidding, leaving behind them much to which their hearts clung and which bound them to Memphis, to join the wandering people and share their uncertain fate.

Miriam warmly greeted the newcomers; and the

men before her, representatives of three generations, afforded a picture on which no kindly eye could fail to rest with pleasure. The grandfather was nigh on fifty, but, although there was much silver mingled with his ebony black hair, he still held himself as straight as a young man, and his thin, sharply-cut features revealed an unbending determination, which sufficiently accounted for the readiness with which his son and grandson had obeyed his call. Uri, too, was a well-grown man, and Bezaleel a lad in whom it could be seen that he had made good use of his nineteen years, and could already stand firmly on his own feet. His artist's eye sparkled with a peculiar light, and when presently he and his father took leave of Miriam to pay their respects to Caleb, their grandfather and greatgrandfather, she heartily congratulated Hur, her brother's truest friend, on having such descendants to keep up the noble race.

At this Hur, taking her hand, exclaimed with a grateful fervour, which sprang from his heart, and which was usually foreign to the stern, imperious nature of this chief of an unruly tribe of herdsmen: "Yes, they have ever been good and true and dutiful. God hath protected them and granted me to see this joyful day. Now it lies with you to make it a high feast-day. You must long since have seen that

my eye was ever on you, and that you are dear to my heart. I as a man, and you as a woman are pledged to do all that is best for the people and their welfare, and that constitutes a bond between us. But I would fain be bound to you by a yet stronger tie, and whereas your parents are dead, and I cannot go to Amram with the bride's gift in my hand and pay him for you, I ask you of yourself in marriage, noble maiden. And before you say me yea or nay let me tell you that my son and grandson are ready to honour you as the head of our house as they honour me, and that I have your brother's permission to approach you as a suitor."

Miriam had listened to this proposal in speechless surprise. She held the man who pleaded so warmly in high esteem, and was well inclined toward him. Notwithstanding his ripe age he stood before her in all the strength of manhood and lofty dignity, and the beseeching of his eyes, more wont to command, went to her soul.

But she looked for another with ardent longing, and her only reply was a regretful shake of the head.

But this man, the head of his tribe, who was accustomed to go straight to the end of anything he

had resolved upon, was not deterred by this silent rejection, and went on more fervently than before: "Do not in one moment overthrow the cherished hopes of many years! Is it my age that repels you?"

And once more Miriam shook her head. But Hur again spoke:

"That, indeed, was what troubled me, although in strength and vigour I could measure myself against many a younger man. And if you could but overlook your suitor's gray hairs you might perhaps bring yourself to consider his request. Of the truth and devotion of my soul I will say nothing. No man sues to a woman at my age unless his heart urges him with great power. But there is another thing which to me seems of no less weight. I would fain, as I have said, take you home to my house. There it stands; it is strong and roomy enough; but from to-morrow a tent must be our roof, a camp our dwelling place, and wild deeds will be done there. Look only on the hapless creatures they have bound to that palm tree. There is no judge to try the accused; the hasty impulse of the people is their only law. No one is secure even of his life, least of all a woman, however strong she may feel herself, who casts in her lot with those against whom the

multitude murmur. Your parents are dead, your brothers might protect you, but if the multitude should lay hands on them the stone over which you hoped to cross the flood will drag you to the bottom."

"And if I were your wife, drag you with me," replied Miriam, and her thick, black brows were gloomily knit.

"That danger I am prepared to face," answered Hur. "Our lot is in the hands of the Lord; my faith is as firm as yours, and behind me stands the whole tribe of Judah, which follows me and Nahshon as a flock follow the shepherd. Old Nun and the Ephraimites are faithful to us, and if it came to the worst it would be our duty to perish as God wills, or, after reaching the Promised Land, to wait in patience for our latter end in faithful union, in wealth and power."

At this Miriam looked him full and fearlessly in the eyes, and laid her hand on his arm, saying:

"Such words are worthy of the man I have revered from my childhood, the father of such sons. Yet I cannot be your wife."

"You cannot?"

“Nay, my lord, I cannot.”

“A hard saying, but I must be content,” replied Hur, and he bowed his head sadly.

But Miriam went on:

“Nay, Hur, you have a right to ask the reason of my refusal, and inasmuch as I honour you I owe you the simple truth. My heart is set on another man of our people. I first saw him while I was but a child. Like your son and grandson, he joined himself to the Egyptians. But he, like them, has heard the call of God and of his father, and if he, like Uri and Bezaleel, has obeyed them, and still desires to have me to wife, I will go to him if it be the Lord’s will, whom I serve and who grants me of His grace to hear His voice. But I will ever think thankfully of you.” As she spoke the girl’s large eyes glistened through tears, and her gray haired suitor’s voice quivered as he asked her shyly and hesitatingly:

“But if the man you wait for—I do not seek to know his name—if he turns a deaf ear to the call that has gone forth to him, if he refuses to throw in his lot with the uncertain lot of his nation?”

"That can never be!" cried Miriam; but a cold chill ran through her veins, as Hur exclaimed:

"There is no never, no certainty save with God. And if in spite of your high faith, things fall out other than you expect—if the Lord deny you the desire which first grew up in your heart when you were yet but a foolish child?"

"Then will He show me the right way, by which He hath led me until now."

"Well, well," said Hur, "build on that foundation; and if the man of your choice is worthy of you and becomes your husband, my soul shall rejoice without envy if the Lord shall bless your union. But if, indeed, God wills it otherwise, and you shall crave a strong arm on which to lean, here am I. The heart and the tent of Hur will be ever open to you."

He hurried away. Miriam gazed after him, lost in thought, till the proud and princely figure was out of sight.

Then she made her way back toward the home of her protectors; but as she crossed the wad leading to Tanis she paused to look northward. The dust was laid and the road could be traced far into the distance; but he, the one who should be riding

toward her and toward his people, was not in sight. It was with a heavy sigh and drooping head that she went on her way, and the sound of her brother Moses' deep voice made her start as she reached the sycamore.

CHAPTER XIII.

AARON and Eleazar in stirring words had reminded the murmuring, disheartened people of the might and promises of their God. Those who had stretched themselves out quietly to rest, after being refreshed by drink and food, found their lost confidence revived. The freed bondsmen remembered the cruel slavery and degrading blows from which they had escaped, acknowledging, as the others did, that it was by God's providence that Pharaoh was not pursuing them. The rich supplies, which were still being distributed from the plundered storehouse, contributed not a little to reanimate their courage, and the serfs and lepers—for they, for the most part, had marched forth also, and were resting outside the camp—in short, all those for whose maintenance Pharaoh had provided, knew that for some time they were secure from need and want. Nevertheless there was no lack of discontented spirits, and now and then, without any one knowing who had started the question, it was asked if it would not be

wiser to turn back and trust to Pharaoh's forgiveness. Those who uttered it did so secretly, and had often to take a sharp or threatening answer.

Miriam had come out to meet her brothers, and shared their anxiety. How quickly had the spirit of the people been broken in this short march by the hot desert wind! How impatient, how distrustful, how rebellious they had shown themselves at the very first adversity! How unbridled in following their own wild impulses!

When they had been called together for prayer on the way, a short time before sunrise, some had turned toward the sun as it rose in the east, some had pulled out images of the gods which they had brought with them, and others again had fixed their eyes on the acacia-trees by the road, which were regarded as sacred in many of the provinces by the Nile. What indeed, could they know of the God who had commanded them to leave so much behind them and to carry such a burden? Many of them were even now quite disheartened; and as yet they had faced no real danger, for Moses had purposed to lead his people by the direct road to Philistia into the Promised Land of Palestine, but their demeanour forced him to give up this plan and to think of another.

In order to reach the highway which connected Asia and Africa it was necessary to pass over the isthmus which really divides rather than it unites the two continents; but it was well defended from invaders, and the way was secure against fugitives, partly by natural and partly by artificial obstacles. A succession of deep lakes broke the level land, and where these did not check the wanderers' march, strong fortifications towered up in which lay Egyptian troops ready to fight.

Khetam, or, as the Israelites called it, Etham, was the name of this range of forts, and the nearest and strongest could be reached in a few hours by the tribes who were marching from Succoth.

With the people full of the spirit of their God, inspired and prepared for the worst, freed from their chains and rejoicing in their newly gained liberty, rushing along toward the Promised Land, Moses and the other leaders with him had intended that, like a mountain torrent bursting through dams and sluices, they should annihilate and destroy all who came in their way. With this inspirited throng, whose bold advance might achieve the highest triumphs, and to whom cowardly retreat could have meant nothing but death and destruction, they had expected to overthrow the works of the Etham

frontier like a pile of brushwood. But now that a few short hours of weariness and suffering had quenched the fire in their souls, now that on every side could be seen for every happy, elated man, two indifferent and five discontented or frightened, the storming of the Etham lines would have cost streams of blood and would have risked all that they had already gained.

The conquest of the little garrison in the storehouse at Pithom happened under such favourable circumstances as they could not expect to occur again, and so the original plan had to be altered, and an attempt made to get round the fortresses. Instead of marching north-east the people turned toward the south. But before this could be accomplished, Moses and a few proved men were to reconnoitre the new route, and see whether it were passable for a vast multitude on foot.

These things were discussed under the sycamore tree in front of Aminadab's house, and Miriam listened, a mute witness.

When the men held counsel, the women, and she also, had to be silent, but she found it hard to hold her peace when they came to the conclusion that they must avoid attacking the forts, even if Hosea, the man skilled in war and chosen by the

Lord Himself to be the sword of Jehovah, should return.

“Of what avail is the bravest leader when there is no army to obey him?” cried Nahshon, the son of Aminadab, and the rest had been of his opinion.

When at length the assembled elders parted, Moses took leave of his sister with brotherly tenderness. She knew that he had it in his mind to go forth into fresh dangers, and in the modest way she always used when she ventured to speak to the man who, in body and mind, was so far above all others, she told him of her fears. He looked her in the face with kindly reproof, and with his right hand pointed to heaven. She understood him, and kissed his hand with grateful warmth, saying: “Thou art under the shield of the Most High, and I fear no longer.”

He pressed his lips to her brow, and taking her tablets from her, wrote on them a few words and cast them into the hollow stem of the sycomore.

“For Hosea—nay, for Joshua,” said he, “if he should come while I am absent. The Lord hath great things for him to do when he shall have learned to trust in him rather than in the mighty ones of the earth.”

He quitted her; but Aaron, who, as being the

elder, was the head of the family, remained with Miriam and told her that a worthy man had asked for her to wife; she turned pale and answered: "I know it."

He looked her in the face, much surprised, and went on in a tone of grave warning:

"It must be as you will, but it would be well that you should reflect that your heart belongs to God and to your people; the man whom you marry must be as ready as yourself to serve them both, for two become one when they are wed, and if the highest aim of one is as naught to the other they are no more one, but two. The voice of the senses which called them together is presently silent, and what remains is a gulf between them."

With these words he left her, and she, too, turned to quit the assembly, for perhaps now, on the eve of their departing, she might be needed in the house of which she was an inmate; but a new incident arose to keep her by the sycomore, as if she were bound and fettered to it.

What could the packing matter and the care for perishable treasure and wordly goods, when questions here were raised which stirred her whole soul. There was Elisheba, Nahshon's wife, and any housewife or slave woman could do the home work; here

there were other matters to decide, the weal or woe of the nation.

Certain men of the better sort from among the people had by this time joined themselves to the elders under the sycomore, but Hur had departed with Moses.

Now Uri, the son of Hur, came into the group. He, as a metal worker, but just come from Egypt, had at Memphis had dealings with many about the court, and he had heard that the King would be willing to relieve the Hebrews of their heaviest burdens and to grant them new privileges, if only Moses would entreat the God he served to be favourable to Pharaoh and persuade the people to return so soon as they should have sacrificed in the desert. So the assembly now proceeded to discuss whether envoys should not be sent to Tanis to treat once more with the "High Gate."

This proposal, which he had not, indeed, dared to lay before his father, had been made by Uri in all good faith to the assembled elders, and he hoped that its acceptance might save the Hebrews much suffering. But hardly had he ended his very clear and persuasive speech when old Nun, Hosea's father, who had with difficulty held his peace, started up in wrath.

The old man's face, usually so cheerful, was crimson with anger, and its deep hue was in strange contrast with the thick, white hair which hung about it. Only a short while since he had heard Moses reject similar proposals with stern decision and the strongest arguments; and now must he hear them repeated? And by many signs of approval on the part of those assembled he saw that the great undertaking for which he, more than any one, had staked and sacrificed his all, was imperilled. It was too much for the vehement old man, and it was with a flashing eye and threatening fists that he exclaimed:

“What words are these? Shall we reknit the ends of the cord which the Lord our God hath cut? Are we to tie it, do you say, with a knot so loose that it will hold just so long as the present mood of an irresolute weakling, who has broken his word to Moses and to us a score of times? Would you have us return into the cage from which the Almighty hath released us by a miracle? Are we to stand before the Lord our God as false debtors? Shall we take the false gold which is offered us rather than the royal treasure which He hath promised us? Oh, man! You who have come from the Egyptian! I would I could——”

And the fierce old man shook his fist; but be-

fore he had spoken the threat which was on his lips he ceased and his arm fell, for Gabriel, the elder of the tribe of Zebulun, called out:

“Remember your own son, who at this day is still content to dwell among the enemies of Israel!”

The blow had told; but it was only for a moment that the fiery patriarch's high spirit was quelled. Above the hubbub of voices which rose in disapproval of Gabriel's malice, and the lesser number who took part with him, Nun's was heard: “It is by reason of the fact that, besides the loss of the ten thousand acres of land which I have left behind, I may, perchance, have also to sacrifice my noble son in obedience to the word of the Lord, that I have a right to speak my mind.”

His broad breast heaved sorrowfully as he spoke, and now his eyes, beneath their thick, white brows, fell with a milder gleam on the son of Hur, who had turned pale under this violent address, and he went on: “This man is indeed a good son and obedient to his father, and he, too, has made a sacrifice, for he has come away from his work, in which he won great praise, and from his home in Memphis, and the blessing of the Lord rest upon him! But inasmuch as he has obeyed that bidding, he ought not to try to undo that which, by the Lord's help, we have

begun. And to you, Gabriel, I say that my son is of a surety not content to dwell with the enemy; nay, that he will obey my voice and join himself to us, even as Uri, the first-born son of Hur. Whatever keeps him back, it is some good reason of which Hosea need not be ashamed, nor I, his father. I know him. I trust him for that; and he who looks for aught else from him will of a surety, by my son's dealings, sooner or later, be shown to be a liar."

He ceased, pushing his white hair back from his heated brow; and as no one contradicted him he turned again to the metal worker, saying with hearty kindness: "It was not your meaning, Uri, which roused my ire. Your will is good; but you have measured the greatness and glory of the God of our fathers by the standard of the false gods of the Egyptians, who perish and revive again, and, as Aaron has said, are but a small part of Him who is in all, and through all, and above all. Till Moses showed me the way, I, too, believed I was serving the Lord by slaying an ox, a lamb or a goose on an altar, as the Egyptians do; and now, if your eyes are opened, as mine were by Moses, to behold Him who rules the world and who hath chosen us to be His people, you, like me and all of us—yes, and

ere long my own son—will feel the fire kindled for sacrifice in your own hearts—a fire that never dies out, and consumes everything which does not turn to love, and truth, and faith, and worship of Him. For the Lord hath promised us great things by the word of His servant Moses: Redemption from bondage, that we may be free lords and masters henceforth on our own soil and in a fair land which is ours and our children's for ever! We are on our way to this gift, and whosoever would delay us on our way, or desire us to return and crawl back into the net whose meshes of brass we have burst asunder, counsels the people to become as sheep who leap back into the fire from which they have escaped. I am not wroth with you now, for I read in your face that you know how greatly you have erred; but hereby ye all shall know that I heard from the lips of Moses but a few hours since, that whosoever shall counsel a return or any covenant with the Egyptians, he himself will accuse as contemning the Lord Jehovah our God, and as the destroyer and foe of his people."

At this Uri went up to the old man, held out his hand, and, deeply persuaded in his heart of the justice of his reproof, exclaimed: "No dealings, no covenant with the Egyptians! And I am grateful to

you, Nun, for having opened my eyes. The hour is at hand when you, or another who stands nearer to Him than I, shall teach me to know more perfectly the God who is my God likewise."

Hereupon he went away with the old man, who leaned his arm upon his shoulder.

Miriam had listened with breathless eagerness to Uri's last appeal, and when he gave utterance to the wish to know more perfectly the God of his fathers, her eyes shone with inspired ecstasy. She felt that her spirit was full of the greatness of the Most High, and that she had the gift of speech wherewith to make known to others the knowledge she herself possessed. But the custom of her people required her to be silent. Her heart burned within her; and when she had again mingled with the crowd, and assured herself that Hosea was not yet come, as it was now dusk she went up to the roof, there to sit with the others.

None seemed to have missed her, not even poor, forlorn Milcah, and she felt herself alone indeed in this house. If Joshua might but come! If only she might find a strong breast on which to lean, if this sense of being a stranger among her kindred might have an end—this useless life under the roof which

she must call her home, although she had never felt at home there!

Moses and Aaron, her brothers, had departed, and had taken with them Hur's grandson; and she, who lived and breathed only for her people and their well-being, had not been found worthy to be told more particularly whither they were faring, or to what end. Ah! why had the Almighty, to whom she had devoted herself, body and soul, given her the spirit and mind of a man in the form of a woman?

She waited awhile as if to see whether, of all this circle of kind hearts, her kith and kin, there was not one to love her, listening to the chatter of old and young who surrounded her; but Eleazar's children gathered about their grandparents, and she had never had the art of attracting the little ones. Dame Elisheba was directing the slaves who were putting the finishing touches to the baggage. Milcah sat with a cat in her lap, gazing into vacancy, and the bigger lads were out of doors. No one noticed her or spoke to her.

Bitter sorrow fell upon her. After eating her supper with the others, making a great effort not to cast the gloom of her own dark mood over the happy excitement of the children, who looked forward with

great glee to their departing, she felt she must get out into the free air.

Veiling her face closely, she crossed the camp alone. But the scenes she saw there were ill-fitted to lift the burden that weighed upon her. It was still astir, and although here and there pious songs rang out, full of triumph and hope, there was more quarrelling to be heard, and rebellious uproar. Whenever threats or reviling against her great brothers met her ear she hastened forward; but she could not run away from her anxiety as to what might happen at sunrise, when the people were to set forth, if the malcontents gained the upper hand. She knew that the multitude must necessarily move onward; still she had never been able to subdue her fears of Pharaoh's mighty army. It was personified to her in Hosea's heroic form. If the Lord of Hosts Himself were not with the ranks of these wretched bondsmen and shepherds who were squabbling and fighting all about her, how should they be able to stand against the tried and well armed troops of Egypt, with their chariots and horses?

She had heard that men had been placed on guard at every part of the camp, and ordered to blow a blast on a horn, or drum on a metal plate in the event of the enemy's approach, till the Hebrews

should have come together at the spot where the alarm should be first sounded.

She stood for some time listening for some such call, but yet more eagerly for the hoofs of a solitary horse, the firm tread and the deep voice of the warrior for whom she longed.

Looking for him she made her way to the northern side of the camp next the road to Tanis, where, too, by Moses' order, the larger portion of the fighting men had pitched their tents. Here she had hoped to find nothing but confidence, but as she listened to the talk of the men-at-arms, who sat in large parties round the watch-fires, she shuddered to hear that Uri's counsel had reached even to them. Many of them were husbands and fathers, had left a house or a plot of land, a business or an office, and although many spoke of the commands of the Lord and of the fair land promised them by God, others were minded to turn back. She would gladly have gone among them and have called upon these blind hearts to obey the bidding of the Lord and of her brother. But here again she must keep silence. However, she might at any rate listen, and she was most tempted to linger where she might expect to hear rebellious words and counsels.

There was a mysterious charm in this painful

excitement. She felt as though she had been robbed of a pleasure when the fires died out, the men retired to rest and silence fell.

Now, for the last time, she gazed out on the way from Tanis, but nothing stirred except the watch pacing to and fro.

As yet she had not despaired of Hosea's coming, for the bidding she had sent him in the full conviction that it was the Lord Himself who had chosen her to deliver it must certainly have reached him; now, however, as she read in the stars that it was past midnight, she began to reflect how many years he had dwelt among the Egyptians, and that he might think it unworthy of a man to hearken to the call of a woman, even when she spoke in the name of the Most High. She had endured much humiliation this day; why should not this also be hanging over her? To the man she loved, likewise, she ought, perhaps, to have kept silence and have left it to her brothers to declare the Lord's behests to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

MUCH disturbed and grieved by such thoughts as these, Miriam turned her steps homewards to retire to rest; but as she reached the threshold she stayed her steps and listened once more, gazing northwards whence Hosea must come. Nothing was to be heard but the tramp of a watchman, and the voice of Hur as he went the rounds of the camp with a company of armed men.

He, too, had found it impossible to rest within.

The night was mild, and bright with stars; the hour meet for silent dreaming under the sycamore. Her seat was vacant under the ancient tree, so with a bowed head she made her way to the favourite spot which on the morrow she must quit for ever. But she had not reached the bench when she suddenly stopped, raised her head, and pressed her hand to her panting bosom. She had heard the tramp of hoofs, she was sure of it, and the sound came from the north. Were the chariots of Pharaoh hurrying down from the north to fall upon the

Hebrew camp? Should she shout to wake the men at arms? Or could it indeed be he whom she so passionately longed for? Yes, yes! It was the step of a single horse, and it must be some new arrival, for there was a stir among the tents, and the barking of dogs, and shouts and eager talking came nearer and nearer as the horseman approached.

It was Hosea, she felt certain.

That he should have ridden forth through the night, and torn asunder the ties which bound him to Pharaoh and his brethren in arms, was a proof of his obedience. Love had steeled his will and lent speed to his steed, and the thanks which love alone can give, the reward which love alone can bestow, should no longer be withheld from him. He should learn in her arms that, though he had given up much, it was to earn something sweeter and fairer. She felt as though the night about her was as bright as noonday when her ear told her that the rider was making straight for Aminadab's dwelling. By that she knew that it was her call that had brought him to seek her, before going to his father, who had found a lodging in the empty, roomy house belonging to his grandson Ephraim.

Hosea would gladly have flown to her side as fast as his horse could carry him, but it was not

safe to ride at too brisk a pace through the camp. Oh, and how long the minutes seemed till at last she saw the horseman, till he leaped from the saddle, and his companion flung the reins to another man who came behind.

It was indeed Hosea. But his comrade—whom she saw quite plainly, and started at the sight—was Hur, the very man who, a few hours since, had asked her to be his wife.

There they stood, side by side in the starlight, the two men her suitors, their figures lighted up by the blazing pine-torches which were still burning by the carts and litters where they stood ready for the next morning's march.

The elder Hebrew, a splendid man, was much taller than the younger and no less strongly-built warrior, and the lord of many herds held his head no less high than the Egyptian hero. Both spoke with grave decision; but her lover's voice was the deeper and fuller. Now they were so close to her that she could hear what they were saying.

Hur was telling the new-comer that Moses had gone forth to reconnoitre, and Hosea expressed his regret, as he had a matter of importance to discuss with him.

In that case he would have to set forth with

them at day-break, Hur observed, for Moses thought to meet the people on the way. Then he pointed to the house of Miriam's protector, Aminadab, which lay in total darkness unbroken by a single twinkling light, and desired Hosea to come with him and spend the remainder of the night under his roof, for that no doubt he would fain not rouse his father at so late an hour. At this, as Miriam saw, her friend hesitated, and looked enquiringly up at the women's rooms and the roof; and then, knowing whom he sought, and unable any longer to resist the impulse of her heart, she went forward from under the shadow of the sycomore and warmly bid Hosea welcome. He, too, scorned to conceal the joy of his heart; and Hur, standing by, saw the reunited pair clasp hands, at first in silence and then with eager words of greeting.

"I knew that you would come!" cried Miriam, and Hosea replied with glad emotion:

"That you might easily know, O Prophetess, for one of the voices that bid me hither was your own." Then he added more calmly: "I hoped to find your brother here with you, for I am the bearer of a message of the greatest importance to him, to us, and to the people. I find all made ready for departing, and I should be sorry if your venerable

protectors were roused from their rest and hurried forward to a perilous adventure which it still seems possible to avert."

"You mean?"—asked Hur, and he came closer.

"I mean," replied Joshua, "that if Moses persists in leading the multitude forth Eastward, there will be much useless bloodshed to-morrow; for I heard at Tanis that the garrisons of Etham have orders not to let a single man pass, much less this countless multitude whose numbers dismayed me as I rode through the Camp. I know Apoo who commands the forts, and the legions who serve under him. There will be a fearful and fruitless butchery among our unarmed and undisciplined tribes—in short I must speak strongly to Moses and immediately, to avert the worst, before it is too late."

"We have not failed to fear all that you can warn us of," replied Hur, "and it is expressly to avert it that Moses has set forth on a perilous journey."

"Whither?" asked Joshua.

"That is the secret of the leaders of the people."

"Among them my father?"

"No doubt; and I am ready to lead you to him. If he thinks fit to inform you—"

"If that is contrary to his duty he will be silent. Who leads the marching host to-morrow?"

"I do."

"You?" cried Hosea in surprise, and the other quietly replied:

"You are amazed that a shepherd should be so bold as to lead an army; but the Lord God of hosts, in whom we put our trust, is indeed our Captain, and I look for his guidance."

"It is well," replied Hosea. "But I too believe that the God of our fathers, who called me hither by the voice of Miriam, has entrusted me with a message of great importance. I must find Moses before it is too late."

"You have been told that till to-morrow, or even till the day after, he is beyond our reach, even mine. Will you meanwhile speak with Aaron?"

"Is he in the Camp?"

"No: but we look for his return before the departing of the people; that is to say in a few hours."

"Has he the right of deciding questions of importance, in the absence of Moses?"

"No; he only declares to the people in eloquent words that which his great brother commands."

At this the disappointed warrior gazed thought-

fully on the ground; but after a moment's reflection he eagerly went on:

"It is to Moses that the Lord our God declares his will; but to you too, his noble virgin sister,—to you too the Most High reveals himself."

"Oh Hosea!" the prophetess broke in, lifting her hands to him with an imploring and deprecating gesture; but the Captain paid no heed to her interruption, and went on in an earnest tone:

"The Lord God charged you to call me, His servant, back to His people; He commanded you to give me the name I am to bear instead of that given me by my father and mother, and which I have borne in honour for thirty years. In obedience to your bidding I have cast from me all that could make me great among men. It was when I was in the way to face death in Egypt, with my God and your image in my heart, that the message came to me which I am here to deliver, and I therefore believe that it was laid upon me by the Most High. I am constrained to deliver it to the leader of the nation; so, as I cannot find Moses, I can do no better than to deliver it to you, who, next to your brother, dwell nearest to God. I pray you now to hear me; but the words I have to speak are not ripe for any third hearer."

At this Hur drew himself up; breaking in on Hosea's speech, he asked Miriam whether it was her desire to hear what the Son of Nun should say without witnesses, and she replied in a low voice: "Yes."

Hur turned to the warrior and said with cold pride:

"I believe that Miriam knows the will of the Lord, and likewise her brother's, and that she is aware of what beseems a woman of Israel. If I am not mistaken it was under this very tree that your own father, the venerable Nun, repeated to my son Uri the only reply which Moses will give to the bearer of any such message as yours."

"Do you know it then?" asked the soldier sternly.

"No," replied the other, "but I guess its purport. See here," he stooped with youthful agility, raised two large stones so that they supported each other, rolled a few smaller stones into a heap around them, and then in breathless eagerness spoke as follows:—

"This heap shall be a witness between me and thee, like the heap of Mizpah which Laban and

Jacob made when Laban called upon the Lord to watch between him and Israel; so do I now; and I show thee this heap that thou mayest remember it when we are absent one from another. I lay my hand on this heap of stones, and declare that I, Hur, the son of Caleb and Ephratah, put my trust in none other but only in the Lord, the God of our fathers, and am ready to do His bidding by which He calleth us out of the land of Pharaoh, to the land which He hath promised us. And thou, Hosea, the son of Nun, do I ask, and the Lord our God heareth thee: Dost thou look for any help other than that of the God of Abraham, who chose thy nation to be His own people? Moreover, thou shalt answer and say whether henceforth thou wilt hold the Egyptians who oppressed us, and out of whose hand the Lord our God hath promised to redeem us, as the foes for ever of thy God and thy people?"

There was a dark look in the warrior's bearded face, and he was inclined to throw down the heap of stones, and dismiss the overbold questioner with a wrathful reply; but Miriam had laid her hand on the top of the heap, and seizing his right hand she cried:

“He enquires of thee in the sight of our God and Lord, who is our witness!”

Joshua was able to control his wrath, and pressing the maiden's hand as he held it, he answered with due solemnity.

“He asks me, but I cannot answer him, for ‘Yea’ and ‘Nay’ say little in this case. Yet I call God to witness on my part; and here, by this heap of stones, you, Miriam, shall hear what I have in my mind, and wherefore I am come.

“And thou, Hur, see here! Like thee I lay my hand on the heap and testify that I, Joshua, the son of Nun, put my trust in none other but only in the Lord God of our fathers. He shall stand between thee and me as a witness, and decide whether my way is His way or the way of an erring man. I will walk in His way as he hath declared it to Moses and to this noble maiden. That I swear with an oath, and to that, God be my witness!”

Hur had listened eagerly, and now persuaded by the gravity of Joshua's speech, he cried:

“The Lord our God heard thine oath. And I too, by this heap, will take an oath. If the hour should come when, remembering this heap, thou shalt give the testimony which thou hast refused me,

no wrath henceforth shall come between us; and if it be the will of the Lord I will deliver into thy hands the leadership, for thou in many wars hast learned more skill than I, who have ruled only over herdsmen and flocks. And thou, Miriam, bear in mind that this heap is a witness of the words you twain shall speak here in the sight of God. Call to mind the wrathful words we heard spoken under this tree by this man's father; yea, and I call God to witness that I would have darkened the life of Uri my beloved son, who is the joy of my heart, if he had spoken to the people to persuade them by the message which he delivered to us; for it would have turned away those of little faith from their God. Remember this, Maiden, and again hear this: If thou need me thou canst find me. The door I opened, come what may, will never be shut."

And he turned away from Miriam and the soldier.

Something, they knew not what, had come over them. He, who all through his long ride, beset with many dangers, had longed with burning ardour for the moment which should see him re-united to the maid he loved, stood looking down in confusion and deep anxiety. Miriam, who at his approach, had been ready to bestow on him all that a woman

has of best and sweetest to reward truth and love withal, had sunk on the ground in front of the awful heap of stones close to the sycomore tree, and was pressing her head against its old hollow trunk.

CHAPTER XV.

FOR some time nothing was to be heard under the sycomore but the young girl's low sobbing and the impatient step of the warrior, who, while struggling for composure himself, did not venture to address her. He could not fully understand what this was that had suddenly come like a mountain between him and the woman he loved.

He had learnt from Hur's speech that Moses and his own father had each, severally, rejected all mediation; and yet to him, the promises he was empowered to make seemed a grace and gift from Heaven. As yet none of his nation had heard them, and if Moses were the man he believed him, the Lord must of a surety open his eyes and show him that He had chosen Hosea to guide the people to a happier future; nor did he doubt that he could easily win over his father Nun. It was in full conviction that he had sworn that it was indeed the Most High who had shown him this way; and after thinking all this over, as Miriam at length

rose, he went towards her with renewed hope. The love in his heart prompted him to clasp her in his arms; but she drew back, and her voice, usually so pure and full, sounded harsh and husky as she asked him wherefore he had tarried so long, and what it was that he purposed to reveal to her.

As she knelt under the sycomore she had not merely been praying and struggling for composure; she had looked into her soul. She loved Hosea, but her heart misgave her that he had some proposals to make such as Uri's, and old Nun's wrathful words rang in her ears louder than ever. Her fear lest her lover had gone astray into an evil way, and Hur's startling proceedings had lulled the surges of her passion; and her spirit, brought back to calmer reflection, now craved above all else to know what could so long have detained him whom she had sent for in the name of the Lord, and wherefore he had come alone, without Ephraim.

The clear sky, glorious with stars, instead of looking down on the bliss of a pair of reunited lovers, was witness only to the anxious questioning of a terrified woman, and the impatient answers of a hot-spirited and bitterly disappointed man.

He began by urging his love, and that he had come to make her his wife; but she, though she

suffered him to hold her hand, implored him to postpone his wooing, and to tell her first all she wanted to know.

On his way hither he had heard news of Ephraim from a fellow soldier from Tanis; he was therefore able to tell her that he had gone into the town in disobedience to orders, sick and weary as he was, and moved, it would seem, by curiosity, and that he had found care and shelter under a friendly roof. This however did not comfort Miriam, who blamed herself as she thought of the inexperienced and fatherless lad, who had grown up under her own eyes, and whom she herself had sent forth among strangers, as a guest under an Egyptian's roof.

However, Hosea assured her that he would take upon himself to bring the boy back to his people; and when she still was not satisfied he asked her whether he had indeed lost all her trust and love. But she, instead of giving him a word of comfort, began to question him further, desiring to know what had delayed his coming, so he was forced to tell his tale, though greatly disturbed and cut to the heart; beginning in fact with the end of his story.

While she listened to him, leaning against the trunk of the sycamore, he, distraught by love and impatience, paced up and down, or else, hardly

able to control himself, stood close to her, face to face. At this moment nothing seemed to him worthy to be clothed in speech but the passion and the hopes which filled his being. Had he been convinced that her heart was estranged from him, he would have fled from the camp as soon as he had unburthened his soul to his father, and have ridden away into the unknown in search of Moses. All he cared for was to win Miriam, and to keep clear of dishonour; and important as the events and hopes of the last few days had been, he answered her questions hastily, and as though the matters involved were but a light thing. He began his tale in broken sentences, and the oftener she interrupted him the more impatient he became, and the deeper the frown which knit his brows.

Hosea had been riding southward for some few hours, in high spirits and full of blossoming hopes, when, shortly before dusk, he perceived a large crowd of men marching on in front of him. At first he had taken them to be the rear guard of the fugitive Hebrews, and he had hastened his horse's pace. But before he came up with the wanderers, some peasant folk and drivers, leaving their carts and beasts of burthen in the lurch, had flown to meet him with loud shrieks and shouts of warning,

telling him that the troop in front were the multitude of lepers. And their warning was but too well justified, for the first who met him with the heart-breaking cry "Unclean, Unclean" bore the tokens of those who were a prey to the terrible disease; their dull eyes staring at him from faces devoid of eyebrows and covered with the white, scurfy dust peculiar to leprosy.

Hosea presently recognised one and another of them; among them here and there an Egyptian priest with shaven head, and Hebrew men and women. He questioned them with the calm severity of a warrior chief, and learned that they had come from the quarries opposite Memphis, their place of exile on the Eastern shore of the Nile. Certain Hebrews among them had heard that their people had fled from Egypt to seek a land which the Lord had promised them. On this many had determined to put their trust in the mighty God of their fathers, and to follow the wandering tribes; and the Egyptian priests even, who in their affliction had cast in their lot with the Hebrews, had set forth with them, fixing on Succoth as the goal of their wanderings, whither, as they heard, Moses was first to lead the people. But everyone who might have told them the road had fled at their approach; thus they had

gone too far to the northward, even almost as far as the fortress of Tabnae. It was at a mile from that place that Hosea had overtaken them, and had counselled their leaders to return forthwith, and not to bring misfortune on the host of their brethren. During their parley a company of Egyptian soldiers had come out from the citadel to meet the lepers and clear the road of their presence; however the captain, who knew Hosea, had used no force, and the two warriors had persuaded the leaders of the unclean to let themselves be guided to the peninsula of Sinai, where there was already a colony of lepers among the mountains, not far from the mines. They had yielded to this proposal because Hosea had promised them that if the Israelites wandered Eastward they would visit them and receive all who should be healed; but even if the Hebrews remained in Egypt, the pure air of the desert would bring health to many sufferers, and every one who recovered was free to return to his people.

All this consumed much time; and then other delays had occurred, for, as Hosea had been in such near neighbourhood to the lepers, he had been compelled to go to Tabnae, where he and the Captain of the troops, who had been with him, were sprinkled with the blood of birds, clothed in clean

linen, and obliged to go through certain ceremonials which he himself had deemed necessary, and which could only be performed in broad sunlight. His serving-man had not been suffered to leave the citadel; the soft-hearted fellow, seeing a kinsman among the hapless wretches, had clasped his hand.

The cause of this detention was saddening and sickening; and it was not till he had quitted Tabnae at noonday and turned his face towards Succoth, that the hope and joy of seeing Miriam again, and of delivering so cheering a message, had revived in Hosea's breast.

Never had his heart beat higher with glad anticipation than as he rode on through the night, each step bringing him nearer to his father and his beloved; and at his journey's end, instead of the highest bliss, nought had he found till now but the most cruel disappointment.

He had related his meeting with the lepers briefly and reluctantly, although he had done, as he believed, what was best for these hapless folk. Any one of his fellow soldiers would have had a word of praise for him; but she, whose approbation was dearer to him than all else, pointed, as he ended, to a certain spot in the camp, saying mournfully:

"They are of our blood; our God is their God.

The lepers of Zoan, Phakos and Phibeseth followed the rest at a reasonable distance, and their tents are pitched outside the camp. Those of Succoth likewise—they are not many—are to journey with them; and when the Lord promised the people the land for which they longed, it was to great and small and poor alike; and, of a surety to those poor wretches who now are left in the hand of the enemy. Would you not have done better to divide those of our race from the Egyptians and bring them hither?"

At this the soldier's manly pride rebelled, and his reply was grave and stern:

"In war a man learns to sacrifice hundreds that he may save thousands. Even the shepherd removes the rotten sheep to save the flock."

"Very true," replied the girl eagerly, "for the shepherd is but a man, who knows no remedy against the evil. But the Lord who hath called all His people will not suffer them to come to harm through obedience."

"So women think!" retorted Hosea, "but the counsels of compassion which move them must not be suffered to weigh too heavily in those of men. You are ready to follow the dictates of your heart, as indeed is most fitting, so long as you do not forget what beseems you and your sex."

Miriam's cheeks flushed crimson, for she felt the stab that was hidden in this speech with a double pang since it was dealt by Hosea. How much had she this day been forced to renounce for her sex's sake! And now she was to be made to feel that she was not his equal, that she was but a woman. In the presence of the heap of stones which Hur had built up, and on which her hand at this moment rested, he had appealed to her judgment as though she were one of the leaders of the people; and now he roughly set her in her place—her, who felt herself second to no man in gifts and in spirit.

But he too had been wounded in his pride, and her demeanour warned him that this hour would decide whether in their future union, he or she should get the mastery. He stood up in front of her in all his pride and high determination—never indeed had she thought him so manly or so desirable. Yet the instinct to fight for her injured womanly dignity was stronger than any other impulse, and finally it was she who broke the painful silence which had followed his words of reproof. With a degree of composure which she only achieved by the exertion of her utmost power of will, she began:

“But we are both forgetting what keeps us here at this hour of the night.—You were to reveal to

me what brought you hither, and to hear from my lips the judgment of the Lord—not that of Miriam—the foolish woman!”

“I had hoped to hear the voice of the maiden in whose love I trusted,” he gloomily replied.

“You shall hear it,” she said, taking her hand from off the heap of stones. “But it may befall that I cannot consent to the judgment of the man whose power and wisdom are so far greater than mine; and you have taught me that you cannot brook a woman’s contradiction—not even mine.”

“Miriam!” he exclaimed reproachfully, but she went on more vehemently:

“I have felt it deeply, and as it would be the greatest sorrow of my life to lose your heart, you must understand me fully before you call upon me to pronounce judgment.”

“But first hear my message.”

“No, No!” she eagerly replied. “The answer now would die on my lips. First let me tell you of the woman who, though she has a loving heart, knows something which she holds far above love. You smile? And you have a right to smile till you know that which I will reveal to you.”

“Speak then,” he broke in, in a tone which betrayed how hard he felt it to keep patience.

“Thanks for that!” she said warmly. Then, leaning against the tree trunk, while he sat down on the bench and looked now into her face and now on the ground, she spoke:

“I have left childhood behind me, aye, and my youth will soon be a thing of the past. While I was still but a little child I was not very different from other girls, I played with them, and although my mother had taught me to pray to the God of our Fathers, still I was well content to hear what other children would tell me of Isis. As often as I could I would steal into her temple, buy spices, and strip my little garden for her; would pour oil on her altar and offer her flowers.—I was taller and stronger than many maidens of my age, and the daughter of Amram to boot, so that the others were ready enough to obey me and do all I proposed. When I was eight years old we moved hither from Zoan. Before I had found a playfellow here you came to stay in the house of Gamaliel, your sister’s husband, to be healed of a wound from a Libyan’s lance. Do you remember that time, when you, a young man, made a comrade of the little girl? I fetched you all you needed, I chattered to you of all I knew,

and you told me tales of bloody fights and victory, and described the splendid armour and the horses and chariots of the soldiers. You showed me the ring you had won by your valour, and when the wound in your breast was healed, we wandered about the meadows together.

“Isis, whom you worshipped, had her temple here also, and how often would I steal secretly into its courts, to pray for you and carry her my holiday cakes. I had heard so much from you of Pharaoh and his magnificence, of the Egyptians and their wisdom, skill and luxurious lives, that my little heart longed to dwell among them in the capital; it had moreover come to my ears that my brother Moses had been treated with great kindness in the King’s Palace, and had become a man held in high honour among the priesthood. I could no longer be content with my own folk who seemed to me in all respects far behind the Egyptians.

“Then came the parting from you; and as my little heart was piously inclined and looked for all good to come from Divine power, by whatever name it was called, I prayed for Pharaoh and for his army with which you were fighting.

“My mother would sometimes speak of the God

of our Fathers as of a mighty Defence who had done great things of old for his people, and she told me many fine tales of him; still, she herself often sacrificed in the temple of Set, or carried clover flowers to the sacred bull of the Sun-god. She had kind thoughts too of the Egyptians, among whom our Moses, her pride and joy, had risen to such high honour.

“Thus I came to be fifteen years old and lived happy with the rest. In the evening, when the herdsmen had come home I sat round the fire with the young ones, and it pleased me when the sons of the great owners preferred me above the others and paid court to me; but I rejected them all, even the Egyptian Captain who commanded the Guard in charge of the storehouse; for I always thought of you, the companion of my childhood. The best I had to give would not have seemed too much for a magic spell which might have brought you to my side, when at high festivals I danced and sang to the tambourine and the loudest praise was always for me. Whenever I sang before others I thought of you; and as I did so I poured out all that filled my heart as a lark might, so that my song was to you, and not to the praise of the Most High to whom it was dedicated.”

At this a fresh glow of passion possessed the man to whom his beloved confessed such gladdening truth. He sprang up and held out his arms to her; but she forbade him with stern severity, that she herself might remain mistress of the longing which threatened to be too much for her.

Her deep voice had a different ring in it as she went on, at first quickly and softly, but presently louder and more impressively:

“And so I came to be eighteen, and I could endure Succoth no longer. An unutterable yearning, not for you only, came over my soul. Things that had formerly brought me joy now seemed empty, and the monotony of my life here, in this remote frontier town, among flocks and herdsmen, seemed to me dreary and wretched.

“Eleazar, Aaron’s son, had taught me to read, and brought me books full of tales which could never have been true, but which nevertheless stirred my heart. Many of them contained praises of the gods, and ardent songs such as lovers sing one to another. These took deep hold on me; and when I was alone in the evening or at midday, when all was still, and the shepherds and herdsmen were away at pasture, I would rehearse these songs, or

invent new, mostly hymns in praise of the Divinity; in honour sometimes of Amon, with his ram's head, or of Isis, with the head of a cow; but often too of the Almighty Lord who revealed himself to Abraham, and of whom my mother spoke more often as she grew older. And this was what I loved best—to think in silence of such songs of praise, and wait for visions in which I saw God's greatness and glory, or fair angels and hideous demons. From a merry child I had become a pensive maiden who let her life go as it might. There was no one to warn or to hinder me; my parents were now dead and I lived alone with my aunt Rachel, a misery to myself and no joy to any one else. Aaron, my eldest brother, had gone to dwell with his father-in-law Aminadab; for the old home of Amram, his inheritance, was too small for him, and he had bestowed it on me. My companions even avoided me, for all gladness had departed from me, and I looked down upon them in sinful scorn because I could compose songs and see more in my visions than ever they saw.

“Now I was nineteen, and on the eve of my birthday, which no one remembered save Milcah, Eleazar's daughter, the Lord for the first time gave me a message. He appeared in the form of an

angel and bid me set the house in order, for a guest was on the way whom I loved greatly.

“It was very early in the morning, and I sat under this tree; so I went into the house, and with old Rachel’s help I set the house in order, and made ready a bed, and prepared a meal with wine, and all that we welcome a guest withal. But noon came, and the afternoon, and the evening became night, and the night morning again, and still I waited for the guest. However, as the sun was again getting low that day, the dogs began to bark loudly, and when I went forth to the gate a tall man came hurrying towards me. His hair was grey and in disorder, and he wore a priest’s white robe all in tatters. The dogs shrank from him whining; but I knew him for my brother Moses.

“Our meeting again after such a long time brought me more fear than pleasure, for Moses was fleeing from his pursuers because he had slain the overseer. But this you know.

“Wrath still flashed from his sparkling eyes. He appeared to me to resemble the god Set, and each of his slow words was engraved on my mind as with a hammer and chisel. He remained three times seven days and nights under my roof, and since I

was alone with him and deaf Rachel—for he had to remain hidden—no one came between us, and he taught me to know Him who is the God of our fathers. I listened to his burning words with fear and trembling, and his weighty speech fell, as it seemed to me, like rocks upon my breast, when he impressed on me what the Lord God expected of me, or when he described the wrath and the greatness of Him whom no mind can comprehend, and whose Name none may utter. Yes, when he spoke of Him and of the Egyptian gods, it appeared as though the God of Israel stood forth like a giant whose brow touched the heavens, while the other gods all crouched at his feet in the dust like whimpering hounds.

“He also taught me that we alone, and no others, were the Lord’s chosen people. Now, for the first time, I was filled with pride that I was a scion of Abraham, and that every Hebrew was my brother and every daughter of Israel my sister. Now, too, I understood how cruelly those of my own kindred had been tortured and oppressed. I had hitherto been blind to the anguish of my people, but Moses opened my eyes, and sowed the seeds of hatred in my heart, a great hatred of the tyrants of my brethren; and from that hatred grew love for the bondsmen. I vowed that I would cling to my brother and wait

on the voice of the Lord,—and behold he did not tarry; the voice of Jehovah spoke to me as with tongues.

“About that time old Rachel died, and by Moses’ desire I did not live alone, but followed the bidding of Aaron and Aminadab and became a guest under their roof. Still, even then, I lived a life apart. Nor did they hinder me; and this sycomore in their field became, as it were, my own place.

“It was under its shade that God bid me call thee and name thee Holpen of Jehovah—and thou, Joshua, and no longer Hosea, hast done the bidding of the Lord thy God and of his prophetess!”

At this point the soldier interrupted the damsel’s tale, to which he had listened earnestly, though with growing disappointment:

“Yes,” he said, “I obeyed you and the Lord God!—what it cost me to do so you care not to enquire. You have told all your story down to the present hour, but you have nothing to say of the days you spent with us as our guest at Tanis after my mother’s death. Can you forget what your eyes first told me there, and then your lips? Has the day of our parting vanished from your memory, and the evening on the sea when you bid me set my

hopes on you and remember you? Did the hatred which Moses implanted in your heart exclude all else—even love?”

“Even love?” cried Miriam raising her tearful eyes to his face, “Oh no! How could I ever forget that time, the happiest of my life? But from the day when Moses came from the desert to redeem the people from bondage by the command of the Lord—it was three months after your departing—from that day I have lost all count of years and months, days and nights.”

“And you will forget this night?” asked Joshua bitterly.

“Nay, not so,” said Miriam, looking beseechingly in his face. “The love which grew up in the child’s heart, and did not fade in the girl’s, can never die—” Here she suddenly broke off, raised her hands and eyes to Heaven as if wrapt in ecstasy and cried aloud: “Thou art nigh to me, Great God Almighty, and canst read my heart! Thou knowest wherefore Miriam counts no more by days and years, and asks only to be Thy handmaid until thou hast granted to her people, who is this man’s people, that which Thou hast promised!”

While the maiden was uttering this prayer,

which came from the very bottom of her heart, a light breeze had sprung up, the herald of dawn, and the thick, leafy crown of the sycomore tree whispered above her head. Hosea devoured her tall majestic figure with his eyes as she stood half lighted and half shrouded in the doubtful gleam of dawn, for the things he saw and heard seemed to him as a miracle. The tidings of great joy to which she looked forward for her people, and which must be accomplished before she would allow herself to follow the desires of her heart, he believed himself to be the bearer of in the name of the Lord. Carried away by the high flight of her spirit, he hastened to her side, seized her hand, and cried with hopeful excitement:

“The hour has come when you may once more tell day from night, and hearken to the wishes of your heart. For I Joshua, no more Hosea, came at the word of the Lord, and the message I bear brings new happiness to the people whom I will learn to love as you love them, and, if it be the will of the Most High, the promise of a new and better land.”

Miriam's eyes flashed with gladness; carried away by thankful joy she cried:

“Are you then come to lead us to the land

Jehovah hath promised us? O Lord how great are thy mercies. He, he comes as thy messenger!"

"Yea, he comes, he is here!" cried Joshua rapturously; and she did not prevent him as he clasped her to his breast; with a thrill of joy she returned his ardent kiss.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRIGHTENED at her own weakness, Miriam presently freed herself from her lover's arms, but she was ready to listen with eager gladness to his tale of a fresh mercy vouchsafed by the Most High, and his brief account of all he had done and felt since he had received her call.

First he described how terribly he had been divided in his mind; how, then, he had found entire faith, and in obedience to the God of his nation and to his father's appeal, had gone to the palace, facing the risk of imprisonment or death, to be released of his oath. Next he told her how graciously the mourning sovereigns had received him; and how, finally, he had taken upon himself the office of appealing to the chief of his people, and persuading him to lead the Hebrews only a short way into the desert, and then bring them home again to Egypt, where a new and splendid province should be granted them on the West of the Nile. Henceforth no Egyptian overseer should oppress them;

their own elders should be permitted to rule them, and a man of their own choosing should govern them.

To conclude, he observed that he himself was minded to become the captain of the Hebrew fighting-men, and also to mediate and smooth matters between them and the Egyptians whenever it might seem needful. Happily united to her in that new home, he would extend his care to the humblest of his brethren. On his way hither he had felt as though, after a furious fight, the blasts of the trumpets proclaimed victory. And, indeed, he had a right to believe himself a messenger and ambassador from the Lord. Here, however, he interrupted himself; for Miriam, who at first had listened to him with anxious ears and flashing eyes, had heard him, as he proceeded, with a more and more anxious and troubled mien. And when he spoke of his hope that they might together do much for their people, she drew away her hand, gazed with terror into his handsome face glowing with glad excitement, and then cast down her eyes as if striving for self-control.

Unsuspecting of what had moved her thus, he went closer to her. He deemed it was maidenly shyness that held her silent, at having yielded a first

favour to the man she loved. But when she shook her head disapprovingly at his last words, announcing his commission as God's messenger, he was almost beside himself with cruel disappointment, and exclaimed vehemently:

"Then do you believe that the Lord hath defended me, as by a miracle, against the wrath of the mighty, and given me grace to win for His people, from the hand of the great King, such boons as never before did the strong vouchsafe to the weak, only to trifle with the happy trustfulness of a man whom He Himself called to serve Him?"

At this she interrupted him in a woeful voice, with difficulty restraining her tears:—

"The strong to the weak! If this is your thought you force me to ask you in your own father's words, 'Who then is the mightier, the Lord our God, or that poor creature on the throne, whose first-born has perished at a sign from the Most High as grass is cut down and withered?' Oh, Hosea, Hosea!"

"Nay, Joshua;" he wildly exclaimed. "Do you refuse me the name which your God bestowed on me? I trusted in His aid when I entered the palace of the great king; I sought redemption and release for the nation under God's guidance, and I found them,—and you—you—"

“Moses and your father,—aye, and all the faithful leaders of Israel, seek no redemption at the hand of the Egyptians,” she replied with fluttering breath. “All that they can bestow must bring destruction on Israel; the grass that we have sown withers where the Egyptian treads! And you, whose honest soul they have but mocked at, you are the lure sent forth by the bird-catcher to entice the birds into the net. You are, as it were, the hammer in their hand, to rivet the fetters withal, more firmly than ever, which we, by God’s help, have broken. With the eyes of the spirit I see—”

“Enough! Too much!” replied the warrior, grinding his teeth with rage. “Hatred has clouded your clear soul. And if the bird-catcher—as you would have it—is of a truth using me as his lure, and mocked at me and led me astray, it was from you—yes, you—that he might have learnt it. Encouraged by you, I built on your love and faithfulness; of you I hoped every thing!—And that love! where is it? You have spared me nothing that could wound me, and I, likewise, will not spare myself but confess the whole truth. It was not alone because the God of my fathers bid me that I obeyed, but because it was through you and my father that the call came to me. You aspire after a land in

the far unknown, promised by the Lord; I open to my people the way to a certain and happy home. Nor was it for their sake—for what have my people ever done for me? But above all that I might dwell there with you whom I love, and with my old father. And you, whose cold heart knows not love, with my kiss on your lips you reject the boon I offer, out of hatred for the hand that bestows it on me. All your thoughts and deeds have become as those of a man, and all that other women prize most highly you spurn from you with your foot!”

At this Miriam could bear no more; she clasped her hands over her quivering face, sobbing bitterly.

By this time the sleeping tribes were awakening in the growing dawn; serving men and women came forth from the houses of Aminadab and Nahshon. All, as they woke to a new day, made their way to the well or the drinking-troughs, but she heeded them not.

How her heart had leaped and rejoiced when her lover had declared to her that he had come to lead them to the land which the Lord had promised to his people. She had rested so gladly on his bosom to know for a moment that highest bliss, but how soon had it been turned to cruel disappointment. While the morning breeze had rustled through the

thick foliage of the sycomore, and while Joshua was telling her of Pharaoh's promises to the people, it had seemed to her that the voice of God in His wrath was murmuring in the tree-tops, or that she heard once more the angry speech of old Nun. He had stormed at Uri like thunder and lightning,—and wherein did Joshua's proposals differ from Uri's?

The people, as she had heard from Moses himself, were lost if they failed in truth to their God and yielded to Pharaoh's enticements. To ally herself with a man who had come to undo all for which her brothers and his own father had lived and struggled, would be base treason. And yet she loved Joshua; and, instead of repulsing him harshly, how willingly, ah, how gladly, would she again have lain on the heart, which, as she knew, longed for her so ardently!

But the murmur in the boughs still went on; she could fancy it was echoing Aaron's words of warning, and she vowed to remain true, strong as the impulse was that drew her to her lover. The whispering in the tree was of a surety the Voice of God, who had chosen her to be His handmaid. When Joshua had declared in his passionate excitement that the desire to possess her was what had prompted him to action on behalf of the people,

who to him were as indifferent as to her they were dear, she had suddenly felt her heart stand still, and she could not forbear sobbing in her mental anguish.

Heedless of Joshua or the awakening multitude, she flung herself again at the foot of the sycamore with arms upraised to Heaven, staring wide-eyed at the boughs, as though expecting some fresh revelation. The morning air sighed among the leaves, and suddenly it seemed as though a bright radiance shone, not only in her soul, but all about her, as always happened when a vision was granted to her prophetic eye. And in the midst of the light, behold a figure, whose aspect terrified her while his name was whispered by every trembling leaf; and the name was not Joshua, but that of another whom her heart could not desire. He stood in the blaze of glory before her mind's eye, a tall, noble form, and with a solemn gesture laid his hand on the heap of stones he had made.

Breathless with suspense she gazed at the vision; and yet she would gladly have closed her eyes to avoid seeing it, and have shut her ears to the voice of the murmuring sycamore. Suddenly the glory was extinct, the figure had vanished, the voice of the leaves was hushed, she saw before her,

in a ruddier glow, the figure of the only man whose lips her own had ever kissed, sword in hand, rushing on an invisible foe at the head of his father's herdsmen. The vision came and was gone as swiftly as a flash of lightning; and yet, even before it had vanished, she knew all it meant to her. This man, whom she had named Joshua, and who had every quality that could fit him to be the guardian and leader of his people, should not be led astray by love from the high task to which the Lord had called him. None among the Hebrews should hear the message he had brought and thereby be turned away from the perilous path on which they had entered. Her duty was now as clear in her sight as the vanished vision had been. And as though the Most High would fain show her that she had understood rightly what the vision demanded of her, before she had risen from her knees to announce to Joshua the sorrow to which she had condemned him and herself, she heard Hur's voice close at hand, bidding the crowd, which was gathering from all sides, to form in order for their march.

The way of salvation from herself lay before her.

Joshua, meanwhile, had not ventured to intrude on her devotions. He was wounded and

angered to the depths of his soul by her rejection. But gazing down on her he had seen her tall frame shiver as with a sudden chill, her eyes and hands uplifted as if spell-bound; and he had understood that something great and sacred was stirring in her soul which it would be a crime to disturb; nay, he had been unable to resist an instinctive feeling that he was a bold man who could desire a woman so closely one with God. It would be bliss indeed to be lord of this sublime creature, but at the same time hard to see her prefer another, though it were the Almighty, so far above her lover.

Men and beasts were already trooping in crowds past the sycomore, and when at length Joshua decided that he must speak to Miriam and remind her of the gathering throng, she rose, and turning to him, spoke these vehement words:

“I have spoken with the Lord, Joshua, and I now know His will. Dost thou remember the words with which God called thee?”

He bowed his head and she went on:

“It is well. Then learn now what it is that the Most High God said to thy father, and to Moses, and to me. He will lead us forth from the land of Egypt, far, far away, to a land where neither Pharaoh nor his rulers shall have dominion over us, and

He alone will be our King. This is His will; and if thou desire to serve Him thou shalt follow us, and, if we have need to fight, be Captain over the men of our people."

At this he beat his breast and cried in great trouble: "I am bound by an oath to return home to Tanis to tell Pharaoh how the leaders of the Hebrews have received the message which I have brought to them. Yea, and even if it should break my heart I cannot be forsworn."

"And rather shall mine break," Miriam moaned, "than I break my vow to the Lord. We have chosen. And here, in the presence of this heap of stones, all the ties are cut which ever bound us!"

At this he was beside himself; he eagerly strove to take her hand, but she repulsed him with an imperious gesture, turned away, and went forward towards the throng of people who were crowding round the well with the cattle and sheep.

Great and small respectfully made way for her as she walked with proud dignity towards Hur, who was giving orders to the shepherds. He came to meet her, and when he had heard the promise she made him in an undertone, he laid his hand on her head and said with grave solemnity: "May the Lord bless our union."

Then, hand in hand with the grey-haired man to whom she had plighted her troth, Miriam turned to meet Joshua, and nothing betrayed the deep agitation of her soul but the fluttering rise and fall of her bosom, though her cheeks were indeed pale; her eyes were dry, and her demeanour as unbending as ever.

She left it to Hur to tell the lover whom she had rejected now and for ever, what she had done; and when the warrior heard it he started back as though a gulf had yawned at his feet.

His lips were bloodless as he gazed at the unequally matched pair. Scornful laughter seemed to him the only fit answer for such an announcement; but Miriam's earnest face helped him to suppress it, and to conceal his painful agitation under some trivial speech. However, he felt that he could not for long preserve the semblance of equanimity, so he bid Miriam farewell. He must, as he hastily explained, greet his father and request him to call a meeting of the Elders.

But before he had done speaking, the quarrelling herdsmen came crowding round Hur that he might decide what place in the procession it behoved each tribe to take; so he went with them; and as soon as Miriam found herself alone with the soldier,

she said beseechingly, but in a low voice and with imploring eyes:

“A hasty deed has broken the bonds that united us; but a higher tie still holds us together. As I have given up that which my heart held dearest, to be faithful to my God and my people, so do thou sacrifice that to which thy soul clings. Obey the Most High, who hath named thee Joshua! This hour hath changed our gladness into bitter grief; may the good of the people be its fruit! Remain a true son of the race which gave thee thy father and mother, and be what the Lord hath called thee to be, a captain of his people.

“If thou abide by the oath thou hast sworn to Pharaoh, and reveal to the Elders the promises thou hast brought, they will go over to thy side, that I know full well. Few will stand up against thee, but foremost of those few will be thine own father. I can hear him uplift his voice in anger against his own beloved son, and if thou shut thine ear even to his admonition, then the people will follow thee instead of following the Lord and thou wilt lead the Israelites, as a mighty man of valour. But then when the day comes in which the Egyptian lets his promises fly to the four winds thou wilt see thy people more cruelly oppressed than even heretofore,

and when they turn aside from the God of their fathers to worship the gods with the heads of beasts, the curse of thy father shall fall upon thee. The wrath of the Most High shall be visited upon the froward, and despair shall be the lot of him who shall lead the foolish folk astray after that the Lord hath chosen him to be the captain of His people. I, a weak woman, the handmaid of the Lord and the damsel who loved thee better than life, I cry unto thee: Beware of the curse of thy father and the hand of the Lord! Beware lest thou lead the people into sin!"

A slave girl here came out to Miriam to bid her go to the old people, so she only added in a low voice: "One word more. If thou would'st prove thyself not less weak than the woman whose opposition moved thee to anger, renounce thine own will for the sake of the multitude of thy brethren. Lay thine hand on this heap and swear to me—"

But the prophetess's voice failed her. Her hands felt about vainly for some support, and with a cry she fell on her knees close to Hur's heap of stones. Joshua hastened to raise her, holding her in his strong arm, and at his call some women hurried up and soon revived the fainting girl.

As she opened her eyes they wandered vaguely

from one to another, and it was not till her gaze fell on Joshua's anxious face that she fully understood where she was and what had happened. Then she hastily drank a deep draught of the water which a shepherd woman offered her, dried her eyes which were streaming with tears, sighed bitterly, and with a wan smile said to Joshua:

"I am after all but a weak woman."

Then she went towards the house, but after walking a few steps she turned round, signed to Joshua and said:

"You see they are forming in ranks. They are about to set forth. Are you still of the same mind? There is yet time to call the Elders together."

But he shook his head in denial, and as he met her eye, glistening with gratitude, he softly replied: "I will ever bear in mind this heap and this hour, wife of Hur! Greet my father from me and tell him that I love him. Tell him too the name which his son is henceforth to bear by the command of the Most High. In that name which promised me the help of the Lord, he shall put his trust when he hears whither I go, to keep the oath I have sworn."

He waved his hand to Miriam and turned to go

to the camp, where his horse had been fed and watered; but she called after him:

“One last word. Moses left a letter for you in the hollow of the tree.”

At this the warrior went to the sycamore and read the message which the man of God had left for him.

“Be steadfast and strong,” was the brief injunction, and Joshua raised his head and cried joyfully, “The words are a comfort to my soul; and if it is for the last time that we have met, Wife of Hur, if I now go to my death, be sure that I shall know how to be steadfast and strong, even unto the end. And do you do all you can for my old father.”

Herewith he sprang on horseback, and as he made his way to Tanis, faithful to his oath, his soul was free from fears, although he did not conceal from himself that he was riding forth to great peril. His highest hopes were destroyed, and yet glad excitement struggled with his grief in his soul. A new and glorious emotion had its birth there, filling his whole being, and it was scarcely damped, though he had suffered a wound cruel enough to darken the light of day to any other man. He had now a fixed aim in life, and besides this he had the assur-

ance that he might hold himself as worthy as Hur or as any other man. None could depose him from this high place but the glorious twain to whom he would dedicate his blood and his life: his God and his people.

He was amazed to discern how greatly this new enthusiasm cast into the shade everything else that stirred in his breast. Now and again, indeed, he bowed his head in sorrow as he remembered his old father; still, he had done right in setting aside his longing to press him once more to his heart. The old man would scarcely have understood his motives, and it was better for them to separate without meeting, rather than in open dissension.

Sometimes it seemed to him as though all that had happened could be but a dream; and as he was still intoxicated, as it were, by the agitations of the last few hours, his stalwart frame was but little conscious of the fatigues he had gone through. At a well-known inn on the road, where he found several warriors, and among them certain Captains of his acquaintance, he at length allowed himself and his horse to rest and eat, and as he rode on refreshed, daily life asserted its rights; he passed various companies of soldiers on their way to the city of Tanis, and was informed that they were under

orders to join themselves there to the troops which he himself had brought home from Libya.

At last he rode into the town, and as he went past the temple of Amon he heard loud wailing, though he had learned on his way that the pestilence was well nigh at an end. From many signs he gathered the fact which was presently announced to him by some guards; the god's high-priest and first prophet, Ruie, had just died in the ninetieth year of his age, and Baie, the second prophet, who had so warmly assured him of his friendship and gratitude, and who counted on his co-operation in a dangerous enterprise, was his successor—High-priest and Judge, Seal-bearer and Treasurer, in short the most powerful man in the kingdom.

CHAPTER XVII.

"HE whom Jehovah helps!" murmured a chain-laden prisoner with a bitter smile, as, five days later, he, with forty fellow-sufferers, was led through the triumphal arch of Tanis towards the East.

Their destination was the mines on the peninsula of Sinai, where fresh forced labourers were needed.

The smile on the victim's face soon vanished; then he drew up his muscular form while his bearded lips muttered the words: "Steadfast and strong;" and he whispered to the youth who was walking at his side, as though he wished to convey to him some of the strength that he had recovered; "Courage, Ephraim, courage; look up and not in the dust, come what may!"

"Silence whilst marching!" cried one of the armed Libyan guards who escorted the gang, to the elder prisoner, and he raised his whip with a menacing gesture. Joshua was the man he threat-

ened, and his companion was Ephraim, who had been condemned to share his fate.

Every Egyptian child knew what this meant, for "Send me to the mines!" was this people's most dreadful imprecation, and no prisoner's lot was half so hard as that of the condemned state criminal.

A series of frightful humiliations and hardships awaited them at the mines. The strength of the healthiest was ruined by unheard-of over-work, and the exhausted victims were forced to do things so far beyond their power that they soon sank into the everlasting rest for which their martyred souls had long pined. To be sent to the mines was equivalent to a slow and agonising death; and yet life is so dear to man, that it was regarded as a milder punishment to be dragged off to forced labour in the mountains than to be handed over to the Executioner.

Joshua's encouraging words had little effect on Ephraim; but when, a few minutes later, a chariot shaded by an umbrella drove past the gang, and in it, behind the charioteer and a matron, stood an elegant young woman, he turned round quickly and gazed after the vehicle with sparkling eyes, until the dust on the road hid it from sight.

The lady was thickly veiled, yet the youth thought that he had recognised her for whose sake he had rushed into peril, and whose lightest sign he would even now fly to obey. And Ephraim had guessed correctly, for the lady in the chariot was Kasana, the daughter of the Captain of the Archers; the elder woman was her nurse.

On reaching a little temple on the road, near a thicket of acacia, amongst which stood a well for the use of travellers, after the chariot had left the prisoners at some distance behind, Kasana begged the matron to wait. Then, springing out lightly on the road, she walked to and fro with a bowed head, under the shadow of the trees, until she knew by a rolling cloud of dust that the criminals were approaching.

Then, taking out of her garment some gold rings which she had brought with her for the purpose, she went up to the driver of the melancholy procession as he drew near on an ass, and whilst she talked to him and pointed to Joshua, the guard cast a stolen glance at the rings which had been slipped into his hand. His modesty had only allowed him to expect silver, and his face at once assumed a friendly and courteous expression at the sight of their pleasing yellow glitter.

His countenance certainly darkened again at the demand Kasana made, but it brightened once more at a promise of further largesse from the young widow. "Take the moles to the well, men! Let them drink! They shall go fresh and healthy under ground!"

Then he rode up to the prisoners and called to Joshua:—"You, who have yourself once ruled over many people, still seem to me more stiffnecked than is good for you or me. You, guards, look after the others. I will watch this one, I have a few words to say to him."

Then he clapped his hands as if he were driving poultry from a garden, and whilst the prisoners drew water in the buckets of the well, and, with their guards, rejoiced in the refreshing drink, the leader led Joshua and Ephraim on one side, for they could not be separated by reason of the chains that bound them together by the ancles. They were soon hidden from the others behind the little temple, and then the driver sank down on a bench at a little distance, having first with a significant gesture shown the two Hebrews the bludgeon in his right hand, and pointed to the dogs who were rubbing against his feet.

He kept his eyes open too during the con-

versation that followed. They might say what they pleased; he knew his duty; and though he understood how to shut one eye on a parting, in return for good gold, for quite twenty years, in spite of many attempts to escape amongst his moles—as he called those condemned to the mines—not one had ever succeeded in getting away.

The lovely woman was perhaps this fine fellow's betrothed, for he had been told that Joshua had been a commander. But he had already called many noble birds his "moles," and if this veiled woman should contrive to slip files or gold into the prisoners' hands, so much the better; this evening nothing on these two should be left unsearched, not even the youth's black hair, which had been left unshorn in the confusion that had taken place at the start of the prisoners, for they had been sent off just before the departure of Pharaoh's army.

The subject of the woman's whispered negotiations with the fallen captain remained unknown to the driver, but from her sorrowful face and manner he inferred that she had caused the ruin of this noble man,—Oh! woman, woman!—and that lad in chains! the glances he cast at the slender creature were so ardent that she had to draw her veil closer.

But patience! Great Father Amon! His moles were going to a good school for modesty.

Now the woman removed her veil. She was beautiful! It must be hard to part with such a lovely creature—and now she cried so bitterly.

The rough guard's heart was touched as much as his position would allow, and he could willingly have struck the elder prisoner with his whip, for was it not an outrage, having such a lover, to stand like stone. At first the wretch did not even stretch out a hand to the woman who certainly loved him; whilst he, the guard, would have been glad to see the two kiss and embrace.

Or was this beauty perhaps the warrior's wife, who had deceived him? But no, no, how kindly he approached her now! A father speaks like that to his child, but his mole was much too young to have so old a daughter. A riddle! However he did not care about the answer, since it was in his power during the march to make the most taciturn convict as frank as an open book.

And not alone the simple driver of the gang, but any one might have wondered why this beautiful woman had come out into the highway at early dawn to see an unfortunate man weighed down with

chains. Nothing but tormenting anxiety for the man she loved could have impelled Kasana to take this journey and expose herself to scorn as a woman of no reputation. A terrible fate awaited him; her lively imagination had pictured Joshua in the mines, languishing, broken down, pining away and at last dying with a curse on her upon his lips.

On the evening of the day on which Ephraim, shivering with high fever and half choked with dust, was carried into their house, her father informed her that in the person of the young Hebrew she held a hostage which would force Hosea to return to Tanis, and yield to the wishes of the prophet Baie, with whom she knew her father to be allied in a secret plot. He likewise confided to her that not only were great distinctions and high honours to be offered to Hosea, but also marriage with herself, to secure his fidelity to Egypt and to a cause from which he, Hornecht, looked for great benefits to the country and to his own kindred. This had filled her with high hopes of attaining long-wished-for joys, and as they sat near the little road-side temple she now confessed this to the prisoner with a drooping head and low sobs; for he was now for ever lost to her, and even if he could not return the love she had felt for him since her childhood,

he at any rate would not hate her and condemn her unheard.

Joshua, indeed, listened to her willingly, and assured her that nothing would gladden his heart more than that she should clear herself from the reproach of being answerable for the terrible fate awaiting himself and the youth by his side.

At this she sobbed aloud, and had to struggle to compose herself before she could succeed in telling her story with any degree of calmness.

Shortly after Hosea's departure the high priest had died, and Baie, the second prophet of Amon, had succeeded him. Things were then greatly altered; this man, the most powerful in the land, stirred up Pharaoh to hatred against the Hebrews and their leader Moses, whom till then the King and Queen had protected and feared. He had also persuaded the King to pursue the fugitive Hebrews, and the Army was at once ordered to go forth and compel them to return. She immediately feared that Hosea would certainly refuse to fight against those who were of his own blood, and that it must anger him to be sent forth to sign a contract which the Egyptians would begin to break before they could know whether it had been accepted.

Then, when he had returned home, he himself knew, only too well, how Pharaoh had treated him like a prisoner, and had refused to admit him to his presence until he had sworn to continue to lead the Egyptian troops, and to remain a faithful servant to the King. Still, Baie, the High Priest, had not forgotten that he had saved his life, and was well disposed towards him and grateful; and she knew that he had hoped to entangle Hosea in the secret conspiracy in which her father also was implicated. It was Baie, too, who had caused Pharaoh to release him from fighting against his own nation, on condition of his renewing his oath of fidelity; to place him in command of the foreign mercenaries; and to raise him to the high rank of "Friend of the King,"—but of course he must know all this already, for the new High Priest had with his own hand set the tempting prospect before Hosea, who had rejected it with such firm and manly decision. Her father had, in the first instance, been on his side, and, for the first time had entirely refrained from speaking with reproach of his Hebrew origin.

On the third day after Hosea's return, the captain of the Archers had gone out to speak with him, and since then everything had gone wrong. He therefore must know what it was that had turned

the man of whom she dared think no evil, since she was his daughter, from being a friend into a mortal enemy. She looked enquiringly into Hosea's face, and he was ready with his answer. The Captain had told him that he would be a welcome son-in-law.

"And you?" asked Kasana, looking anxiously at the speaker.

"I," replied the prisoner, "could only say that you had from your childhood been kind and dear to me, but that nevertheless there was much to forbid my linking the fate of any woman to mine."

At this Kasana's eyes flashed, and she cried:—"It is because you love another—a woman of your own people—the woman who sent Ephraim to you!"

But Joshua shook his head and answered gently:—"You are in error, Kasana. The woman of whom you speak is at this day another man's wife."

"But then," cried the widow, with revived spirit, as she looked at him with tender entreaty, "Why—oh! forgive me—why did you repulse him so harshly?"

"That was far from my purpose, dear child," he replied warmly, laying his hand on her head. "I

always have thought of you with all the affection of which I am capable. And though I could not, indeed, accede to his wish, it was because the sternest necessity forbids me ever to look forward to that peace and joy by my own hearth which other men may strive for. If I had been a free man, my life would have been one of constant journeying and warfare."

"But how many men," Kasana put in, "wield the sword and shield indeed, but rejoice at their home-coming to their wives, and the joys they find under their own roof."

"Very true," said he sadly. "But the duties that call me are such as the Egyptians know not of. I am the son of my Nation."

"And you purpose to serve it?" said Kasana. "Oh! I quite understand you. But then—why did you return to Tanis? Why did you trust yourself in Pharaoh's power?"

"Because I was pledged by a sacred oath, my child," said he kindly.

"An oath!" she exclaimed. "A promise which puts death and captivity between you and her whom you love, and those whom you desire to serve! Oh! would that you had never come back to this land of

unrighteousness, of treachery and ingratitude. That oath will plunge many into grief and weeping.—But what does a man care for the woe he brings on others? You have spoilt all my joy in life, hapless creature that I am; and at home, among your own people, you have a worthy father whose only son you are. How often have I seen the noble old man with his snow-white hair and flashing eye! And you will be like him if you attain to old age, as I used to think when I met him by the harbour, or in the fore-court of the High Gate, when he was ordering his hinds to bring in his tribute of beasts or woolly sheep to the receipt of custom. And now his latter days are to be darkened by his son's perversity."

"And now," corrected Joshua, "his son is going into misery, loaded with fetters; still he may hold his head high above those who have betrayed him. They, and Pharaoh at their head, have forgotten that I have shed my heart's blood for them on many a battle-field, and been faithful to the King through every kind of danger. Menephtah has abandoned me, and with him his chief minister, whose life I saved, and many another who once called me friend; they have deserted me and cast me out, and this innocent lad with me. But I tell you, woman,

those who have done this, those who have committed this sin—one and all, shall—”

“Curse them not!” cried Kasana, and her cheeks flushed scarlet.

But Joshua did not heed her prayer, but exclaimed, “Should I be a man if I did not thirst for vengeance?”

The young woman clung in terror to his arm and beseechingly went on:—

“How indeed can you forgive him? Only do not curse my father, for it was out of love for me that he became your enemy. You know him well, and his hot blood which easily carries him to extremes in spite of his years. He kept silence, even to me, of what he took as an insult—for he has seen me courted by many suitors and I am precious above all else in his eyes. Sooner will Pharaoh forgive the rebel than my father will pardon the man who scorns me, his dearest treasure. He came home frantic with rage. Every word he spoke was abuse. Then he could not bear to remain indoors, and he stormed outside as he had stormed within. At last, however, he would have allowed himself to be pacified, as he often had done before, if he had not met some one in the palace courts who made it

his business to pour oil on the flames. I heard all this from the High-priest's wife, for she too was greatly troubled to think that she had brought evil upon you, and her husband had already done everything in his power to save you. She, who is as brave as a man, was ready to second him, and to open the door of your prison; she has not forgotten that you saved her husband's life in Libya. Ephraim's chains were to be struck off at the same time as yours, and all was ready to enable you to escape."

"I know," replied Hosea gloomily. "And I would return thanks to the God of my fathers if they spoke falsely, who told me that it was your doing, Kasana, that our dungeon was locked on us more closely than ever."

At this the pretty, heart-broken young creature exclaimed vehemently: "And should I be here if that were true? Hatred indeed seethed in my soul, as in that of every woman whose love is scorned; but the ill fortune which befell you quickly changed my wrath into pity, and revived the fires in my heart. As truly as I pray to be mercifully judged after my death, I am innocent of this thing, and never ceased to hope for your release. It was not till last evening, when it was too late, that I learnt that Baie's attempt had failed. The High Priest can

do much, but the very man whom he will not thwart is closely allied with my father."

"You mean Pharaoh's nephew, prince Siptah," interrupted Joshua in great excitement. "They hinted to me the plots they were weaving about him. They wanted to set me in the place of Aarsu, the Syrian Captain, if I would but consent to let them work their will with my people and renounce my own flesh and blood. But rather would I have died twenty deaths than stain myself with such treason. Aarsu is far more fit for such dark schemes, though at last he will betray them all.—So far as I am concerned, the prince has good reason to hate me."

At this Kasana put her hand over her mouth, pointing uneasily to Ephraim and the gaoler, and whispered:—"Spare my father! The prince—whatever it was that roused his enmity—"

"The profligate is seeking to tempt you too into his net and he has been told that you are in love with me," the warrior broke in. But she only blushed, and bending her head in assent went on:—

"And for that reason Aarsu, whom he has taken into the conspiracy, is required to keep such close ward over you and Ephraim."

“The Syrian’s eyes are wide open,” cried Hosea. “But now, enough of this. I believe you, and thank you heartily for coming to us hapless wretches. How often have I thought with affection, even on the field, of the sweet maid whose blossoming I had watched!”

“And you will always think of poor Kasana without wrath or hatred?”

“Gladly; most gladly.”

The young widow grasped the captive’s hand with passionate agitation, and was about to press it to her lips, but he drew it away; and she said anxiously, gazing up at him with tearful eyes;—“Do you refuse me the favour which no benefactor refuses to a beggar?” Then she suddenly started up, and exclaimed so loudly that the gaoler was roused and looked to see where the sun was: “But I tell you, the time will come when you will offer me that hand to kiss. For when the messenger shall come from Tanis to bring you and this lad the freedom you pine for, it will be to Kasana that you will owe it!”

The fair face glowed with the flush of eager anticipation; and Joshua, seizing her hand, exclaimed:—“Oh, if only you might succeed in doing

what your faithful soul desires! How can I bear to prevent your trying to alleviate the terrible misfortune which fell upon this boy under your roof? Still, as an honest man, I must tell you that I can never more take service with the Egyptians; come what may, I shall henceforth for ever belong, body and soul, to those whom you persecute and despise, the nation and tribe into which my mother bore me."

At this her lovely head drooped; but she raised it again immediately to say:—"There is no one so high-souled and honest as you, no one that I have ever known from my childhood up! And when, among my own people, I fail to find any man whom I may reverence, I will remember you, in whom everything is great, and true, and without spot. And if poor Kasana may succeed in setting you free, do not despise her if you find her fallen away from the virtue in which you left her; for the humiliation she may have to endure, the shame she may be brought to—"

Hosea anxiously interrupted her:—

"What are you about to do?" he cried; but he was not to hear the answer, for the leader of the gang rose and clapped his hands, crying out:—"Now, on again, you moles, on again at once."

At this the warrior's heart was moved to deep regret; obedient to a hasty impulse he kissed the hapless Kasana on her fair brow and hair, and whispered:—"Leave me to pine if our freedom is to cost you such degradation. We shall never, indeed, meet again; for, come what may, my life henceforth will be nothing but a struggle and self-sacrifice. The night will close in on us darker and darker, but, however black it may be, one star will often shine on me and on this lad. The remembrance of you, sweet child, my loving and faithful Kasana." He pointed to Ephraim, and the youth pressed his lips, as if beside himself, to the hand and arm of Kasana who was sobbing aloud.

"Come on!" cried the driver once more, and with a grateful grin for a fresh gift of money, he helped the open-handed lady into her chariot.

The horses started, fresh shouts were heard, the whip cracked here and there on bare shoulders, a few wails of anguish rose through the morning air, and the file of prisoners went off towards the East. The chains on the victims' feet stirred up the dust which shrouded the wanderers, as grief and hatred and dread clouded each separate soul smong them.

On they went, bent in gloomy brooding; only

Hosea held his head erect. It was a comfort to him to know that Kasana, the sweet creature he had loved as a child, was innocent of his fate; and when his spirit sank within him he could revive it by repeating to himself the words of Moses:—"Steadfast and Strong."

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTING OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.



COLLECTION
OF
GERMAN AUTHORS.

VOL. 49.

JOSHUA BY GEORG EBERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

...

JOSHUA.

A STORY OF BIBLICAL LIFE.

BY

GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," "UARDA," ETC.

FROM THE GERMAN BY

CLARA AND MARGARET BELL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

Copyright Edition.

LEIPZIG 1890

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE & RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. DUNSTON'S HOUSE, FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

PARIS: C. REINWALD, 15, RUE DES SAINTS PÈRES; THE GALIGNANI
LIBRARY, 224, RUE DE RIVOLI.

7739

J O S H U A.

CHAPTER I.

AT a long hour's distance beyond the little temple where the prisoners had rested, the road leading southwards to Succoth and Baal Zephon parted from that which led in a south-easterly direction across the fortified frontier-line to the isthmus and the mines.

Not long after the departure of the prisoners, the army gathered together to pursue the Hebrews had set forth from the city of Rameses; and as the criminals had rested some considerable time by the well, the troops had nearly overtaken them. Thus they had not gone much further when some pioneers rode up to clear the highway for the approaching host. They ordered the gang of prisoners to stand aside, and proceed no farther till the swift baggage

train containing Pharaoh's tents and household gear should have passed them; and, indeed, the king's chariot-wheels could already be heard.

The drivers were well content to be bidden to wait; they were in no hurry, the day was hot, and if they were late in reaching their journey's end it was the fault of the army. To Joshua, too, the incident was agreeable, for his young companion in chains had been staring before him as if in delirium, and had answered his questions vaguely or not at all, so that the older man was growing uneasy; he knew full well how many of those condemned to forced labour fell into madness or melancholy. And now a portion of the host would march past them, and the sight was new to the lad, and might rouse him from his dull moodiness. There was by the roadside a sand-hill overgrown by tamarisk bushes, and to this the driver led his file of men. He was stern, but not cruel, so he allowed his "moles" to stretch themselves on the sand, for the march past would be a long business. They had scarcely settled themselves when the roll of wheels, the neighing of fiery steeds, and shouts of command were heard; with now and then the harsh bray of an ass.

As the foremost chariots approached, Ephraim enquired whether Pharaoh were now coming; but

Joshua informed him with a smile that when the King led forth his troops to battle, first of all, immediately after the advanced guard, the King's camp and furniture were sent on; for that Pharaoh and his nobles liked to find their tents pitched and the tables spread when the day's march was over, and all, officers and men alike, were to rest for the night.

Hosea had not ceased speaking when a number of empty carts and asses free of burthens came past; they were to carry the tribute of bread and meal, beasts and birds, wine and beer, to be paid by each village through which the sovereign should pass. This had been levied by the collectors the day before. Soon after came a company of warriors in chariots. Each small, two-wheeled chariot, plated with bronze, was drawn by a pair of horses, and in each stood a man and a charioteer. Large quivers were attached to the breast-work of the chariots, and the soldiers rested on their spears, or on their large bows. They were protected against the missiles of the foe by shirts covered with scale-armour, or thickly padded coats of mail under gaily-coloured tunics; and by a helmet, as well as the breast-work of the chariot. These, whom Joshua designated as the vanguard, went forward at an easy pace, and

were followed by a vast multitude of waggons and carts drawn by horses, mules or oxen; and with them were whole herds of asses, with towering loads on their backs.

Next he pointed out to his nephew the tall spears and poles, and heavy rolls of rich stuffs which were to be used in erecting the King's tent, and which were a burthen for several beasts; the asses and the carts with the kitchen utensils, and the camp smithies. With these came the leeches, wardrobe keepers, salve-makers, cooks, garland-winders, attendants and slaves attached to the Royal camp, all mounted on asses driven by nimble runners. All these, having so lately set out, were still fresh and in high spirits, and those who noticed the prisoners flung many a sharp jest at them, as is the Egyptian way, though several applied a balm in the shape of an alms; others, who said nothing, sent a slave with a few fruits or some small gift, for he who was free to-day might, on the morrow, be sent after these poor wretches. The driver let this pass, and when a slave whom Joshua had sold some time since for his dishonesty, shouted aloud "Hosea," and pointed to him with a malignant gesture, the good-hearted rough fellow offered the insulted Hebrew a drink of wine out of his own flask.

Ephraim, who had fared from Succoth on foot, with a staff in his hand, and a small wallet containing dried lamb's flesh, bread, radishes and dates, expressed his amazement at the numberless men and things which one man required for his comfort, and then sank into melancholy again till his uncle roused him with some fresh explanation.

As soon as the camp baggage had gone by, the driver wanted to start with his prisoners, but the King's pioneer—the "opener of the way"—riding in front of the archers of the guard who came next, forbade it, as it ill beseemed criminals to mingle with the soldiers; so they remained on their hillock and looked at the rest of the procession.

After the archers came the heavy infantry, carrying shields of string or hide, so large as to cover the brawny bearers from their feet almost to the chin; and Hosea told the boy that at night they were placed in a circle round the King's camp, and so enclosed it, as it were, with a fence. Besides their shields they carried a javelin, and wore a short dagger-like sword or a war-sickle. When, after some thousands of these heavily armed men, there followed a troop of sling-men, Ephraim spoke for the first time of his own accord, exclaiming that such slings as the shepherds had taught him to make were far

better than those of the soldiers; and then, encouraged by his uncle, he told him, so eagerly that the men lying about him listened to his words, how he himself could slay not merely jackals, wolves and panthers, with a stone from a sling, but even a vulture on the wing. And meanwhile he asked the meaning of the standards and the names of the different companies of warriors.

Several divisions had already gone past when at last another crowd of chariots came in sight, and the driver cried aloud:—"The kind God: The Lord of both worlds: Long life to him, health and happiness!" As he spoke he fell on his knees in an attitude of adoration, and the prisoners lay prostrate on their faces, to kiss the ground, holding themselves in readiness to join at the right moment, at their gaoler's signal, in the cry, "All hail and happiness!"

But they still had long to wait before the expected monarch appeared. After the chariot-men came the royal body-guard, mercenaries of foreign nations wearing a peculiar kind of helmet and long swords. They marched on foot, and immediately behind them a vast multitude of priests and scribes appeared, with a number of images of the gods.

Then again a company of guards, and at last Pharaoh and his Court. Foremost of them all was Baie, the High Priest, in a gilt war-chariot drawn by splendid brown steeds. He had, in former days, led troops forth to battle, and had taken the lead of this pursuing army at the bidding of the gods, wearing his priest's robes indeed, but also the helmet and battle axe of a captain of the host. At last, close behind Baie's chariot, came Pharaoh himself; but he did not ride forth to battle in a war-chariot, as his bolder forefathers had done, but preferred to be borne on his throne. A magnificent canopy over his head screened him from the scorching sun, and, to the same end he was surrounded by fan-bearers, carrying immense bunches of ostrich feathers fastened at the end of long fan-sticks.

When Menephtah had fairly left the city and the Gate of Victory behind him, and the triumphant shouts of the populace had ceased to keep him awake, he had fallen asleep; and the spreading fans would have screened his face and person from the eyes of the prisoners if their cries of "Hail!" had not been so loud as to rouse him, and cause him to turn his head towards them. But the gracious wave of his hand showed that he had something else in his mind than criminals, and before the voices of

the hapless convicts had died away his eyes were closed once more.

Ephraim's dull brooding had given way to eager interest, and when the King's gilt chariot came past, empty, drawn by the most splendid horses he had ever beheld, he broke out in admiration. These noble beasts, their clever heads crowned with ostrich plumes, and their harness glittering with gold and precious stones, were indeed a sight to see. The large gold quivers studded with emeralds, at the sides of the chariot, were full of arrows. The sleeping man, whose feeble hand held the reins of government of a great nation, the languid idler who shunned every sort of effort, recovered his energies as soon as he was in the hunting field, and he looked upon this expedition as a hunt on a grand scale; and inasmuch as it seemed to him a royal sport to shoot his arrows at men instead of at brute game—at men too of whom he had but lately been in mortal dread—he had yielded to the High Priest's behest, and come with the army. The expedition had been sent forth by order of Amon, so he could now have no further cause to fear the power of Mesu. When he should catch him he would make him repent of having struck terror to the heart of Pharaoh and his Queen, and causing them to shed so many tears!

While Joshua was telling the youth from what Phœnician city the gilt chariot had been brought, he suddenly felt his wrist clutched by Ephraim, and heard him exclaim: "She—she!—look, it is she!"

The lad was crimson with blushes; nor was he mistaken, for there, in the same travelling chariot in which she had come to visit the prisoners, was Kasana; and many ladies besides formed part of the Court accompanying this expedition, which the Captain of the foot soldiers, a brave old veteran of the time of the Great Rameses, called a mere party of pleasure. When the monarch went forth across the desert to do battle in further Syria, Libya and Ethiopia, only a select party of women accompanied him, in curtained vehicles, under the conduct of eunuchs; but on this occasion, though the Queen had remained at home, Baie's wife and some other women of rank had set the example of going forth with the troops, and it had been a tempting opportunity to many to enjoy the excitement of war without running into danger.

Scarcely an hour since, Kasana had surprised her old friend, the High Priest's wife, by joining the rest; for only yesterday, nothing could persuade the young widow to go forth with the host. Yielding to a sudden impulse, without asking her father, and

with so little preparation that she had not the most necessary gear, she had overtaken the army, and it seemed as though the magnet which had drawn her was a man whom she had hitherto avoided, albeit he was no less a personage than Siptah the King's nephew.

As the cortege passed the sand-hill, the prince was standing by the fair young woman in her waiting-woman's place, and interpreting to her with many a jest the symbolism of the flowers in a nosegay, while Kasana declared it could not have been intended for her, as not more than an hour since she had had no idea of following the expedition. Siptah, however, assured her that even at sunrise the Hathors had revealed to him the happiness that was in store for him, and that the interpretation of these flowers proved it. A party of youthful courtiers, who had quitted their chariots or litters, were walking by the side of her carriage and taking part in the laughter and merry talk; the High Priest's wife also put in a word now and again, for her litter was borne close by Kasana's.

All this had not escaped Joshua; and as he saw Kasana with the prince, whom she had hitherto detested, rapping his hand with her fan with gay audacity, his brow darkened and he asked himself

whether the young widow had not been cruelly mocking him in his overthrow. But at this moment the driver of the prison gang caught sight of the curl on Siptah's temple, which he wore as a badge of the blood royal, and his loud cry of "Hail, hail!" in which the other guards and the prisoners joined, attracted the attention of Kasana and her companion. They turned to look at the tamarisk thicket whence it came, and then Joshua could see that the young woman turned pale, and with a hasty gesture pointed to the group. She must have given Siptah some behest, for the prince at first shrugged his shoulders, but, after some delay and argument, half in jest and half in earnest, he sprang from his chariot and beckoned to the driver of the gang.

"Did these people gaze on the countenance of the kind God, the Lord of both Worlds?" he asked, in a voice so loud that Kasana must have heard him from the road; and when he received a hesitating answer he went on in haughty tones:

"No matter. — At any rate they have seen mine, and that of the fairest of women, and if, by reason of that, they hope for mercy they are justified. You know who I am. Those who are chained together are to be relieved of their fetters;" then signing to the head gaoler, he whispered in his ear: "But

you must keep your eyes open all the wider. That fellow close to the bush is that Hosea who was a captain in Pharaoh's army. When I am at home again, come and tell me what has become of the man. The more completely you can quiet him the deeper shall I dip into my money-bag. Do you understand?"

The man bowed low, and thought to himself: "I will take good care, my prince, and see that no one takes the life of any of my moles. The greater these lords, the stranger and more bloody are their demands. How many an one has come to me with a similar request. Siptah can release the feet of these poor wretches, but he would load my soul with a cowardly murder! But he has come to the wrong man."—"Here, you fellows, bring the bag of tools this way, and strike the chains off these men's ankles."

Pharaoh's host moved on, and meanwhile the grinding of files was heard on the hillock, the prisoners were freed from their fetters, and then for security their arms were tied.

Kasana had desired Prince Siptah to have the poor creatures who were being led away to misery, relieved at any rate of their heavy foot chains; and

she frankly confessed that it was intolerable to her to see an officer, who had so often been a guest in her own house, so terribly humiliated. The High Priest's wife had seconded her wish, and the prince had been forced to yield. Joshua knew full well to whom he and Ephraim owed this respite, and received it with thankful gladness. Walking was made easier to him, but anxiety weighed him down more heavily than ever.

The army which had marched past would suffice to annihilate a foe ten times as great as the Hebrew force, to the very last man. His nation, and with them his father and Miriam, seemed doomed to a cruel death; Miriam, who had wounded him so deeply, but to whom he owed it that even in prison he had discerned the path which he saw was the only right one. However powerful the God might be whose greatness the prophetess had so fervently extolled—to whom, indeed, he himself had learned to look up with fervent adoration—the sweeping onslaught of this vast host must inevitably and utterly destroy a troop of unarmed and inexperienced herdsmen. This certainty, which each fresh division as it passed by made more sure, sank deep into his soul. Never in his life had he experienced such

anguish, and that pain was intensified as he beheld his own men—all well-known faces who had so lately obeyed his word—under the orders of another. And it was to slaughter his own kith and kin that they were now marching to the field. This was a great grief; and Ephraim's state likewise gave him cause for fresh anxiety, for since Kasana's appearance and her intercession for him and his companion in misfortune, he had relapsed into silence and gazed with wandering eyes either at the rear of the army or into vacancy. Ephraim now was freed of his irons, and Joshua asked the lad in an undertone whether he did not feel a longing to return to his people and to help them to resist so mighty an armament, but Ephraim only replied: "In the face of such a foe they have no choice; they must surrender. What indeed did we lack before our departing from Zoan? You were a Hebrew as they were, and yet you rose to be a mighty captain among the Egyptians until you obeyed Miriam's call. I should have acted differently in your place."

"What would you have done?" asked Joshua.

"What?" replied the boy, and the fiery young soul blazed up in him. "What? I would have remained where honour and fame were to be found, and everything that is good. You might have been

the greatest of the great, the happiest of the happy! I know it for certain, and you chose otherwise!"

"Because duty required it," said Joshua, gravely; "because I never more will serve anyone but the people of whose blood I am."

"The people!" said the boy, contemptuously. "I know the people, and you too have seen them at Succoth. The poor are abject creatures who cringe under the lash; the rich prize their beasts above everything on earth, and those who belong to the heads of tribes are always quarrelling among themselves. Not one of them knows what is pleasing to the eye and heart. I am one of the richest of the nation, and yet I shudder to remember my father's house which I have inherited, though it is one of the largest and best. Those who have seen anything finer cease to care for that."

At this the veins swelled in Joshua's brow, and he wrathfully reproved the lad who could deny his own race, and fall away like a traitor to his own tribe.

But the driver commanded silence, for Joshua had raised his admonishing voice, and the defiant lad was well-pleased to obey. As they went on their way, whenever his uncle looked reproachfully in his face, or asked him whether he had thought

better of it, he sulkily turned his back and remained gloomily silent, till the first star had risen, and the prisoners having encamped on the waste for the night, their meagre fare was dealt out to them.

Joshua dug out a bed in the sand with his hands, and kindly and skilfully helped his nephew to do the same. Ephraim accepted his service in silence; but presently, as they lay side by side, and Joshua began to speak to the boy of the God of his fathers in whose help they must put their trust if they were not to perish of despair in the mines, Ephraim interrupted him, saying in a low voice but with a fierce decisiveness:

“They shall never get me to the mines alive! Sooner will I perish in the attempt to escape than die in such misery!” Joshua whispered a word of warning in his ear, and reminded him again of his duty to his people. But Ephraim only begged to be left to rest in peace.

Soon after, however, he lightly touched his uncle, and asked in a low voice:

“What are they going to do with Prince Siptah?”

“I know not, nothing good, that is certain.”

“And where is Aarsu, the Syrian, the commander of the Asiatic mercenaries, your enemy who watches

us with such malignant zeal? I did not see him with the rest."

"He remains in Tanis with his troops."

"To guard the palace?"

"Just so."

"Then he is Captain over many, and Pharaoh trusts him?"

"Entirely, though he hardly deserves it."

"And he is a Syrian, and so also of our blood?"

"At least he is nearer to us than the Egyptians, as you may know by his speech and his features."

"I should have taken him for a Hebrew, and yet, you say, he is one of the highest men in the army."

"And other Syrians and Libyans are Captains of large troops of mercenaries; and Ben Mazana, the herald, one of the greatest men about the Court, whom the Egyptians have named 'Rameses in the Sanctuary of Ra,' is the son of a Hebrew father."

"And he and the others are not looked down upon by reason of their birth?"

"It would scarcely be true to say so much as that. But what is the aim of all your questions?"

"I could not sleep."

"And such thoughts as these came into your

head? Nay, you have something definite in your mind, and if I guess it rightly I am sorry. You wish to enter Pharaoh's service."

After this there was a long silence between the two; then Ephraim spoke again, and although he addressed Joshua, he spoke rather as if to himself:

"They will destroy all our nation, and those who escape will fall into slavery and disgrace. By this time my house is doomed to destruction, not a head of my great herds will be left to me, and the gold and silver I have inherited, and which is said to be a great sum, they will carry away with them; for it is in your father's keeping, and must fall a booty into the hands of the Egyptians. And shall I, now that I am free, go back to my people, and make bricks? Shall I bow my back to be flogged and ill-treated?"

Here Joshua exclaimed in an eager whisper:

"Call rather on the God of our fathers to protect and deliver His people; and if the Most high hath determined on the destruction of our nation, then be a man, and learn to hate with all the might of your young soul those who have trodden them under foot. Flee to the Syrians, and offer them

the strength of your young arm; give yourself no rest till you have taken revenge on those who have shed the blood of the Israelites, and cast you innocent into bondage.”

Then again there was silence, and nothing was to be heard from where Ephraim lay but low moans from an oppressed heart. At length, however, Joshua heard him murmur:

“We are no longer weighed down by chains, and could I hate her who procured our release?”

“Be grateful to Kasana, but hate her people,” he whispered in reply. And he heard the lad turn over in his trough, and again he sighed and groaned.

It was past midnight; the growing moon stood high in the sky, and Joshua, still sleepless, did not cease to listen to his young companion; but Ephraim spoke not. Still, sleep shunned him likewise, for Joshua heard him grinding his teeth—or was it that some mice had wandered out to this parched spot covered with dry brown grass, between salt plains on one side and bare sands on the other, and were gnawing the prisoners’ hard bread? This grinding and gnawing must disturb the sleep even of those who most desire it, and Joshua on the contrary wished

to keep awake that he might open the eyes of his blinded nephew. But he waited in vain for any sign of life on Ephraim's part.

At last he was about to lay his hand on the boy's shoulder, but he paused as he saw in the moonlight that Ephraim was holding up his arm, although before he lay down his wrists had been tied more tightly than before. Joshua now understood that the noise which had puzzled him was the gnawing of the lad's sharp teeth as he worked at the knot of the cords; so he sat up and looked first at the sky and then round about him. He held his breath as he watched the young fellow, and his heart throbbed painfully—Ephraim meant to escape; he had even achieved the first step towards freedom. He hoped that good fortune might follow him, but dreaded lest the fugitive might set forth in the wrong direction. This boy was the only child of his sister, a fatherless and motherless orphan, so he had never had the advantage of those numberless lessons and hints which only a mother can give, and which a proud young spirit will take from none else. Strangers' hands had trained the young tree, and it had grown straight enough; but a mother's love would have graced it with carefully selected grafts. He had not grown up on his

parents' hearth, and that alone is the right home for the young. What wonder, then, that he felt a stranger among his own people?

At such thoughts as these great pity came upon Joshua, and with it a consciousness of being deeply guilty in regard to this gifted youth who had fallen into captivity for his sake when bearing a message to him. Still, strongly as he felt prompted to warn him yet once more against treachery and faithlessness, he would not do so for fear of imperilling his enterprise. The least sound might attract the attention of the men on watch, and he was now as much interested in his attempt for liberty as though Ephraim were making it by his instigation. So instead of tormenting him with useless admonitions he kept his eyes and ears open; his knowledge of life had taught him that good advice is oftener neglected than followed, and that personal experience is the only infallible master.

Very soon his practised eye discerned the path by which Ephraim might escape if only fortune favoured him. He gently spoke his name, and then his nephew softly replied: "Uncle, I can untie the cord if you put out your hands; mine are free."

At this Joshua's anxious face grew brighter. This bold-spirited youth was a good fellow at heart;

he was ready to risk his own success for the sake of an older man who, if he escaped with him, might only too probably hinder him in the path which, in his youthful illusion, he hoped might lead him to fortune.

CHAPTER II.

JOSHUA looked cautiously about him. The sky was still clear, though, if this north wind should hold, the clouds which seemed to be coming up from the sea, would soon overcast it.

The air was sultry, but the men on watch kept their eyes open and relieved each other at regular intervals. Their vigilance would be hard to evade; but close to the trough which formed Ephraim's bed, and which his uncle, for their greater comfort, had dug by the side of his own on the gentle slope of a mound, a narrow rift widened to a ravine, its edge gleaming in the moonlight with veins of white gypsum and sparkling ores. If the supple lad could but slip unseen into this hollow, and creep along it as far as the shores of yonder salt-lake, overgrown with tall mares-tail and a thicket of desert shrubs, under cover of the gathering clouds he might succeed in his attempt.

Having come to this conclusion, Joshua next considered as calmly as though he were deciding on

a route for his troops, whether, if he had the use of his hands, he might be able to follow Ephraim without imperilling the boy's escape. But to this he could only find a negative; for one of the watch was close at hand, sitting or standing on a higher point of the hillock, and in the bright moonlight he could not fail to see every movement if the lad untied his bonds. Moreover the clouds might perhaps have covered the moon before this was accomplished, and then Ephraim might let slip the one favourable moment which promised him release, and be led into danger on his account. He was this boy's natural protector, and would it not be base indeed to bar his way to freedom for the sake of a doubtful prospect of escape for himself?

So he whispered to Ephraim:—

“I cannot go with you. Glide along the rift to the right, down to the Salt Lake. I will keep an eye on the guards. As soon as the clouds hide the moon and I cough, creep away. If you succeed fly to your people. Greet my old father from me, assure him of my love and truth, and tell him whither I am being taken. Listen to his and Miriam's counsel; it will be good. Now the clouds are gathering about the moon—not another word.”

Ephraim persisted in imploring him, in the

softest whisper, to put forth his hands, but he only bid him be silent; and as soon as the moon was shrouded, and the watch who was pacing to and fro just above them had begun a conversation with the man who came to relieve him, Joshua coughed gently, and then listened in the darkness with a throbbing heart and bated breath.

First he heard a slight rustle, and by the flare of the fire on the top of the slope, which the drivers now mended to keep off wild beasts, he saw that Ephraim's bed was deserted.

At this he breathed more easily, for the ravine must by this time hide the boy, and when he listened more sharply than before to catch a sound of creeping or slipping, he could hear nothing but the guards talking and their heavy footsteps.

Their voices reached his ear, but not the words they spoke, so eagerly was he bent on following the youth in his flight. How agile and how cautious the fugitive must be in his movements! He must still be in the ravine. The moon seemed to be struggling with the clouds, till for a moment the silver disk victoriously rent the heavy black curtain which hid it from the eyes of men, and the long bright shaft of light was mirrored in the motionless

waters of the Salt Lake; Joshua could see everything that lay below him, but he detected nothing which bore any resemblance to a human figure.

Had the lad met with some obstacle in the dell? Was he checked by a cliff or a gulf in its gloomy depths? or—and at this thought his heart seemed to stand still—had the abyss swallowed him up as he felt his way in the darkness? Now he longed to hear a sound—the very faintest, from the depths of the ravine. This stillness was fearful!

Ah! sooner silence than this! A clatter of falling stones and slipping earth came up, too loud now, through the still night. The moon too again peeped out from its veil of clouds, and Hosea saw, down by the pool, a living form which seemed that of a beast rather than of a man, for it went along on all fours. And now the water splashed up in glittering drops. The creature, whatever it was, had plunged into the lake. And again the clouds hid the moon and all was dark. Hosea breathed more freely, saying to himself that it was Ephraim whom he had seen, and that the fugitive, come what might, had gained a good start on his pursuers.

But the men were not sleeping nor deceived; for, although he cried out, in order to mislead them, "A Jackal"! a shrill whistle rang out, awaking

all the sleepers. In a moment the driver of the gang was standing over him, a burning torch in his hand, and he heaved a sigh of relief when he saw this prisoner safe. It was not for nothing that he had tied him with double cords, for he would have been made to pay for it dearly if this man had escaped him.

But, while the driver was feeling the rope that bound the Hebrew's wrists, the flare of the torch he held fell on the fugitive's empty resting place. The cords he had bitten through lay there yet, as if in mockery. The driver picked them up, cast them at Hosea's feet, whistled loudly again and again, and shouted:

"Gone. Flown! the Hebrew! the young one!"

And troubling himself no further about the elder prisoner, he at once began the search.

Hoarse with rage, he gave his orders rapidly; all were clear, and all were forthwith obeyed.

While some of his men collected the gang, counted them over, and bound them together with cords, the leader, with the rest, and helped by dogs, sought some trace of the fugitive.

Joshua saw him bring the beasts to sniff at the cords Ephraim had gnawed through, and the place

where he had lain, and then they started direct for the ravine. He breathed hard as he perceived that they lingered there some little time, and at last, just as the moon again came through the clouds, emerged on the shore and rushed down to the water's edge. He was glad that Ephraim had waded through it instead of running round it, for the dogs here lost the scent, and many minutes slipped by while the guards and the dogs, who poked their noses into every footprint left by the runaway, made their way round the shore to find the trace again. Then their loud tongue told him that they had recovered the scent. But even if they should track and run down the fugitive, the fettered warrior did not now fear the worst, for Ephraim had a long start of his pursuers; still his heart beat fast, and time seemed to stand still till the driver came back again exhausted and unsuccessful. But though he, a man of middle age, could never have overtaken Ephraim, the two youngest and swiftest of his men had been sent after him, as he himself announced with scornful fury.

The man, before so good natured, was entirely changed; for he felt the lad's escape as a disgrace he could hardly get over, nay, as a positive misfortune.

And the wretch who had tried to mislead him by crying out "A Jackal," was the fugitive's accomplice. Loudly did he curse Prince Siptah who had interfered in the duties of his place. But it should not happen again, and he would make his victims suffer for his misfortune! The prisoners were immediately loaded with chains again. Hosea was coupled with an asthmatic old man, and the whole gang were made to stand in a row where the fire-light fell on them, till daybreak; Hosea could make no reply to the questions put to him by his new companion in bonds; he awaited in painful suspense the return of the pursuers. Meanwhile he strove to control his thoughts to prayer, beseeching the Lord, who had promised to be his Helper, on his own behalf and on that of his nephew. Often enough to be sure, he was interrupted by the driver, who vented his wrath on him.

However, the Hebrew who had in his day been captain of a host, submitted to everything, and commanded himself to endure whatever came, like the inevitable discomfort of rain or hail; nay, it cost him some little effort to conceal his gladness when the young runners who had been after Ephraim came in after sunrise, breathless and with disordered hair,

bringing with them nothing but a dog with a broken skull.

The driver could therefore do no more than report what had happened to the soldiers in the first fort on the Etham frontier, which the prison gang must now cross; and to this point the file of men were now led.

Since Ephraim's flight all the men on guard had changed their tone for a harder one. Yesterday the unhappy wretches had been allowed to proceed at an easy pace; now they were hurried on as fast as possible. The day was sultry, and the scorching sun struggled with the storm-clouds, which were gathering in the north into dense masses. Hosea's frame, inured to every kind of fatigue, could resist the severity of this forced march, but his more feeble companion, who had grown grey as a scribe, often stumbled, and at length lay where he fell. At this the driver saw the necessity of placing the sufferer on an ass, and fettering Joshua to another companion. This was the first man's brother, an overseer of the King's stables, a well grown Egyptian who was going to the mines for no other cause than that it was his misfortune to be the brother of a State criminal. Linked to this sturdy mate walking was much easier, and Joshua listened to him with

sincere sympathy, and tried to cheer him when, in a low voice, he confided to him all his woes, lamenting sadly that he had left a wife and child at home in want and misery. Two of his children had died of the pestilence, and it weighed on his heart that he had been prevented from caring for their burial, for thus the two beings he had loved were lost to him for ever, even in the other world.

At their second resting-place the bereaved father spoke more freely. His soul was consumed by thirst for revenge, and he took it for granted that his companion felt the same, seeing that he had fallen into disgrace from a high office. The overseer of the stables had a sister-in-law who was one of the ladies about Pharaoh's Court, and through her and her sister, his wife, he had been informed that a conspiracy against the King was being hatched in the women's house.* Aye, and he knew too who it was that the women purposed to set in Menephtah's place.

As Joshua looked at him with an enquiring and doubtful gaze his comrade whispered:

“Siptah, the King's nephew, and his noble

* The house of the secluded ones; equivalent to the harem of the modern Moslem Egyptian.

mother are at the head of the plot. If only I get free I will bear you in mind; and my sister-in-law is sure not to forget me."

He then desired to know what had brought the Hebrew to the mines, and Joshua frankly told him who he was. When the Egyptian heard that he was linked together with an Hebrew he tore madly at his chains, and cursed his fate; however, his wrath presently died out before the amazing coolness with which Joshua endured the hardest things, and to Joshua himself it was a relief that his partner besieged his ear less often with complaints and questions.

For whole hours he could walk on unmolested, and give himself up wholly to his longing, to collecting his thoughts, to giving himself a clear account of the terrible experiences which his soul had gone through in the last few days, and to making up his mind to his new and dreadful situation.

This silent meditation and introspection did him good; and when they again stopped for the night, he enjoyed deep and refreshing sleep.

When he awoke the stars were still bright in the western sky, reminding him of the sycamore at Succoth, and the all-important morning when his beloved had won him over to serve her God. Above

him spread the sparkling firmament, and for the first time he was conscious of a budding hope that the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth might find some way and means of saving the people He had called His own from the overwhelming host of the Egyptians.

When he had thus fervently besought the Lord to spread his protecting hand over the feeble tribes who, in obedience to His Word, had left so much behind them, and had so confidently set forth for the remote unknown, he commended his old father, whom he himself could not defend, to His especial care, and his soul was filled with wondrous peace.

The shouts of the men on guard, the rattle of fetters, his wretched fellow victims, everything about him kept him in mind of the fate before him. He must henceforth toil day and night in abject slavery, in a sweltering, choking cavern, bereft of the joy of breathing the fresh air of heaven, or of seeing the sunshine; loaded with chains, flogged and reviled, starving and athirst, in a gloomy monotony of misery, agonising alike to body and soul; and yet not for a moment did he lose his confident trust that this fearful fate was intended for any other rather than him, and that something would intervene to preserve him from it.

On their further march eastward which began at dawn, he could only think of this confidence as folly; still he strove to cling fast to it, and he succeeded.

Their way lay across the desert, and after a few hours' brisk march they reached the first fort called "Seti's Stronghold." In the clear air of the desert they had seen it for a long time, looking as though they could shoot an arrow into it. It stood up from the bare stony soil, ungraced by a palm or a shrub, with its wooden stockade, its ramparts, its scarped walls, its watch-tower looking westward, with a broad flat roof swarming with men-at-arms. The garrison had been warned from Pithom that the Hebrews were preparing to break through the frontier-lines on the Isthmus, and the gang of prisoners with their guards had been taken, from a distance, for the van of the emigrant Israelites.

From the top of the huge crown-work which projected like a balcony from all sides of the scarped walls to prevent the use of scaling-ladders, soldiers were spying out between the battlements at the approaching party; but the archers had replaced their arrows in the quivers, for it had at once been perceived that the troop was a small one, and a runner had delivered the pass from the military

authorities, desiring the captain of the garrison to permit the file of prisoners to cross the frontier. The door in the palisade was thrown open to them, and the driver gave them leave to stretch their limbs awhile on the hot pavement within. From hence none could escape, even if the guard left them to themselves; for the fence was too high to climb, and arrows shot from the roof of the building or from the loopholes of the projecting battlements would overtake the runaway.

It did not escape the warrior's eye that everything here was in a state of preparation for resistance, as though it were war time. Every man was at his post, and guards stood by the great metal gongs on the roof, with heavy mallets in their hands to beat an alarm at the approach of the expected foe; for though there was not a tree or a house to be seen as far as the eye could reach, the sound would ring out to the next fort on the frontier line, and warn the garrison, or bring them to the rescue. It was not indeed a punishment, but a piece of ill-fortune to be quartered in these isolated desert stations, and the chiefs of Pharaoh's army took care that the same companies did not remain too long at a time in this wilderness.

Joshua himself had in former years commanded

the most southerly of these strongholds, known as Migdol of the South; for the name of Migdol was common to them all, meaning in the Semitic tongue a fortress-tower.

Here his people were evidently still expected; nor could he for a moment think that Moses would have led them back into Egypt. Either they had lingered in Succoth, or they had marched southwards; but to the south lay the Bitter lakes and the Red sea, and how should the Hebrew multitude cross those deep waters? Hosea's heart beat anxiously as he reflected on this, and his fears were presently confirmed, for he heard the Captain of the fortress telling the driver of the gang that the Hebrews had come, some days since, very near the frontier line of defence, and then had turned off to the southward. Since then it would seem that they had been wandering in the desert between Pithom and the Red Sea. All this had forthwith been reported at Tanis, but the King had been obliged to postpone the departure of the Army till after the first seven days of mourning for the heir to the throne. This delay might have given the Israelites an immense advantage; but a message had to-day come by a carrier pigeon, announcing that the foolish multitude were encamped at Pihahiroth, not

far from the Red Sea, so that it would be an easy task for the army to drive them into the waters like a herd of cattle, for there was no escape in any other direction.

The driver had listened to this report with much satisfaction, and he whispered a few words to the Captain, pointing at Joshua, who, for his part, had already recognised the officer as a companion in arms who had served under him as a centurion, and to whom he had shown much kindness. It was painful to him to reveal himself in this miserable plight to one who had been his subaltern, and who owed him a debt of obligation, and as he looked at him the Captain coloured, shrugging his shoulders expressively, as if to convey to Hosea his pity for his ill-fortune and the impossibility of doing anything to amend it. Then he said in a voice so loud that the Hebrew must hear him: "I am forbidden by the rules to speak with your prisoners, but I knew that man in better days, and I will send you out some wine which I beg you will share with him."

Then they presently went towards the gateway, the driver remarking that Hosea was less deserving of such favour than other and weaker men, inasmuch as he had assisted the runaway of whom he

had spoken, to make his escape. The Captain pushed his fingers through his hair and replied: "I could have wished to show him some kindness, though indeed he owes me much already. But if that is the case I had better keep my wine.—And you have rested quite long enough here!"

So the driver wrathfully roused his hapless gang to proceed on their way across the desert and onward to the mines.

Joshua now walked with a bowed head. His spirit rebelled against the ill fortune which had led him to this pass, dragged across the desert, far from his people and from his father, who must be in great danger, at this decisive and fateful crisis. Under his guidance the Hebrews might perhaps have found a way of escape! He clenched his fists at the thought that his chains forbid his carrying out the means he could devise of helping his people; and yet he would not lose heart, and each time that his reason told him that the Hebrews were lost, that they must perish in this contest, his own name—the new name bestowed on him by God—sounded in his ears, and his hatred and scorn for everything Egyptian, fanned into life by the young officer's base conduct, flamed up afresh.

His whole nature was in violent revolt, and as

the driver marked his burning cheeks and the lurid light in his eye, he thought that even this strong fellow had become a prey to the fever to which so many prisoners fell victims on their way.

When, at sundown, the melancholy train encamped for the night in the heart of the desert, Joshua's spirit still seethed and surged within him; and the scene around him matched well with the tumult in his soul. Again the black clouds came up from the sea on the North wind, which howled and shrieked and whirled clouds of burning sand over the prisoners as they lay, till the lightning and thunder broke over them with a deluge of rain. A thick layer of sand for their coverlet, pools and rivulets were now their bed. Their keepers had bound them together by the arms and legs, and as they stood, shivering and dripping, they still held the ends of the ropes; for the night was as black as the fuel of the fires which the storm had extinguished, and who could have followed a runaway through such darkness and such weather?

But Hosea had no thoughts of flight. While the Egyptians whimpered and quaked, believing that they heard the angry voice of Set in the thunder, and while blinding sheets of flame flared among the clouds, he felt the near presence of that jealous God

whose rage he shared, whose hatred was as his own. Here he stood, the witness of His All-destroying power, and his breast swelled with pride as he said to himself that he had been called to wield the sword of the Lord of Lords.

CHAPTER III.

THE storm which had risen at nightfall was still sweeping over the peninsula. High waves beat in the central lakes, and the Red Sea, which formed two deep creeks from the south, like the horns of a snail, was tossing wildly. Further north too, where Pharaoh's army had just encamped under shelter of the southern Migdol, the strongest of the Etham frontier fortresses, the air was filled with sand by the storm, and in the quarters of the King and his nobles, hammers were kept constantly at work, driving the tent pegs deeper into the ground; for the brocade, cloth, and linen, of which Pharaoh's wandering shelter and its surroundings were formed, were so wrenched by the wind that they threatened to pull up the poles which supported them.

Black clouds hung in the north, yet the moon and stars were often visible, and distant lightning frequently illuminated the darkness. But the dews of heaven still seemed to shun this rainless tract of land, and in every direction fires were burning, round

which thick circles of soldiers were gathered and, like a living screen from the storm, crowded together for protection against being blown away.

The men on watch had trying work, for in spite of the north wind the air was stifling, and continually blew gusts of sand full in their faces.

At the most northern gate of the camp only two sentries walked to and fro, keeping a sharp look out; but they were sufficient, for in consequence of the bad weather it was a long time since any one had appeared to demand either admission or exit. At last, three hours after sunset, a slender lad, half boy, half youth, appeared. He went with steady step up to the watch and shewing him a messenger's token, asked the way to Prince Siptah's tent. He looked as if he had had a difficult journey; his thick black hair was dishevelled, and his feet covered with dust and caked in mud. Yet he roused no suspicions, for his manner was independent and free, his messenger's pass in perfect order, and the letter which he bore was clearly directed to the Prince; a scribe of the granary who was sitting at the next fire with other officers and subalterns, confirmed the fact.

Since the youth's appearance pleased most of them, and as he came from Tanis and perhaps

brought news, he was invited to take a place at the fire and share their meal; but he was in haste.

Thanking them he refused, answered their questions shortly and quickly, and asked one of the company to be his guide. Immediately one of them put himself at his disposal. But he soon learned that it was not easy to achieve seeing a member of the Royal household; for the tents of Pharaoh, his relations and dignitaries, stood apart in the very heart of the camp, enclosed by the shields of the heavily armed foot soldiers; and when he tried to pass in he was referred from one to another, and his messenger's token and the Prince's letter were repeatedly examined. His guide was also dismissed, and in his place an official of high rank known as "the eye and ear of the King" came forward, and began to meddle with the seal of the letter. The bearer very decidedly demanded the missive back; and directly he had it in his hand once more he went towards two tents standing side by side and shaken by the wind, which were pointed out to him as those of Prince Siptah and Kasana, Hornecht's daughter, for whom he had also enquired. A Chamberlain came out of the Prince's tent, to whom he showed the letter he bore, requesting him to conduct him to his lord; but the official having

desired him to hand the letter to him instead of to the Prince, Ephraim, for he it was, consented to do so on condition of the chamberlain's forthwith procuring him admission to Kasana's presence.

The steward seemed most anxious to get the letter into his own hands. After he had examined Ephraim from top to toe, he asked him whether Kasana knew him, and when the other answered in the affirmative and added that he brought a verbal message for her, the Egyptian smiling said: "Good, then; but we must protect our carpets from such feet, and you seem to me altogether exhausted and in need of refreshment. Follow me!"

Thereupon he led him into a little tent, before which an old slave, and another who was still almost a child, sat by the fire concluding their evening meal with a bunch of garlic.

On seeing their master they sprang up; he ordered the old man to wash the messenger's feet, and the young one to fetch, in his name, meat, bread and wine from the Prince's tent. He then took Ephraim into his own tent, which was lighted by a lantern, and asked him how it was that he, who looked so little like a serf or a common fellow, had such a forlorn appearance. Then the messenger answered that he had on his way bound up the

wounds of a severely injured man with his upper garment, so the steward at once opened his packages and handed him a wrapper of fine linen.

Ephraim's reply, which was very near the truth, was given with such promptness and sounded so genuine, that it was believed; and the steward's kindness so overwhelmed him with gratitude that he raised no objection when, with a practiced hand and without damaging the seal, he pressed the flexible roll of papyrus, bent the separate layers apart, and, peeping in to the opening acquainted himself with the contents of the letter. At the same time the burly courtier's eyes glistened keenly, and it seemed to the youth that the man's face, which at first had appeared to him with its comfortable fullness and round smoothness the very mirror of good nature, had become like that of a cat.

As soon as the Steward had finished this operation he begged the boy to rest himself thoroughly; and he did not return until Ephraim had bathed, and stood with the new linen cloth round his loins, his hair anointed and scented, looking in the mirror, and in the act of putting a broad gold hoop round his arm.

He had hesitated for some time, as he knew he was about to face great dangers; this bracelet how-

ever was his only valuable possession, and he had taken great trouble during his captivity to keep it hidden in his loin-cloth. It might yet render him good service, though if he wore it it would attract attention to his person and increase his risk of being recognised. But the image he saw reflected in the mirror, his vanity, and the wish to find favour in Kasana's eyes, triumphed over prudence, and the costly ornament was soon shining on his arm. The Chamberlain gazed with amazement at the transformation of the unkempt messenger into a proud-looking youth; the question rose to his lips whether he were some kin to Kasana, and when Ephraim replied in the negative, he asked to what family he belonged.

At this Ephraim stood for some time with downcast eyes and besought the Egyptian to excuse him from replying till he should have spoken to Kasana. The other shook his head doubtingly as he looked at him; but he urged him no further, for what he had discovered from the letter was a secret which might cost all who knew it their life, and the handsome young bearer must surely be the son of some great man implicated in the plot of his master, Prince Siptah. The stout, well-fed courtier shivered at the thought, and it was with a sympathetic qualm that

he looked at this blooming flower of humanity, so young to be mixed up in such perilous schemes. The Prince had so far only hinted at the secret to him, so he could still cut himself adrift from sharing his master's destiny. If he parted from him, he might look forward to an old age of ease; but if he clung to him, and the Prince's plot should come to a good issue, to what heights might he not rise! How terribly important was the choice which he, the father of a large family, was called upon to make; the sweat stood on his brow, and he was quite incapable of clear reflection, as he conducted Ephraim to Kasana's tent and then hastened to his master's.

All was still in the slight erection of wooden poles and heavy bright-coloured stuffs which sheltered the fair widow. It was with a beating heart that Ephraim approached the entrance; and when at length he took courage and pushed aside the curtain which was pegged to the ground, the wind filling it like a sail, he saw a dark room, opening on either hand into another. That to the left was as dark as the centre one; but from the right, lights gleamed through the seams in the canvas. The tent was of the long flat-roofed shape in three compartments, such as he had often seen;

and in the room whence the light proceeded was she, no doubt, to whom he came. To avoid any further suspicions he must overcome this timidity, and he had already stooped to untie the knot by which the curtain was held to the peg in the ground, when that of the lighted compartment was raised and a woman's figure came into the dark entrance room.

Was it she? should he venture to address her? Yes, he must.

He clenched his hand tightly, and with a deep breath collected his courage, as though he were about to intrude unbidden into the inner sanctuary of a temple. Then he pushed the curtain aside and was met with a cry from the woman he had before observed; and he now recovered his courage, for it was not Kasana, but the waiting-woman who had come with her to see the prisoners, and who had accompanied her to the camp. She recognised him too, and stared at him as though he had risen from the dead. They knew each other well; for, the first time he had been carried to Hornecht's house, it was she who had prepared his bath and laid balsam on his wounds; and on the second occasion when they had been inmates under the same roof, she and her mistress had nursed him.

For many an hour had they chatted together, and he knew that she was fond of him, for as he lay half conscious, half dazed with feverish dreams, she would soothe him with a motherly touch, and as he grew stronger, was never weary of questioning him about his people, telling him that she herself was a Syrian, of kindred blood to the Hebrew. Indeed his language was not altogether strange to her, for it was as a woman of twenty that she had been brought to Egypt with other prisoners by Rameses the Great. Ephraim, she would say, reminded her of her own son when he was younger. From this woman he had nothing to fear; he seized her hand, and said in a low voice that he had escaped from his guards, and had come to ask counsel of her mistress and herself. The word "escaped" was enough to reassure the old woman, for Spirits, as she understood the word, were wont to put others to flight but not to flee. She stroked the lad's curls, and before he had finished speaking she had left him, hurrying off into the other room to inform her mistress that he stood without.

In a few minutes Ephraim was in the presence of the woman who had become the guiding star and warming sun of his life. With flushing cheeks he gazed up at her lovely features, and although it

stabbed him to the heart that, before she even vouchsafed him a greeting, she enquired whether Hosea were with him, he forgot that foolish pang as he noted with what kindness she looked at him. And when she asked the serving-woman whether she did not think him looking fresh and well and grown more manly, he felt as though he really were taller and bigger, and his heart beat higher than ever. She insisted on knowing all that had happened to his uncle, down to the smallest detail; then, after he had done her bidding, and at last indulged his desire to speak of his own fortunes, she interrupted him to consult with the older woman as to how he might be sheltered from malignant eyes and fresh dangers; and the means were soon found.

First, with Ephraim's help the nurse closed the front entrance to the tent, as completely as possible, and she then showed him the dark room, into which he was to vanish quickly and noiselessly whenever she should give him a signal.

Kasana meanwhile had poured out a cup of wine for the returned wanderer, and when he came in again with the old woman, she bid him lie down on the giraffe-skin at her feet, and asked him how he had got past the men on guard, and what he looked

to do in the future. She must tell him in the first instance, that her father had remained at Tanis, so he need have no fear of being recognised and betrayed by Hornecht. It was easy enough to see and hear how glad she was at this meeting; nay, when Ephraim told her that it was in consequence of Prince Siptah's orders that the prisoners should be unfettered—which they owed solely to her—that he had been able to make good his escape, she clapped her hands like a child. But then her brow darkened, and she added with a sigh, that her heart had been breaking with anxiety and fears; but that now Hosea should see how much a woman could sacrifice to attain the dearest wish of her heart. Ephraim's assurance that before he himself stole away, he had offered to release his uncle, met with its meed of kind words; and when she learned that Joshua had refused his nephew's help in order that he might not imperil the success of the plan he had suggested to him, she exclaimed to the waiting woman, with tears in her eyes, that no one but he could act so nobly; and she listened eagerly to the rest of the lad's tale, interrupting him frequently with sympathetic questions.

So blissful a close to the fearful nights and days he had just passed, seemed to him as a beautiful

dream, a bewildering romance; and he did not need the encouragement of the cup she diligently filled for him to make him tell his story with eager vivacity. With an eloquence altogether new to him he described how, in the ravine, he had slipped on a loose stone and had fallen with it headlong to the bottom. There he had thought that all was lost, for soon after he had shaken himself clear of the rubbish in which he was buried, to hurry down to the Salt Lake, he had heard the drivers' whistle. However, from his childhood he had always been a good runner, and he had learned in his native fields how to read his bearings by the stars, so, without looking to the right hand or to the left, he had flown on as fast as his feet would carry him, to the south, always to the south. Many times had he fallen in the dark over stones or pits in the desert sand, but only to spring up again and hurry on to where he knew that she, Kasana, was—she, for whose sake he would unhesitatingly cast to the winds all that wise-heads could advise—she for whom he was ready to give life and liberty.

How he found courage to make this confession he knew not. Nor was he sobered by the tap she gave him with her fan, or by the old woman's exclamation "A boy like that!" No! his beaming eyes

only sought her gaze as they had done before, while he went on with his story.

The dog which had come up with him he had hurled against a rock; the other he had driven off by flinging stones at him till he retreated, whining, into a thicket. He had seen nothing of any other pursuers neither that night nor all the next day. At last he reached a high-road and came up with some country-folk who told him which way the King's Army had marched. Then about midday, being overcome by fatigue, he had gone to sleep in the shade of a sycamore, and when he woke the sun was near setting. He was dreadfully hungry, so he had pulled a few turnips in a field as he passed by; but the owner had immediately come forward from a water-course at hand, and it was with difficulty that he had escaped from his pursuit. During part of the next night he had kept to the high road, and had rested at last by a well on the way, for he knew that wild beasts shun much frequented spots. After sunrise he had set forth again, following the road the army had taken, and had come upon its traces everywhere. Shortly before noon, when he was quite exhausted and sick with fasting, he came to a village lying close to the fertile tract watered by the Seti Canal, and had considered whether it would not be

well to sell his gold bracelet to purchase some good nourishment, and keep some silver and copper coin for future need; but he had feared being taken for a thief and cast into prison again, for the thorns had torn his raiment and his sandals had long since dropped from his feet. He had thought that his misery must move even the hard-hearted to pity, so he had knocked at a door and begged, bitter as it had been to him. However, he got nothing from the peasant but a scornful admonition that such a strong young fellow as he might work for his living, and leave begging to the weak and old. A second had threatened him with a thrashing; however, when he had gone some way further, feeling very crestfallen, a young woman, who had seen him at the niggard's door, came after him and put a cake of bread with a few dates into his hand, hastily telling him that the village had been heavily taxed in the course of Pharaoh's progress, or she would have given him something better. No banquet had ever before tasted as sweet to him as this unlooked for gift, which he ate by the next well; but he did not confess that it had been embittered by the doubt as to whether he should obey Joshua's counsel and return to his own people, or follow his heart's desire which drew him to her. He had started again, still undecided;

but fate seemed to have taken the matter into her own hands. After he had walked on about half an hour longer on reaching the edge of the desert, he had come upon a youth of about his own age, sitting by the wayside and moaning as he held one of his feet in both hands. He had gone up to him at his call, and to his surprise had recognised him as Hornecht's runner and messenger with whom he had often spoken.

"Apoo! our nimble Nubian!" interrupted the lady; and Ephraim went on to tell her that this messenger had been sent to carry a letter to Prince Siptah in all haste, and the swift footed lad, who was wont to outrun his master's horses, would have flown like an arrow and have reached his destination in two hours, if he had not trodden on a fragment of broken glass—a bottle crushed by some chariot wheel—and the cut was dreadfully deep.

"And you helped him?" asked Kasana.

"Could I do otherwise?" was the answer. "He had half bled to death already and was as pale as a sheet. So I carried him to the nearest canal and washed his gaping wound, and applied some ointment he had with him."

"I put it in his pocket a year ago, in a small pot," said the nurse, who, being easily moved, was

wiping her eyes: and Ephraim confirmed the fact, for Apoo had mentioned it with gratitude. Then he went on:

“I tore my tunic into strips and bound his foot up as best I might. But he urged me all the while to make haste, and held out the token and the note which his master had entrusted to him, and knowing nothing of the misfortunes which had befallen me, he charged me to carry the letter to the Prince in his stead. Oh! how gladly I undertook to do so, and the second hour was not ended when I reached the camp. The letter is in the Prince’s hands, and here am I, and I can see by your face that you are well pleased. As for me— So happy as I am to sit here at your feet and gaze up at you, so thankful as I am to you for having listened to me so patiently, surely, no one ever was in this world! And if they put me in chains I will bear it quietly if only you remain kind. My woes have been so many; I have neither father nor mother—nor any one to love me, only you.—I love none but you, and you will not repel me, will you?”

He spoke the last words like one in a frenzy. Carried away by his passion, incapable, after the terrible strain of the last days and hours, of governing the overwhelming storm of his feelings, the lad

sobbed aloud. He was scarcely past childhood yet, he had only himself to trust to, he had been torn and severed from all that had ever upheld and controlled him, and, like a young bird taking refuge under its mother's wings, he hid his face in Kasana's lap, weeping violently.

Deep compassion came over the tender hearted young woman, and her eyes too were moist. She gently laid her hand on his hair; and as she felt the shudder which ran through the boy's whole frame, she raised his head in both hands, kissed his forehead and cheeks, and smiling through tears, as she looked into his face, said:

"You poor, foolish boy! why should I not be kind to you, or repel, you? Your uncle is the man dearest to me in the world, and you are as a son to him. To serve him and you I have already consented to do that which I had always utterly loathed and refused. But now, come what may, and whatever others may think or say of me, I will not care, if only I can succeed in doing that for which I will give my life and all I hold most dear.—Only wait, poor vehement boy," and again she kissed his cheeks, "I will smooth the way for you too! Now, enough of this."

She spoke firmly, and the words were enough

to check the excited lad's words. But, suddenly, she sprang up, crying in terrified haste: "Fly, fly, begone instantly!"

A man's footstep approaching the tent, and a warning word from the waiting woman had brought the brief command to Kasana's lips, and Ephraim's keen ear told him what had roused her fears, and drove him forthwith into the dark chamber, whence he could satisfy himself that a moment's hesitation would have betrayed him. The curtain of the tent was lifted and a man walked straight through the anteroom to the lighted apartment where Kasana—for that too he could hear—greeted some new guest only too warmly, and as though surprised at his coming so late.

The waiting woman snatched up her own mantle to throw over the lad's bare shoulders, and she whispered to him: "Linger near the tent sometime before sunrise, but do not come in till I call you if you love your life. You have neither father nor mother, and my child Kasana—a loving heart is hers, a heart of gold—she is the best of all that is good; but whether she is fit to guide a foolish scape-grace who burns for her like dry straw, is quite another matter. As I listened to your story, I thought of many things, and as I mean well by you, I will

tell you something: You have an uncle who is the noblest of men—I know what men are, and so far my Kasana is right. Do his bidding. It will be for your good. Obey him! And if his orders take you far from here and from Kasana, so much the better for you. We walk in dangerous places, and if it were not for Hosea's sake, I should have done everything in my power to hold her back. But for him—well, I am an old woman, but for that man, even I would go through fire and water. I grieve more than I can say for that pure sweet child, and for you, who are so like what my own son was; but I say once more, obey your uncle, boy, or you will come to an evil end, and that would be a pity indeed."

Then, without waiting for a reply, she pushed him towards one of the openings in the canvas wall of the tent, and waited till Ephraim had wriggled out. Then she dried her eyes and went back into the lighted room as though by chance; but Kasana and her belated visitor had matters to discuss which allowed of no witness, and her "dear child" only suffered her to light her own little lamp at the three armed candelabrum, and then sent her to bed.

She submitted; but in the darkened room, where her bed stood not far from her mistress's, she lay

down, and then, covering her face with her hands, wept in silence.

To this good soul, the world seemed to be turned upside down. She could not think what Kasana, her darling foster-child, would be at. She was forfeiting purity and honour to a man whom—as she well knew—she loathed in her soul. And this monstrous sacrifice she was making for Hosea, who though he was no doubt worthy of her love, had scorned it; whereas any other woman would have rejoiced over the punishment brought upon him by the avenging gods.

CHAPTER IV.

EPHRAIM crept round the tent he had quitted, pressing an ear against the canvas wall. He very cautiously undid a few of the stitches in one of the seams, and so could see as well as hear what was going on in the lady's sitting room. The storm kept everyone within shelter who was not compelled by service to turn out, and Ephraim had the less reason to fear discovery because the spot where he crouched was in deep shade. The old nurse's cloak was wrapped about him, and though a shudder again and again ran through his young limbs, it was bitter grief that caused it and anguish of soul.

He saw Kasana's head resting on the breast of a prince, a great and powerful lover, and the capricious false one did not even forbid the bold suitor when his lips sought hers for the kisses he desired. She owed no faith to Ephraim indeed, but her heart was his uncle's; she preferred him above all men, she had declared herself ready to endure the worst to procure his freedom, and now he saw with his

own eyes that she was false and faithless, and giving to another that which by right was Hosea's alone. To Ephraim himself she had shown favour,—the mere crumbs which fell from Hosea's table, and even that, as he confessed with a flush, was a robbery from his uncle; and he felt himself injured, wounded, and betrayed, and on fire with jealousy on behalf of his uncle, whom he honoured, nay, and loved, though he had contravened his wishes.

And Hosea? He, like Ephraim himself, and like that princely personage, like everyone in short, must surely love her in spite of his strange demeanour at the way-side well; it could not possibly be otherwise; while she, safe from the vengeance of the unhappy prisoner, was abandoning herself with cowardly baseness to the caresses of another!

Siptah, as he had learnt from their last meeting, was his uncle's foe; for him of all men, she was betraying the man she loved. Through the slit in in the tent-cloth he could see all that went on within, but he closed his eyes to avoid seeing many things. More often, indeed, the odious spectacle rivetted his gaze with a mysterious spell, and then he longed to tear the rent wider, to fell the loathed foe, and speak words of stern reproof to the faithless woman, in Hosea's name. The fierce passion

which had possessed him was suddenly turned to hatred and scorn. From the happiest of human beings, as he had deemed himself, he had become the most miserable. Such a fall from the highest bliss to the deepest woe, none before him, he believed, had ever known. The old nurse had spoken truly, there could be nothing in store for him at Kasana's hands but misery and despair. Once he had started to fly, but then the bewitching sound of her silvery laugh fell on his ear, and a mysterious power held him rooted to the spot to listen a little longer.

At first the rush of blood tingled so fiercely in his ears that he was quite incapable of following the dialogue within. By degrees, however, he had gathered the purport of whole sentences, and now he lost not a word that was spoken. It was indeed of the greatest interest, though it enabled him to look into an abyss which seemed to yawn at his feet.

Kasana by no means yielded to her audacious wooer on every point, but this only drew him on to insist passionately on her entire surrender, body and soul; and what he offered in return was indeed the highest reward—a place as Queen at his side on the throne of Egypt, for which he was plotting.

That much he distinctly uttered, but all else was hard to follow; for the vehement lover was in haste, and frequently interrupted his incoherent sentences to assure Kasana of his unutterable devotion, or to mollify her, when the audacity of his pretensions roused her fears or her disgust. Presently he spoke of the letter which Ephraim had brought, and after he had read it aloud and explained it to her, the boy perceived, with a shudder, that he himself had now become an accomplice in the most detestable of crimes. For a moment he felt prompted to betray the traitors and deliver them into the hands of the sovereign whose overthrow they were plotting. But he cast this idea from him, and only indulged in the comforting reflection—the first that had come to him during this dreadful experience—that he held Kasana and her prince in his clutch like chafers on a thread. This raised his spirits and restored his lost confidence and courage. The baser the schemes he now overheard, the greater and more surely grew his recovered sense of the value of truth and right. He remembered likewise an admonition of his uncle's: "Give no man, great or small, cause to regard you with anything but respect, and then you may hold your head as high as the proudest hero in his purple tunic and gilt breastplate!"

As he had lain trembling with fever on his bed in Kasana's house he had repeated the saying many times, but the miseries of captivity had banished it from his mind; not till he found himself in the chamberlain's tent, when the slave had held the mirror that he might see himself bathed and anointed, had it recurred to him as a passing thought; but now it wholly possessed his soul. And, strangely enough, the royal traitor within the tent wore, in fact, a purple tunic and gilt armour, and looked indeed a hero; but he could not hold his head high, for the deed he proposed could only succeed in twilight secrecy; it was like the work of a loathsome mole which turns up the earth in the darkness. The hateful three: Falsehood, Treachery and Perjury, were Siptah's tools, and she whom he had chosen to be his accomplice was the woman—at the bottom of his soul, he was ashamed to own it—the woman for whose sake he had been ready to sacrifice all he held sacred, worthy and dear.

These hideous things, which he had been taught to flee from, were but the rungs of the ladder by which that wicked man hoped to mount to high estate. Ephraim saw it all: the prince's plot lay before him as an open book.

The roll the lad had brought to the camp had

contained three letters. One was from the conspirators in Tanis, the others from Siptah's mother. She wrote that she looked for her son's speedy return, and informed him that Aarsu the Syrian, the Captain of the foreign troops now in charge of the palace, and all in the women's house, were prepared to hail him King. As soon as the High Priest of Amon, who was at the same time the Chief Judge, High Steward and Keeper of the Seal, should proclaim him, he would be King and could mount the throne unopposed, for the palace stood open to him. If Pharaoh should return, the body-guard were ready to take him prisoner and put him out of the way—as Siptah, who did not love half measures, had secretly commanded, though Baie had voted for his being kept in mild captivity.

The only thing to be feared was the premature re-appearance of Seti, Menephtah's younger son, now at Thebes; for now that his elder brother was dead he had become heir to the throne, and pigeons had arrived yesterday with letters announcing that he was on his way. Thus Siptah and the powerful priest who was to proclaim him must make the best speed they could.

The necessary precautions had also been taken to prevent any possible resistance on the part of the

army; as soon as the Hebrews were destroyed, the larger portion of the troops were to be withdrawn forthwith into the garrisons they had left; the body-guard were attached to Siptah, and the rest, who would escort the royal party back to the capital, could, if it came to the worst, easily be overpowered by Aarsu and his mercenaries.

“Nothing now remains for me to do,” cried the Prince, stretching himself with evident enjoyment, like a man who has successfully achieved a difficult undertaking, “but to make my way back to Tanis with Baie a few hours hence, to let myself be crowned and proclaimed in the Temple of Amon, and finally make my entry into the palace of the Pharaohs. The rest is all a matter of course. Seti, who is called the heir to the crown, is as weak a creature as his father, and will bend to the accomplished fact, to necessity and force. The Captain of the body-guard will take care that Menephtah never enters the palace again.”

The Prince's mother had written a second letter, addressed to Pharaoh himself, to justify Siptah and the High Priest in returning to the capital in all haste, without exposing the Prince to the imputation of cowardice in leaving the army immediately

before a battle. Although she had never in her life been in better health she declared with hypocritical prayers and lamentations that her hours were numbered, and implored the King to release her son and Baie forthwith from their duties, that she might be allowed to bless her only child before she died. She had many sins on her conscience, and none but the High Priest had it in his power to intercede for her for the mercy of the Gods. Without his mediation she must depart in despair. This letter, too, the vile traitor had read, and had pronounced it a master-piece of woman's cunning, rubbing his hands with glee as he spoke.

Treason, murder, dissimulation, base deceit, a mocking of all the most sacred feelings, everything foul and mean, were to be Siptah's aids to mounting the throne, and though Kasana had wrung her hands and shed some tears when he told her that Pharaoh was to be put out of the way, she grew calmer as the Prince represented to her that her own father approved of what he had decided on, to save Egypt from the hand of the King who was bringing the land to ruin.

The letter from the Prince's mother to Pharaoh—the mother who was spurring on her own son to ruthless crime—was the last thing Ephraim stayed

to hear; for the young Hebrew, accustomed to regard the bond between parents and children as reverend and pure beyond all others, was roused by it to such a sudden frenzy that he raised his fist, and as he sprung away he muttered a word of scorn and abuse. Thus, he did not hear how Kasana made the Prince pledge his word that, if he rose to power, he would grant her first request. It should cost him neither money nor lands, and merely afford her the privilege of showing mercy at the dictate of her heart, for events were impending which must provoke the wrath of the gods, and she only implored to be allowed to mitigate it.

Ephraim could not bear to see or hear more of this revolting scene. Now, for the first time, he began to understand what danger he had run of allowing himself to be drawn into this slough, and becoming a lost and reprobate wretch; but surely, he thought, he could never have been so base, so abominable as these two. Once more he remembered his uncle's words, and he threw back his haughty head, and his deep chest swelled as though he would assure himself of his own unbroken strength; and he said to himself, as he drew a deep breath, that he was fit for better things than being wasted on a bad woman, even if, like Kasana, she

were the fairest and most bewitching creature under Heaven.

Away, Away! far from the snare which might have led him to murder and every kind of evil!

Fully determined to return to his own people, he made his way to the entrance to the camp; but he had gone only a few steps when he stopped, and a glance at the sky showed him it was not more than two hours past midnight. All was still. Only from the pen where the King's horses were enclosed he heard now and then the rattle of harness or the blow of a hoof. If he attempted at this hour to make his escape, he must certainly be detected and detained; prudence enjoined him to curb his impatience for a little while, and as he looked about him, his eye fell on the chamberlain's tent, from which the old slave came out to look for his master, who was still awaiting Siptah's return in the prince's quarters. This old man had been kind before to Ephraim, and he now, with friendly urgency, bid him enter the tent and rest, for, said he, youth requires sleep. Ephraim accepted the well-meant invitation, for he now began to feel how badly his feet ached; hardly had he stretched himself on the mat—the old slave had spread his own for him—when he felt as if his limbs were dropping off; how-

ever, he thought he should here have time and peace for reflect on.

He began by thinking of the future and his uncle's injunctions. That he must forthwith rejoin his people was quite clear, and if they escaped alive from Pharaoh's host, let the rest do what they would, his first duty would be to collect his herdsmen, his servants, and his younger friends, and hasten at their head to the mines, to strike off Hosea's chains and conduct him home to his old father and his people who needed him so sorely. He fancied he could see himself with his sling at his girdle and a battle-axe in his hand marching on in front of the rest, when sleep overpowered him, and wrapped the weary youth in oblivion so deep and sweet that not even a dream approached his pillow, and the old slave had to shake him in order to rouse him at daybreak.

The camp was already astir; tents were being taken down, asses and ox-carts loaded, horses combed and shod, chariots cleaned, weapons and vessels polished and the first meal of the day distributed and eaten. Meanwhile trumpet calls rung out on one hand, words of command on the other, and from the eastern side of the camp rose the chant of priests devoutly greeting the newborn god of day.

Active servants now brought out a gilt chariot in front of the splendid purple tent next to Kasana's, and another not less splendid followed. Prince Siptah and the High Priest had received permission from Pharaoh to return to Tanis, at the desire of a dying woman. Shortly after Ephraim took leave of the friendly slave, charging him to return the cloak to Kasana's nurse, and to tell her that the messenger had followed her advice and his uncle's. Then he set forth on his journey.

He got out of the precincts of the Egyptian tents without let or hindrance, and when he found himself out in the desert he uttered the cry by which he was wont to collect his shepherds in the pastures. The call rang out across the wide plains, startling a sparrow-hawk which was spying the distance from the top of a rock, and as the bird soared up the lad felt as though, if he spread out his arms, wings must sprout strong enough to bear him too through the air. Never had he felt so strong and agile, so light and free; and if the priest could at this moment have asked him whether he would become a captain over thousands in Pharaoh's army, he would certainly have answered as he had done by Nun's ruined dwelling, that he asked no better lot than that of a shepherd, free to govern his herds and

servants. He was an orphan, but yet he had his people to whom he belonged, and where they were was his home. Like a traveller who, after long journeying, finds himself near home, he now hastened his steps.

He had arrived at Tanis on the night of the new moon, and the full disk which he now saw paling in the dawn was the same as he had then gazed on; but he felt as though years had elapsed between his leave-taking of Miriam and this day, for indeed a whole lifetime of new experiences had been crowded into these few days. He had come forth as a boy; he was returning a man to his own folk, and, thanks to the events of this one dreadful night, he was the same as he had ever been and could look boldly in the face of each one whom he loved and looked up to with reverence.

Nay, more. He would show the man whom he held high above all others, that he, Ephraim, might carry his head erect. He would repay Joshua for what he had done for him by being content to remain in bonds and fetters in order that his nephew might flee away as free as a bird.

He had walked above an hour when he came to a ruined watch-tower. He climbed up it, and from thence he descried at a great distance, on the hither

side of the hill of Baal Zephon which he had long seen towering above the horizon, the gleaming waters of the Northern arm of the Red Sea. The storm was lulled, still he could see from the swaying of the emerald surface that the sea was not yet calm, and a few black piles of cloud on the sky which just now had been so clear, seemed to threaten a gathering storm again. He looked about him on all sides, wondering what the leaders of the people could be thinking of if indeed, as Siptah had told Kasana, they purposed to encamp between Piha-hiroth, of which he now saw the tents and huts close before him on the shore of the canal of Seti, and the hill of Baal Zephon.

Had Siptah spoken falsely? No indeed! the base traitor had this once departed from his habits; between the village and the lake, where the wind was whirling thin pillars of smoke, his sharp eyes descried a multitude of white objects looking like a distant flock of sheep, and among and around them a strange stir and bustle on the sand. This was the camp of the Israelites.

How small the space appeared which parted him from them! But the nearer they seemed the greater was his anxiety, as he reflected that this vast

multitude, with their women and children, their herds and tents, could never escape the mighty host which in a few hours must inevitably fall upon them. His heart swelled within him as he looked further afield; for neither to the East, where stretched a broad pool of water, nor to the South, where the waves of the Red Sea were surging, nor to the North, whence Pharaoh's army was marching down on them, was there any way to fly. To the west lay the desert of Etham, and if the wanderers turned thitherward they would soon be on Egyptian soil and the exodus would have been in vain. There was nothing for it but to give battle; and as he thought of it his blood ran cold, for he well knew the ill-armed, undisciplined forces of the Hebrews, half wild and refractory, half cowardly and contemptible, and he had seen the march past of the numberless and well-equipped Egyptian army with its strong force of foot soldiers and splendid war-chariots.

He now thought, as his uncle had thought, that the Hebrews were doomed to certain destruction, unless the God of their fathers should save them. Miriam had indeed many a time and again, just before his departure, praised that Almighty Lord and His glory with flashing eyes and inspired words; that God who had chosen his people above all other

people. The words of the prophetess had filled his childish soul with vague terrors of this God's immeasurable greatness and awful wrath. He had found it easier to uplift his spirit to the Sun-God when his teacher, a kind and genial Egyptian priest, had led him into the temple at Pithom. As he grew older he had entirely ceased to feel the need of turning to any god in prayer, for he craved nothing; and while other boys were still obedient to their parents' will, the shepherds, who knew full well that he was the owner of the flocks they tended, had called him their lord, and, at first in jest but then in earnest, had done him service as their master. Thus his independence had been early fostered and he had grown to be but a wrong-headed lad. Healthy and strong, looked up to by men older than himself, he was wholly self-sufficient, and felt that others depended on him; and as there was nothing he liked so little as asking anything of any one great or small, it disliked him to pray even to a God who was so far and so high above him. But at this moment, when the fearful fate impending over his people weighed so heavily on his heart, a sense came upon him that only this Great and Mighty God could deliver them out of their fearful and pressing peril, that none could withstand this vast host but only

He in whose power it lay to break the heavens and the earth in pieces.

And what was he that the Most High, whom Miriam and Hosea had described as of such Majesty, should care for him? But his people were many thousands, and God had not scorned to make them His own and to promise them great things. They were standing on the verge of destruction, and he, fresh from the enemy's camp, was perchance the only soul who understood how great was their peril.

A conviction suddenly came over him that it was he therefore, above all others, whose task it must be to warn the God of his fathers of the great danger which threatened His people, and to beseech him to save them. He, caring for the whole heaven and earth, the sun and the stars, had perhaps forgotten them. The lad was still standing on the top of the ruined tower, and from thence he uplifted his arms and face to Heaven.

To the north he saw the dark clouds which he had observed rising over the blue sky, suddenly part and roll asunder on either hand. The wind which had died away after sunrise, now gained force and swiftness, and soon rose to a storm again. It swept

across the isthmus in gusts which succeeded each other with increasing rapidity, carrying before it dense pillars of yellow sand.

He must cry aloud, very loud, if He whom he entreated was to hear him in high Heaven, and with all the strength of his young lungs he shouted against the storm:—

“Adonai, Adonai! Thou whose name is Jehovah, Thou Great God of my fathers, hearken unto me, Ephraim, who am but young and of no account, and whom, inasmuch as I am but nought, Thou hast not remembered. For myself I ask not, but the people whom thou hast called Thine are in great straits. They have left their safe dwelling and good pastures by reason that Thou hast promised them a better and a fairer land, and that they trusted in Thee and in Thy word. And now the host of Pharaoh is drawing near, and it is so great that our people can never withstand it. Believe me, it is so, Eli, my Lord. For I have seen it and have been in the midst of it, and as surely as I stand here I know that the Egyptians are too many for thy people. Pharaoh’s host will trample them under foot as the hoof of the ox tramples the grain on the threshing floor. And my nation, who are Thy people, are encamped in a place where the warriors

of Pharaoh can cut them off from all sides, so that there is no way left them by which they may escape; not one, for I have seen it from this spot. Hear me, O Adonai! But canst thou hear my cry, O Lord, in such a storm? Yea, surely Thou canst, for Thou art Almighty, and if Thou hear me and understand, Thou mayst, if Thou wilt, behold with Thine own eyes that I speak truth. Then remember, O Lord, and fulfill the promise Thou hast made to Thy people by the mouth of Thy servant Moses.

“I have seen treason among the Egyptians, and murder and base cunning, and their doings have filled me, who am but a simple lad, with rage and horror. And how shouldst Thou from whom all good things come, and whom Miriam names as Truth itself, deal with us even as those accursed ones do, and break Thy word and promise to Thy people who trust in Thee? I know, O Lord most High, that this is far from Thee, and perhaps it is sin only to think of it. Hear me, Adonai! Behold and look to the north upon the hosts of Egypt, which by this hour are leaving their camp and moving on; look to the south upon the peril of Thy people and how that they have no way of escape, and save and deliver them by the help of Thy might and great wisdom; for Thou hast promised

them a new land, and if they are utterly cut off how may they reach it?"

Thus he ended his guileless, untutored prayer, but it flowed from the depths of his heart.

Then he sprang away from the heap of ruins with wide leaps, across the desert at his feet, and ran on towards the south as swiftly as though he were again fleeing from captivity. He felt the rushing blast from the north-east driving him on, and thought how it would hasten the advance of Pharaoh's foot soldiers. The leaders of his people did not know perhaps how vast was the host which threatened them, and underestimated the danger of their position. He had seen it and could give them the fullest information. But he must hasten, fly, and he felt as though in this race before the storm his feet had really got wings.

He had soon reached the village of Pihahiroth, and as he fled through it without pausing for an instant, he perceived that man and beast had deserted the tents and dwellings. The inhabitants had no doubt found a place of refuge for themselves and their belongings, from the coming army or from the emigrant Hebrews. As he went on, the clouds grew darker, though rarely indeed was the sky overcast here at midday; and the wilder blew

the storm. His thick hair flew about his hot head, his breath came hard; still, on he sped, he felt as if his feet scarcely touched the ground at all.

As he got nearer to the sea the blast howled and shrieked, the waves, lashed to fury, beat in thunder on the rocks at the foot of the hill of Baal-Zephon. Now, within a short hour after leaving the ruins, he had reached the first tents of the encampment, and the familiar cry of "Unclean", "Unclean", as well as the mourning garb of the people whose disfigured faces looked out from the wreck of the tents beaten down by the wind, told him that he had come upon the lepers' quarters, placed by Moses outside the camp. Still, he was in such haste that he did not make a circuit, but ran straight on at his utmost speed. Nor did he pause till a tall palm tree, uprooted by the blast, came to the ground so close to him that its tuft of leaves swept him as it fell.

At last he was among the tents and penfolds of his own people, and many of these had likewise been overturned.

He enquired of the first man he recognised for Nun, the father of Joshua and of his deceased mother. He had gone to the seashore with Moses and the

Elders of the people, and Ephraim followed him thither, the moist salt air refreshing him and cooling his brow. Yet he might not immediately speak with him, so he collected his thoughts and recovered his breath, while he watched the Elders who were in discussion with a party of gaily-clad Phœnician boatmen.

He, being so much younger, was forbidden to disturb the venerable leaders of the people in their council, which evidently had reference to the sea, for the Hebrews were pointing to the head of the bay, and the Phœnicians waved their hands now towards the mountain and now to the sea, or the sky, or the north, whence came the still increasing storm.

A jutting wall sheltered the party of Elders from the hurricane, and yet they had great difficulty in keeping their feet, with the help of their staves and the stone-work behind them.

At last the discussion came to an end; the lad saw the gigantically tall figure of Moses slowly and majestically go down to the edge of the sea with some other leaders of the Hebrews, while Nun, supported by one of his herdsmen, toiled back to the camp against the wind with what speed he might. He wore a mourning robe, and whereas the others

looked glad and hopeful as they parted, his handsome face, with its crown and beard of white hair, wore a look of crushing and heartbreaking grief. When Ephraim spoke his name, he raised his bent head and seeing the lad before him, tottered backwards with surprise and misgiving, clinging tightly to the stalwart arm which upheld him. News had been sent to him of his son's and his grandson's terrible fate, from the freed slaves he had left behind him in Tanis. The old man had rent his garments, had strewn ashes on his head and put on mourning raiment, and broken his heart for his beloved and noble son and his promising young grandson!

Now Ephraim was before him in the flesh; and when he had laid his hand on the lad's shoulder and kissed him again and again, he enquired whether his son too was still in the land of the living, and remembered him and his people. As soon as the youth had assured him that he did, Nun laid his arm across his shoulders that he, his own flesh and blood and no stranger, might shield him from the violence of the storm.

He had a solemn and imperative duty to perform, from which no man might hinder him, but when the eager youth shouted in his ear above the roar of the hurricane, as they went back to the

camp, that he meant to gather together his shepherds and the young men of his tribe to rescue Hosea who was now called Joshua, the patriarch's vehement vigour was stirred, and clasping his grandson to his heart, he exclaimed that, old as he was, yet was he not too old to wield an axe and go forth with the young ones to deliver his son. And his eyes flashed through tears, while, with the arm that was free, he appealed to Heaven crying:—

“The God of my fathers in whom I have learned to trust watches over the faithful!—Do you see the sand over there at the head of the bay, the seaweed and the shells? Only an hour ago that was covered by water, foaming waves were dancing over the spot. That, boy, is the way deliverance lies; if this wind holds, the tide will ebb further still, so the Phœnician seamen assure us. Their god of the north wind, they say, is favourable to us, and their youths have lighted a fire to the God up there on the heights of Baal-Zephon. But we know that it is another God who hath opened a way for us into the desert. We were in sore straits, my son.”

“Yes, Grandfather,” cried the boy. “You were as a lion in a pitfall, and the Egyptian host is mighty and unconquerable; every man of that host have I seen march past from the first even to the last. I

flew as fast as my feet might bear me to tell you all how many heavy troops, archers, horses and chariots—”

“We know it, we know it!” interrupted the old man. “But here we are!” and he pointed to a tent completely blown in which some serving men were endeavouring to prop up, and close to it sat a very old Hebrew in a litter, Elishama, the father of Nun, wrapped in many robes.

Nun eagerly spoke a few words to him and led Ephraim forward. And then, while the lad fell on his great-grandfather’s neck to be caressed and embraced, Nun spoke with quite youthful spirit to the herdsmen and servants:—

“Let the tent fall, men! The storm has only done your task for you! Wrap the canvas about the poles, load the carts and beasts. Hasten now, you Gad, Samma, Jacob; help the others. The hour of our departing is at hand. Each man make haste to harness the beasts, saddle and load the asses with all speed. The Lord hath opened a way for us. In the name of the Lord, and by the commands of Moses, each must make ready for departing. Every man keep to the old order. We march first at the head of the host; then come the other

tribes, and after them the strangers; last of all the lepers and unclean. Rejoice all ye people, for our God is working a great wonder and making the sea dry land for us, his chosen people. Give thanks to Him while you labour, and entreat Him from the bottom of your hearts, that He will ever protect us. He who would not perish at the edge of the sword or be crushed under the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots, let him put forth his strength and forget to rest. We shall find rest as soon as we have escaped from this peril. Give me the tent cloth; I will roll it up myself. And do your part, boy. See the children of Manasseh yonder, they are packing and loading! Well done, Ephraim, you know how to use your hands! But there is yet much to be done. And my old head forgets. So much has come upon me at once!—Here, Raphu, you have swift legs; I took it upon me to give warning in the camp of the strangers. Hasten to them and bid them speed their departing, that they be not too far behind the people of Israel. Time is precious! O Lord our God, shelter thy people with thy protecting hand and drive the waters further and further back with the storm which is thy mighty breath!—The Almighty and All-knowing God, who sees into our hearts, shall hear——That is too heavy a burthen for you, Ephraim,

you will hurt yourself—No! the boy is a strong boy. Do as he does, and ye of Succoth, rejoice in the strength of your young master!”

The last words were addressed to Ephraim's shepherds, serving-men and women, most of whom had greeted him in the midst of their toil, had kissed his hand or his arm, and been glad at his home-coming. They were packing and loading, folding and fitting, and getting the beasts together which had been scared by the storm, with many blows and much outcry.

The men of Succoth were zealous to imitate their young master, those from Tanis to serve their master's grandson; the other herd-owners and humbler folk of the tribe of Ephraim, whose tents had clustered round that of Nun, their Elder, were all no less eager; and yet it was some hours before all the tents, the house-gear and the victuals for man and beast had found a place in the carts or on the beasts of burden, and the old, the sick, and the feeble were laid in litters and chariots once more.

The wild wind now and then brought up the sound of Moses' deep voice, or Aaron's lighter tones, to the spot where the Ephraimites were busy. Neither they nor the sons of Judah needed this to spur them; for Hur and Nahshon commanded these

last, and by the side of Hur stood Miriam, his newly wedded wife. With the other tribes and the strangers it was otherwise; and the stiff-necked and cowardly conduct of their leaders had resulted in much misery and confusion.

CHAPTER V.

It had been found to be impossible to break through the frontier lines of Etham and follow the nearest road to Palestine in a north-easterly direction; and the second plan proposed by Moses—that they should march round Migdol of the South, had likewise failed, for spies had reported that the garrison there had been strongly reinforced. Hereupon the multitude had assembled round the man of God and had declared that sooner would they return home with all their families, and appeal to Pharaoh's mercy, than suffer themselves, their wives and their children, to be butchered.

For many days it had been necessary to keep them back, but when fresh messengers brought word that Pharaoh was coming down on them with a mighty host, the time seemed to be at hand when the Hebrews, who were now in the greatest peril, must be urged to force their way onward. Moses had exerted the full weight of his commanding individuality, and Aaron all the powers of his per-

suasive eloquence, while old Nun and Hur had striven to infuse some of their own fiery spirit into the rest. But the terrifying tidings had broken the last remnant of courage and faith in most of the people, and they had already determined to send word to Pharaoh of their repentance; but the messenger whom they had despatched turned back declaring that the approaching army had orders not to spare a single Hebrew, but to teach even those who should pray for mercy, at the point of the sword, how Pharaoh would punish those who, by their magic arts, had brought death and misery on so many Egyptians. Thus had they learned too late that their return would lead them to destruction no less surely than a bold advance. But when, on this, the fighting men, led by Hur and Nun, had proceeded almost as far as Migdol of the South, they had turned and fled at the loud blast of the Egyptian trumpets; and by the time they returned to the camp, weary, dispirited and wroth, fresh and exaggerated reports of the might of Pharaoh's host had been brought to the Hebrews, and mortal fear and despair had fallen on even the bravest. Exhortation was cast to the winds; threats were laughed to scorn; and the rebellious multitude had forced their leaders onward till they had reached the shores

of the Red Sea, and its deep green waters compelled them to give up all further flight to the southward. So the people had encamped between Pihahiroth and Baal-Zephon, and here, once more, their chief had called upon them in the name of the God of their fathers. In the face of certain destruction, from which no human power could save them, they had been brought to lift their eyes to Heaven again; and in the soul of Moses pity and sympathy had revived more strongly for the hapless and much tried people who had come forth at his bidding. During the past night he had gone up into the mountain of Baal-Zephon, and there, amid the roaring of the storm and hissing flame of the lightning, he had sought and found communion with the Lord. And he had not wearied of laying before Him the evil plight of His people and beseeching Him to deliver them.

In that same hour had Miriam, the wife of Hur, gone down to the seashore to entreat the Lord likewise under a solitary palm-tree, for still she felt herself His chosen handmaid. She besought Him for the women and children, whose trust in Him had brought them to this pass. And she would fain have prayed for the friend of her youth who was now pining in fearful captivity; but as she fell on her

knees she could only say in a subdued and broken voice:

“Forget not Thou Hosea, whom I at thy word named Joshua, albeit he hath been less obedient to thy call than Moses my brother or Hur my husband! Forget not either young Ephraim, the grandson of thy faithful servant Nun.”

Then she went back to her husband’s tent, a chief’s tent, while many a humbler man, and many a poor terrified woman of the people, outside their wretched shelter or lying on a thin mat wet with tears, uplifted an anxious heart to the God of their fathers and commended to His care those whom they loved best. Thus, in this night of sorest need, the camp was a temple, in which high and low, chief and mother, master and slave, nay, even the afflicted leper, sought and found the Lord.

At last the morning had dawned when Ephraim had shouted his child-like prayer down the storm, and the sea was beginning to retire.

Then, when they beheld with their own eyes the miracle which the Most High had wrought for his chosen people, the most despairing and fearful became so many glad and hopeful believers. Not among the sons of Ephraim only, but among all the tribes, nay, and among the strangers and unclean,

their newly awakened and joyful confidence moved each one to prepare with all his strength for future journeying, and for the first time the multitude assembled without strife or jealousy, without fighting, curses and tears.

After sunset, Moses, staff in hand, and Aaron, singing and praying, led the way to the head of the gulf. The storm, which was raging as wildly as ever, had swept back the waters, and bore down the flames and smoke of the torches which were carried at the head of each tribe, from north east to south west.

Next to the two great leaders, on whom every eye was fixed with eager anticipation, Nun marched with the children of Ephraim. The sea-bottom on which they trod was firm, damp sand, on which even the cattle could safely cross as on a smooth highway, gently sloping towards the sea. Ephraim, who was regarded by his elders as the future head of his tribe, had, by his grandfather's desire, undertaken to be careful that the train of men and beasts should not come to a standstill, and to this end he had been entrusted with a chief's staff. The fishermen who dwelt in the huts which clustered at the foot of Baal-Zephon agreed with the Phœnician seamen in saying that, as soon as the moon had reached the

zenith, the waters would rise again to their old place, so no delay could be allowed. The lad gloried in the storm, and as his hair blew about his face, and he fought against the wind while he hurried to and fro in fulfilment of his task, this felt to him as a foretaste of the great enterprise he had in his mind.

Thus matters sped through the darkness which quickly followed on the twilight. The strong smell of the seaweed and fish left on dry land was pleasanter to the youth, who now felt himself a man indeed, than the sweet perfume of nard in Kasana's tent. Once the thought of her flashed through his mind; but indeed, during these times, he had had no time to think of her. His hands were quite full; here the seaweed must be cleared aside which a wave had left in the way; there the ram of a flock which hesitated to set foot on the moist ground, must be seized by the horns and dragged forward, or the oxen and beasts of burthen driven through a pool they were shy of. Many times he had to lend a shoulder to lift a heavily laden cart of which the wheels had sunk in the soft sand, and when, just as they were starting on this strange and momentous journey, even on the Egyptian shore, a dispute arose between two herdsmen as to which should have the lead, he promptly settled by lot which was to go

forward and which to follow. Two little girls were crying and refusing to cross a pool, while their mother's arms were occupied with her infant; he picked them up with swift decision and carried them across the shallow lakelet; and when a wheel came off one of the waggons, he immediately had it dragged out of the way, and by the light of the torches he made some of the serfs who were least heavily laden carry each a sack or a bale, nay and even pieces of the broken vehicle. He had comforting words for weeping women and children, and if the flare of a torch showed him the face of some youth of his own age, whose aid he hoped to secure for liberating Joshua, he hinted to him in a few spirited words that he had a bold deed in prospect which he purposed to achieve with the help of his friend.

The incense bearers, who had hitherto led the way, on this occasion closed the march, for the wind blowing from the north east would have driven the smoke in the face of the people. They stood on the Egyptian shore, and soon all the multitude had passed them by, excepting only the strangers and the lepers who came last of all. The foreigners were indeed a motley host, consisting of Asiatics of Semitic blood, who were fleeing from the forced

labour and cruel punishments which were inflicted on them by the law of Egypt; of dealers, who had found buyers for their wares among the thousands of wanderers; and even of Shasoo shepherds who had been hindered from crossing the frontier on their return home. With these Ephraim had much trouble, for they refused to leave the dry land until the lepers had been enjoined to remain at a greater distance from them; but even they were brought to submission by Ephraim with the help of the chief of the tribe of Benjamin, which marched last in front of them; for he warned them of the prophecy of the Phœnicians and fishermen, that the moon as it sank would bring the sea back to its old bed. Finally he persuaded the leader of the lepers, an intelligent Egyptian who had been a priest, to maintain at least half the distance that was demanded.

Meanwhile the tempest continued to rage with increasing fury; the roar and long-drawn shrieks of the wind, mingling with the thunder of the breakers and the duller moan of the surf, drowned the shouts of command, the wailing of the women, the bellowing and bleating of the trembling beasts and the whining of the dogs. Ephraim's voice was audible only to those nearest to him; many torches were extinguished and the rest kept alight with difficulty.

At length, when for some short space he had been walking behind the last of the lepers, going slowly to recover his breath and get a little rest, he heard his name called from the rear, and turning round beheld an old playmate who was returning from spying the enemy, and who, seeing the leader's staff in the lad's hand, shouted in his ear with panting gasps that Pharaoh's chariots were coming on in the rear of the Egyptian host. He had left them by Pihahiroth, and if they had not waited to let the other troops come up with them, they might at any moment overtake the fugitives. Thereupon he again pressed on to reach the leaders of the multitude. But Ephraim stood still a moment in the middle of the way, with his hand held to his brow; and great anxiety came down on his soul. He knew full well that the approaching army would overrun the women and children whom he had just seen in all their pathetic terror and helplessness, as a man treads down a file of ants; and again all his impulses urged him to prayer and from the depths of his oppressed heart the imploring cry went up into the night: .

“Eli! Eli! great God on High! Thou knowest, for I have told thee, and Thine all-seeing eye must behold in spite of the blackness of the night, how

sorely Thy people are beset whom thou hast promised to lead into a new land. Remember Thy word, O Jehovah! Be gracious unto us, God Almighty! Our foe is upon us with irresistible might! stay his steps! Save us! Deliver the women and the children! Save us and be merciful to us!"

As he prayed he had fixed his eyes on high and had espied the ruddy blaze of a fire on Baal-Zephon. This had been lighted by the Phœnicians to propitiate the Baal of the northwind in favour of the kindred race of Hebrews, and against the hated Egyptian nation.

This was friendly; but he put his trust in another God, and as he glanced again at the vaults of Heaven over which the black rack raced and gathered and divided again, and swept to and fro, he descried, between the parting clouds, the silver beam of the full moon already at its meridian. And fresh terror came upon him, for he remembered the predictions of the weather-wise seamen. If the flood should at this moment return to its bed, his people were doomed, for to the north of the gulf, where deep pools lay amid rocks and slimy mud there was no escape. If, within an hour, the waters should rise, the seed of Abraham would cease from the

face of the earth as writing on a wax tablet vanishes at the pressure of a warm hand.

But was not this people, doomed to destruction, the same which the Lord had called to be His own? And could He give them into the hand of the enemy which was His enemy also?

No! a thousand times no!

And the moon which was to cause the disaster had but a short time since aided his flight and been his friend. He could only hope and believe, and cling to his trust in God.

And as yet nothing was lost, not a single soul. If it came to the worst, the whole nation would not be destroyed; his own tribe which led the way, least of all; by this time many must have reached the further shore, more, probably, than he thought; for the little bay was narrow, and even the lepers, the last of the multitude, had already gone some distance over the moist sand.

He lingered behind everyone to listen for the coming of the enemy's chariots. On the shore of the gulf he laid his ear to the ground; and he could trust the sharpness of his hearing, for in this attitude he had often detected the distant tramp of beasts that had gone astray, or, when out hunting, had

heard the approach of a herd of antelopes or gazelles.

He, being the last, was in the greatest danger, but what matter for that? How gladly would he have given his young life to save the rest!

Since he had carried a chief's staff he felt that he had taken upon himself the duty of watching over his people; so he listened and listened, till at last he perceived a scarce audible thrill in the earth and then a faint rumbling. This was the foe; this must be Pharaoh's chariots; and how swiftly were the proud steeds rushing on!

He started to his feet as though a whip had stung him, and flew onward to overtake the rest.

How oppressively sultry the air had become, in spite of the raging gale which had extinguished so many of the torches! The clouds hid the moon, but the dancing fire on the highest peak of Baal-Zephon shone broader and brighter. The sparks which it cast up flew scurrying to westward, for the wind was veering to the east. No sooner did he perceive this than he hastened back to the youths who carried the censers behind the procession, and commanded them, in breathless haste, to refill the copper vessels, and take care that the vapour rose thick; for he

said to himself that the wind would blow it into the faces of the horses and make them refractory or stop them. No means seemed to him too humble, every moment gained was precious, and as soon as he had seen that the smoke from the censers was spreading in choking clouds over the track left by the advancing multitude, he ran on again, warning the elders as he came up with them that Pharaoh's chariots were not far behind, and that the people must hasten their march. Forthwith the host on foot, the bearers, leaders and herdsmen, collected their strength to proceed faster, and although the wind was every moment more decidedly against them, hindering their progress, they battled with it valiantly, and the fear of their pursuers doubled their energies.

The lad was like a sheep-dog watching and driving the flock, and the chiefs of the tribes looked kindly on him wherever he was to be seen; and as he made his way among the marching host, fighting onwards against the blast, the east wind brought a strange cry to his ears as the reward of his efforts. The nearer he came to it the louder it rose, and the more sure he was that it was a shout of triumph and gladness, the first that had been raised by Hebrew voices for many a long day. It revived the

youth like a cool draught after long thirst, and he could not refrain from shouting aloud and hailing those behind with a cry of "Saved! Saved!"

Several of the tribes had already reached the eastern shore of the gulf; it was they who sent up the shout of joy which, with the beacon fires they lighted along the shore, gave the rear of the host fresh courage and renewed their flagging strength. By the light of the blaze he saw the majestic figure of Moses on a hillock by the shore, stretching out his staff towards the waters; and this image was stamped on his mind as on that of every soul present, great and small, more deeply than any other, and inflamed the confidence in his heart. This man was verily the friend of God, and so long as he should hold up his staff the waves were spell-bound, and the Lord by his servant forbade them to return!

Ephraim need no more appeal to the Most High; this was in the hands of His great and sublime servant. But his own lesser duty of urging on one and another to the goal, he still must fulfil.

Back he flew to the lepers and the incense bearers, and to each division he shouted aloud "Saved! Saved! Hasten forward! The rod of Moses holds the waters back! Many have reached the

shore! Praise the Lord! Forward! forward! and you too may join the song! Fix your eyes on those two red fires! They were kindled by those who are delivered; between them stands the servant of the Lord uplifting his staff."

Then he again laid his ear to the ground, kneeling on the wet sand, and he heard quite near the rattle of wheels and the heavy tramp of horses. But even while he listened the sound gradually ceased, and he heard nothing but the howling of the storm and the ominous beating of the wild waves, or a cry now and then borne down on the east wind.

The chariots had reached the shore of the dry bed of the gulf, and paused some little while, hesitating before they started on so perilous a passage; then suddenly the Egyptian war cry rang out, and again he heard the rolling wheels. It came on more slowly than before, but yet faster than the Israelites could march.

For the Egyptians too the way lay open; but, though his people had but a small start, he need no longer fear for them; all was not lost; those who had reached the shore could scatter themselves during the night among the mountain solitudes, and ensconce themselves in spots where no chariot could

pursue them. Moses knew the land in which he had long dwelt as a fugitive. The only thing was to warn him of the approach of the foe. So he charged a comrade of the tribe of Benjamin with the message, for the distance was no longer very great, while he staid behind to watch the coming of the host. Without stooping to listen, and in spite of the gale which blew the sound from him, he could already hear the clatter of the chariots and neighing of the horses. The lepers, however, who likewise heard the noise, bewailed and wept, fancying themselves already trodden under foot or swallowed by the cold dark waters; for the way was fast shrinking, and the sea was greedy to recover the ground it had abandoned. Man and beast were forced to march in a narrower file, and while the hurrying troops packed closer and closer they also stretched out longer, and precious moments were lost. Those who walked on the right hand side were wading through the encroaching waves, in haste and terror, for already behind them they could hear in the distance the Egyptian words of command.

But the enemy was evidently delayed, and Ephraim easily understood what caused their diminished speed. The ground grew softer at every

step, and the narrow wheels of the war-chariots must sink deep in it, even to the axles.

Under cover of the darkness he crept back as near as he dared to the pursuing host, and he could hear now an oath and now an angry order to use the lash more freely; and at last one driver saying to his neighbour:

“What cursed folly! If they had suffered us to set out before noon instead of waiting till the omens had been read and Annas solemnly installed in the place of Baie, it would have been an easy matter enough, and we should have trapped them like a covey of quails. The High Priest has shown his valour on the field before this, and now he gives up the leadership because a dying woman has touched his heart!”

“Siptah’s Mother!” another put in. “Still you are right; twenty princesses ought not to have turned him away from his duty to us. If he had staid by us we should not have had to flay our jades alive, and at an hour too when any prudent Captain leaves his men to rest by the camp-fires over their supper and their game of draughts.—Go to the horses’ heads, man! we are sunk in the sand again!”

Thereupon a loud outcry arose behind the fore-

most chariot, and Ephraim could hear another voice exclaiming:

“Get on there, if the horses die for it!”

“If retreat were possible,” said the chief Captain of the war chariots, a relative of Pharaoh’s, “even now I would turn about. But as it is we should all tumble over each other. Go forward, cost what it may. We are close on their heels—Halt! Halt! Curses on that pungent smoke! Ah! wait, only wait, you dogs! As soon as the road opens out a little we will get round you, and may the gods shorten my life by a day for every soul I leave alive;—Another torch out. I cannot see my hand before my face. A beggar’s stick would be more to the purpose than a commander’s staff.”

“And a gallow’s rope about our necks instead of a gold chain,” cried another. “If only the moon would come out! It was because the horoscope promised that it would shine full from evening till dawn that I voted for the late march, turning night into day. If only it were not so dark I——”

But the sentence remained unfinished, for a blast, rushing down from the south eastern gorges of Baal-Zephon like a roaring beast of prey, swept over the speakers, and a rolling wave wetted Ephraim through and through. He shook back his hair and

dried his eyes as he recovered his breath; but behind a loud cry of terror went up from the Egyptians, for the surge that had but drenched him had swept the foremost chariot into the sea. At this the lad began to be alarmed for his people, and he flew forward; but as he started a flash of lightning showed him the gulf, the mountain, and the shore. The thunder did not immediately follow, but the storm soon came nearer; the lightnings, instead of cutting zig-zag across the sky, flared in broad sheets through the darkness, and before they died out, the deafening crack of the thunder echoed among the bare crags of the mountain-cliffs and rolled in deep angry waves of sound to the shore and the head of the bay. Sea and land, man and beast, all was flooded with the dazzling glare each time the destroying clouds discharged their bolts; the surging waves and the air above them gleamed in sulphurous yellow, through which the lightning blazed as through an olive-tinted glass wall.

Now too Ephraim thought he discerned that the heaviest clouds were coming up from the south and not from the north; and presently, by the lightning's gleam, he saw that behind him here a refractory team were plunging into the waves, there one chariot was overturning another, and beyond these

again several were locked together to the destruction of the drivers and the men at arms, while they checked the progress of those which followed.

Still, on the whole, the enemy was advancing, and the space dividing the fugitives from the pursuers grew no wider. However, the confusion that prevailed among the Egyptians was by this time so great that the cries of terror of the fighting men and the encouraging shouts of the drivers waxed louder and louder, in the intervals between the maddening roar of the thunder. But, black as were the storm-clouds to the south, fiercely as the wind raged, the darkened heavens shed no water; and though the pilgrims were wet, it was not with rain, but with the splashing waves which dashed higher and higher every moment, washing up further and further over the dry sand in the bay. The path was narrowing, the passing of the multitude was at an end. The blaze of the heavens still guided the frightened rear to the hoped-for goal, reminding them that there stood Moses with the staff lent him by God. Every step brought them nearer.

Presently a shout of triumph proclaimed that the tribe of Benjamin had reached the shore, though they waded through the foaming fringe of waters for some little distance. It had cost them unheard-of

efforts to save the cattle from the rising tide, to drag on the loaded carts, and keep the flocks together; but now they all stood in safety on dry land. Only the strangers and lepers remained to be rescued. The lepers, indeed, had not flocks nor herds; but the strangers had many, and the storm so terrified the people, as well as the cattle, that they dared not plunge into the water, which was not ankle deep. Ephraim however reached the land and called to the herdsmen from the shore to follow where he had passed, and under his guidance they drove the herds forward. This was successful; the last man, and last herd of cattle reached the land of safety under the raving storm amid loud shouts of joy. The lepers were forced to wade through waves up to their knees and even to their girdles, and before they had landed the gates of Heaven were opened and the rain fell in torrents. But they too were safe; and though many a mother who had been carrying her little one in her arms or on her shoulder, fell on her knees on the shore, though many a hapless wretch who had been helping his sturdier fellow sufferers to drag a cart through the yielding sands, or wade through the surf with a litter on his back, felt his head throb with fever, still, they too had escaped destruction.

They were to await further orders beyond a grove of palms which stood on some rising ground about a group of wells not far from the shore. The tribes had gone further inland to proceed on their way at a given signal; this was to take them in a south-easterly direction, into the mountain, where the inhospitable rocks prohibited any pursuit by a regular army or war chariots.

Hur had gathered his men about him, and they stood armed with spears, slings, and short swords, ready to fall on the foe who might venture to set foot on land. Men and horses should be cut down, and the chariots piled into a high barrier so as to erect a difficult obstacle in the way of the pursuers. The beacons on the shore were so diligently fed and screened that neither the rain nor the blast could extinguish them. They were to light the herdsmen who were prepared to attack the chariot-men, and old Nun, Hur, and Ephraim stood at their head. But it was in vain that they waited for the pursuers, and when the youth was the first to see by the glare of the beacon-fires that the way by which the fugitives had come was now one with the broad level of the sea, and that the smoke was driving to the north instead of the south west,—it was about the hour of the first morning watch—a shout of

triumph burst from his breast overflowing with thankfulness and joy:

“Look at the flames! The wind has changed; the sea is being carried northwards! The waves have swallowed up Pharaoh’s host!”

At this there was silence for a while in the multitude, and then, suddenly, Nun’s loud voice was heard:

“He is right, my children; vain is the strength of man! O Lord God! How terrible and fearful are Thy judgments on Thy foes!”

Here he was interrupted by a loud outcry. Out by the wells, where Moses, greatly exhausted, was leaning against a palm tree with Aaron and many others about him, the fact which Ephraim had first discerned was now observed by the rest; the glad and terrible tidings, incredible but true, flew from mouth to mouth, and each minute confirmed their certainty. Every eye glanced skywards; the black clouds were steadily sailing away to the northward. The rain was ceasing; instead of the angry flashes and the roar of thunder, a few pale gleams lighted up the isthmus and the northern lakes, and to the south the sky was clearing. At last the low moon looked out between the banks of cloud; its peaceful rays silvered the tall flanks of Baal-Zephon and the

shores of the gulf, now bathed once more in dashing waves. The raving and shrieking blast sank to a murmuring breeze from the south, and the waters, which had been as a raging monster besieging the rocks, now lay quivering with broken strength at the stony base of the mountain.

The sea spread a shroud, dark for a time, over those hundreds of corpses; but the pale moon, ere it set, took care that the watery grave of a King and so many great personages should not lack a splendid pall. Its radiance poured down on the waves that hid them, decking them with a glorious embroidery of diamonds in silver setting.

Whilst the east grew bright and the sky was red with dawn the tents were pitched; yet there was little time for a hasty morsel. Shortly after sunrise the chief called the wandering people together, and as soon as they had assembled at the springs, Miriam swung the tambourine, shook the circle of bells and struck the calf-skin till they sounded far and wide, and as she paced forth with a light step, the women and maidens followed her, keeping rhythmical time with the dance; and she sang:

“I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea!

The Lord is my strength and song! and he is become my salvation; he is my God and I will prepare him an habitation;

My Fathers' God, and I will exalt him! Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea—his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea.

The depths have covered them; they sank into the bottom as a stone.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power. Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.

And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee; Thou sentest forth thy wrath which consumed them as stubble.

And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together; the floods stood upright as an heap and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea.

The enemy said I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods?

Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?

Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed; thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation!"

Men and women alike joined in when she repeated the cry, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

This song and this solemn hour were never forgotten by the Israelites, and each one was full of his God and of glad, thankful hope for happier days.

CHAPTER VI.

THE song of praise had died away and the storm had long since ceased; yet the morning sky, which had been red at dawn, was again covered with grey clouds, and a strong wind still blew from the south-west, disturbing the lake and shaking and rocking the crowns of palms which stood by the wells.

The rescued people had extolled the Most High, and even the coldest and most perverse had joined in Miriam's hymn of praise; but as the procession of dancers approached the sea many would have gladly left the ranks and have hastened to the strand where many things attracted them.

Hundreds had now betaken themselves to the shore, where the waves, like generous robbers, disgorged and washed up on to the sand that which they had engulfed during the night.

Nor did even the women allow the wind to hinder them, for covetousness and revenge, the most

powerful instincts in the human breast, drew them to the shore.

Some new object appeared every moment to excite their greed; for here lay the corpse of a warrior, and there his overthrown chariot in the sand. From this, if it had been the possession of a great man, they tore the silver or golden ornaments; from the owner they took his short sword, or the battle axe out of his girdle, and men and women of the common class, the slaves and slave-women of the Hebrews and the strangers, robbed the bodies of their clasps and bracelets, which were of precious metal, or tore the rings from the swollen fingers of the drowned.

The ravens which had followed the wanderers, and which had disappeared during the storm, now returned, and were screeching and striving against the wind, at least to maintain a place above the booty, the scent of which had attracted them.

But far greedier than they were the dregs of the wandering host; and when the sea threw a costly article on shore a wild cry was raised, and hard blows exchanged. The leaders themselves kept back, for they considered that the Hebrews had a right to the spoil; and if one of them tried to prevent gross covetousness the people refused to obey him.

What the Egyptians had so lately brought upon them was so dreadful that it never entered the minds of the best of them to restrain their thirst for revenge. Many, even grey-bearded men of high position, and women and mothers whose appearance bespoke a kindly disposition, drove back the few unfortunates who had succeeded in reaching the strand on the wreckage of the war-chariots and baggage-waggons. With shepherds' crooks and travellers' staves, with knives and axes, or by throwing stones and with spiteful words they forced them to relax their hold on the floating wood; and the few who reached the land were driven by the furious mob back into the sea which had spared them in vain.

Their wrath was so great, and revenge such a sacred duty, that none dreamed of the respect, compassion and consideration due to misfortune; not a word was heard that could hint of magnanimity or pity, or even of the profit that might be gained by saving the rescued to be slaves, or as prisoners of war to be ransomed.

"Death to the arch-enemy!" "Destruction fall on them!" "Away with them!" "You drove us and our children into the sea, away with you into the salt waves!" "Give them as food to the fishes!"

These were the cries that were raised on every side and which no one checked, not even Miriam and Ephraim, who likewise had gone down to the shore to witness the tragedy that was being enacted there. Though the maiden was now the wife of Hur, her demeanour and character had been very little altered by her marriage. The fate of her people and her relations with her God—whose prophetess she felt she was, were still her highest thought; and now that all she had hoped and prayed for was being fulfilled, now that she had given expression to the feelings of the faithful in song, marching in front of the thankful multitude, she considered she had attained the summit of her existence.

Ephraim first had reminded her of Hosea, and while she spoke with him of the prisoner she walked proudly along like a queen, and answered the greetings of the people with majestic dignity. Her eyes sparkled with happiness, and her face wore only for a few minutes an expression of pity when the youth told her of the hardships he had endured with his uncle. Of course she still remembered the man she had loved, but he was no longer essential to the high aim of her life.

Ephraim had just mentioned the lovely Egyptian

woman who loved his uncle, and at whose petition the chains had been taken off the prisoners, when a loud cry was raised at a part of the shore where a great crowd had collected.

Howls of rage and cries of joy went up together, obviously caused by the fact that the sea had thrown up something particularly valuable. Curiosity attracted them both to the spot; and as Miriam's proud dignity caused the people to stand aside, she soon caught sight of the body of a travelling chariot which had lost its wheels, and of its pitiable contents. The linen canopy which had screened it was torn away, and lying on its floor were two elderly Egyptian women; a third much younger, lay against the back seat of the singular vehicle which had thus become a boat. The first two lay dead in the water that covered the bottom of the carriage, and several Hebrew women were in the act of tearing off the costly ornaments from the throat and arms of one of them. The younger woman had escaped death by a wonderful chance, and now she was offering her very precious jewels to the Hebrew women. At the same time with pale quivering lips and slender, half-benumbed hands, she was promising the robbers, in a soft harmonious voice, to give them all she had and a handsome reward in

money as well, if they would but spare her life. She was still so young, and she had been kind, very kind to a Hebrew;—if they would but hear her. This petition sounded appealing, though it was interrupted so frequently with curses and groans that little of it was audible. Just as Miriam and Ephraim reached the shore she screamed aloud, for a brutal woman tore the gold snake from her ear. The Egyptian girl's cry of anguish struck the youth like a sword thrust, and the colour left his face as he recognised Kasana's voice.

The corpses by her side were those of her nurse and of Baie's wife.

Ephraim, almost beside himself, thrust aside the men who separated him from their victim and hastened towards the remains of the chariot; sprang on to the sand-bank at the foot of which the vehicle was stranded, and cried with burning cheeks and impetuous passion:

“Back! Woe to those who touch her!”

But a Hebrew woman, the wife of a brickmaker whose child had died of frightful convulsions on the journey through the sea, had already snatched the dagger from Kasana's girdle, and had stabbed her in the back, with the cry:

“That is for my little Ruth, wretch!”

She raised the bloody poniard for a second blow; but before she could strike her enemy again, Ephraim rushed between them and wrenched away the knife. Then, standing in front of the hapless creature, he shouted in loud menace:

“Murderers and thieves! If one of you dares to touch her, his blood shall mingle with that of this woman!”

With these words he fell on his knees by the side of the bleeding victim, and, finding that she had lost consciousness, he lifted her in his arms and carried her to Miriam.

The startled plunderers for a few minutes suffered him to do as he would, but before he had gained his end, a cry was raised of:—“Vengeance! Vengeance! We found the woman, and the booty is ours alone!” “How dare the insolent Ephraimite call us robbers and murderers?” “When there is a chance of shedding Egyptian blood it shall flow!” “The Lord our God spares not, nor do we!”—“Seize him!” “Seize the girl!”

But the lad paid no heed to this outbreak of rage till Kasana’s head was resting on Miriam’s bosom where she was sitting on a sandhill near at hand; and then, as the angry crowd rushed upon

him, the women outstripping the men, he once more flourished his dagger crying:—

“Back! Hold off, I tell you once more. If there are any men here of Ephraim or Judah let them come to my side or to Miriam’s, the wife of their chief;—Well done my brethren! and woe to him who lays a hand on her; Vengeance, do you say? Are you not avenged by that hyæna who has murdered this poor defenceless creature? Your victim’s jewels?—Well, well, they are yours, and I will give you my own into the bargain so long as you leave the wife of Hur to care for the dying woman!”

He bent over Kasana, took from her person all she had about her of pins and rings, and placed them in the greedy hands stretched out to receive them. Then he took the broad gold band from his own arm, held it up and cried:

“This is the promised ransom. Go back quietly and leave this woman to Miriam, and you shall have it to share among you. If you insist on blood, come on,—but then I keep the bracelet!”

These words did not fail of their effect. The angry women looked first at the heavy, broad gold band, and then at the splendid youth and the men of Judah and Ephraim who had rallied round him; -

and then gazed enquiringly at each other. At last the wife of a foreign trader cried out:

“Give us the gold and we will leave the wounded darling to the chief’s son.”

The rest agreed to this decision, although the brickmaker’s furious wife, who meant to have done a deed pleasing in the eyes of her God by avenging her child, and had in consequence been branded as a murderess, still threatened Ephraim with frenzied gestures, till she was dragged away to the shore by the crowd who hoped to find fresh plunder there.

Through all the tumult Miriam, without a qualm of fear, had examined and bound up Kasana’s wounds with a skilful hand. The dagger, a gift in jest from Prince Siptah, that his fair one might not go forth to battle unarmed, had inflicted a deep stab under one shoulder, and she had lost so much blood that the feeble flicker of life seemed ready to die out at every breath. But she still lived, and she was carried into Nun’s tent as being the nearest at hand.

The old chief had just been giving out weapons to the herdsmen and youths gathered together by his grandson to go forth to liberate his beloved son, and had himself promised to join the expedition, when the melancholy party reached the tent. If

Kasana had admired the noble old man, so had Nun felt very kindly towards Hornecht's lovely daughter in the bygone years at Tanis. They had never met without her giving him some pretty greeting and he would reply to her: "The Lord bless thee my child," or "A happy day for an old man when he meets so sweet a maid."

Many years ago, while she still wore the curls of a very young girl, he had even given her a lamb with especially silky snow-white wool, after he had concluded a bargain with her father, exchanging some corn from Hornecht's land for steers of his own famous breed. And all his son had ever told him of Kasana had tended to enhance his regard for her. She seemed in his eyes the most loveable of all the maidens of Tanis, and if she had been the child of Hebrew parents it would have rejoiced him to see her married to his son.

To find his favourite again in so pitiable plight was so great a grief to the old man that the tears ran down on his snowy beard, and his voice shook when he saw the blood-stained bandage about her shoulder. As soon as she was laid on his couch, and Nun had placed his medicine chest at the prophetess's service, Miriam desired the men to leave her alone with the sufferer; and when she

called them back into the tent she had revived Kasana with some drug, and bound her wound with greater care. With her hair smoothly arranged and the blood all washed away, she lay between the fresh linen sheets like a sleeping child, hardly looking as if she had attained womanhood. And she still breathed, though the blood had not returned to her lips or cheeks, nor was it till she had again swallowed the mixture which Miriam had prepared for her that she opened her eyes.

At the foot of the bed stood the old man and his grandson, and each would fain have asked the other how it came to pass that he could not restrain his tears as he looked into the face of the stranger.

The conviction which Ephraim had so unexpectedly gained that Kasana was base and falsehearted, had revolted him and frightened him back into the right way which he had left. Nevertheless, he had kept all he had overheard in the tent locked in his own breast, and when he had told his grandfather and Miriam that Kasana had interceded kindly for the prisoners, and both had desired to learn more from him, he had felt as a father might who had witnessed the crime of a beloved son, and not a word of the horrors he had heard passed his lips. Now, he was glad he had kept silence; for in spite

of all he had seen and heard, this pure and lovely creature was surely incapable of anything dishonourable.

Old Nun had never ceased to think of her as the sweet child he had known so well, the delight of his eye and joy of his heart. He looked down on the quivering features with tender pity, and when at length she opened her eyes, he smiled at her with fatherly affection. The light in her eyes showed that she too at once recognised him and Ephraim, but when she tried to nod her head to them she was too weak. Still, her expressive face confessed her surprise and pleasure; and when Miriam for the third time offered her the draught and moistened her brow with some strong essence, she looked from one to another with her large eyes, and seeing their anxious gaze she was able to say in a low voice:

“This wound aches so, and death—Shall I die?” They glanced enquiringly at each other, and the men would very gladly have concealed the dreadful truth, but she went on:

“Oh, let me know; tell me the truth, I pray you!”

And Miriam, who was kneeling on the ground by her side, found courage to reply:

“Yes, poor young thing, the wound is deep; but all my art may do to save you shall be done, to preserve your life as long as possible.”

The words were spoken kindly and compassionately, and yet the prophetess's deep voice seemed to jar on Kasana's ear; her lips curled pitifully while Miriam spoke, and when she ceased, the sufferer closed her eyes and large tears flowed down her cheeks.

Deep and anxious stillness reigned, till she opened her eyes once more, and fixing them sadly on Miriam's face, asked, as if in amazement at something strange:

“You, a woman, are learned in the leech's art?”

To which Miriam replied:

“My God hath bidden me to care for the sufferers among my people.”

At this the dying woman's eyes sparkled uneasily, and she exclaimed in a stronger voice, indeed with a vigour which surprised her hearers:

“You are Miriam, the woman who sent for Hosea to go to her;” and when Miriam replied unhesitatingly and simply:

“As you say,” Kasana went on:

“And you are indeed of great and majestic beauty, and must be capable of great things!—He

obeyed your call—and you—you could nevertheless marry another?”

And again the prophetess answered, but in a gloomier tone:

“As you say.”

Then the dying woman closed her eyes again, and a strange, covert smile parted her lips.

But this was not for long; she became uneasy and restless. The fingers of her little hands, her lips, even her eyebrows, were never still, and her smooth, narrow brow was furrowed as though she had something weighing on her brain. At length the trouble which disturbed her peace found utterance and she said in quavering accents:

“You are Ephraim, whom he loved as a son, and you are Nun, the old man his father. There you stand, and you will live, while I—— Oh and it is so hard to leave the light of day— Anubis will lead me before the judgment seat of Osiris; my heart will be weighed, and then——” She shuddered violently, opening and closing her trembling hands; but she soon recovered herself, and began to speak once more. But Miriam positively forbade her, as it must hasten the end.

At this Kasana collected all her strength and

exclaimed quickly and as loudly as she could, glancing at Miriam from top to toe:—

“So you would hinder me from doing what I must do? You?!”

There was an accent of contempt in her tone; but she no doubt felt that she must husband her strength, for she went on more calmly, and as if speaking to herself:—

“But I cannot depart thus—not thus! How it happened, why I did it all—I must confess—and I will not complain if only he may know how it came to pass.—O Nun, good old Nun, who gave me, a lamb when I was yet but a child—I loved it so—and you, Ephraim, my boy, I will tell you everything.”

A painful cough here checked her utterance; as soon as she had recovered her breath she turned to Miriam again, and went on, in a voice so full of bitter aversion that it startled those who knew her kindly nature:—

“It is you—you tall woman, with a man’s voice and the learning of a leech—you who beguiled him from Tanis and from me. He went and came and did your bidding. And you—you became another man’s wife—it must have been after his coming; yes—for when Ephraim brought your message he

spoke of you as a maiden. Whether it was a grief to Hosea I know not— But another thing I know, and that is that I have somewhat to confess before it is too late—and none may hear it but those who love him, and I—do you hear?—I love him more than all else on earth!—You! you have a husband, and a God whose bidding you zealously obey—as you yourself have said. What is Hosea to you? I beg you to leave us. Very few have I met in my life to whom I could not feel kindly, but you I—cannot love, I know not why,—and if you remain near me I cannot speak!—But before you go—you are a physician—tell me one thing; I have so many things to say to him before I die—will it kill me if I speak?”

And again the prophetess found no reply but a brief: “As you say,” and her tone was one of stern warning.

Hesitating between the duty she owed to the sufferer as her physician, and her desire not to contravene the wishes of a dying creature, she glanced at old Nun, and reading in his face a command to yield to Kasana’s wish, she bent her head and quitted the tent. But as she stood outside, the poor soul’s bitter words came home to her and spoilt the day that had begun so gloriously,

aye, and many an hour after; and, to the last she could never explain to herself how it was that in the presence of that hapless dying woman a feeling had possessed her that she was the smaller, the inferior creature.

As soon as Kasana found herself alone with the grandfather and grandson, and Ephraim had fallen on his knees by the bedside while the old man, after kissing her brow, stood with his hoary head bent to hear her low tones, she began again:—

“Now I am easier. That tall woman—her knit black brows—her eyes as dark as night—they are fiery indeed, and yet so cold—that woman— Did Hosea love her, Father? Tell me, I do not ask out of idle curiosity.”

“He honoured her,” replied the old man in some trouble, “as do all our people. She is of a lofty spirit and our God vouchsafes to her to hear His voice.—But you, sweet one, were dear to him even as a child; that I know.”

A slight shudder ran through her frame. For a short space she closed her eyes and a blissful smile lighted up her face. This lasted so long that Nun thought that death had already claimed her, and he leaned over her, listening to her breathing with the draught in his hand. She did not seem to see him;

but when at last she looked up again, she put out her hand for the cup, drank from it, and then went on:—

“I felt as though he were there before me—Hosea himself. He wore his warrior’s dress, as he did the first time he took me on his arm. I was but a little child, and I was afraid of him because he looked so grave, and my nurse had told me that he had slain many enemies. But I was happy when he came, and when he went away I was sad. And years went on, and my love for him grew as I grew. My young heart was so full of him, so full—— Yes, even when I was compelled to marry another, and after I was a widow.”

The last words were scarcely audible, and she rested a while before she went on:—

“Hosea knows it well—only he does not know how anxious I was when he was in the field, and how I longed for him till he came home again. At last, at last he returned, and how glad I was to see him once more!—But he himself! That woman—Ephraim told me—that tall proud woman bid him go to Pithom. Yet he came back from thence, and then, O then—that was hardest of all to bear—he refused my hand when my father offered it—that—

ah, how it hurt me! I can no more—give me the cup again.”

Her cheeks had coloured slightly as she made this painful confession; and the old man, perceiving how quickly the efforts she was making were bringing her to the end, begged her to be silent. But she insisted on making use of what little time remained to her, and though a piercing pain and tormenting cough forced her to press her hand to her bosom, she went on:—

“Then I hated him; but not for long; and I never loved him more than when I went after the hapless prisoner—you know, boy.—And then came the dreadful, horrible time; the shameful things—but he must know it all that he may not despise me if he ever hears.—I never knew my mother, and there was no one to warn me—— Where shall I begin? Prince Siptah—you know him, Father—the bad man who will soon be lord over Egypt. My father is in a plot with him—Great Gods! I can speak no more!”

Terror and despair were painted in her face; but Ephraim broke in, and confessed with tearful eyes and a trembling voice all he had overheard by the tent that night and she confirmed it with assenting glances. When at last he spoke of the High

Priest Baie's wife, whose body had been thrown up on the strand by Kasana's side, she interrupted him in a low voice, saying:—

“She devised it all. She wanted her husband to be supreme in the land and govern even Pharaoh; for Siptah is no King's son.”

“Aye,” said the old man, only anxious to stop her speaking and to help her to tell all she wished to make known, “and as Baie raised him up, so can he overturn him. He, even more surely than his predecessor, will be the tool of the men who have made him King. I know Aarsu the Syrian, and if I am not deceived the time is coming when he will aim at seizing the reins of power in Egypt, torn as it will be by internal divisions, though he and his mercenaries have so far helped others to snatch them. But you, child, what prompted you to follow the army and that profligate traitor?”

Kasana's eyes gleamed more brightly again, for the question led directly to the matter of which she desired to speak, and she replied as clearly as her failing strength allowed:—

“It was for your son's sake—for love of him—to procure his release. Only the evening before, I had refused positively to go with Baie's wife.—But when I had seen Hosea once more, by the well, and

he—ah! he was so kind at last, and kissed my brow!—and I saw him in misery—alas, poor heart! I saw the best of men doomed to perish in disgrace and sickness— And when he went onward with chains on his feet it suddenly struck me—”

“Then, brave, foolish, misguided child that you are, you determined to win the devotion of the future King in order to secure the release of your friend, my son?”

The dying woman smiled and said softly:

“Yes, yes; for that, and that alone. And I loathed the prince.—And the disgrace, the shame—horrible, horrible!”

“So it was for my son’s sake that you endured it all,” cried the old man, interrupting her, and her hand which he pressed to his lips was wet with his tears, while she turned to Ephraim and sighed:

“And I thought of this lad too. He is so young and the mines so terrible.”

Again she shuddered. The boy covered her hand with kisses, while she looked tenderly in his face and his grandfather’s, and added:—

“Now all is well, and if the gods grant him freedom—”

Here Ephraim broke in:—

“We are setting forth this very day for the

mines. I and my comrades, and my grandfather will drive his keepers to the four winds—”

“And he shall learn from my own lips,” said Nun, “how truly Kasana loved him, and his whole life will be too short to thank her for such a sacrifice.”

His voice failed him. But every trace of trouble had vanished from the dying woman’s face, and she lay for some time gazing upwards in silent contentment. But then, by degrees, an anxious frown came on her brow, and she softly gasped out:—

“It is well—yes, all is well—but yet one thing—my body, unembalmed—with no holy amulets—”

And here Nun again interrupted her, saying:—
“As soon as we have closed your eyes I will deliver it, safely wrapped, to the Phœnician seaman who is close at hand, that he may convey it to your father.”

She tried to turn her head to thank him with a loving glance; but suddenly she clutched at her throat with both hands, dark blood rose to her lips, a bright flame tinged her cheeks and faded to dead white, and after a short and painful struggle she sank back. Death had laid his hand on the loving heart, and her face wore the look of a child’s whose mother has forgiven it some fault, and kissed it before it fell asleep.

Nun closed her eyes, weeping as he did so; and Ephraim, deeply moved, kissed the drooping lids; and after a few moments' silence the old man said:—

“I trouble myself very little about the life beyond the grave, of which even Moses knows nothing; but one who lives as she has lived must always survive in the faithful memory of those whom she loved; and she has done her part, it seems to me, to attain immortality. We will dispose of her body according to our promise, and then set forth to prove to him for whom Kasana gave all she had to give, that we love him no less well than the Egyptian woman.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE prisoners were making their way but slowly to the mines. Never in all his experience had the leader of the gang known a worse journey through the desert, more luckless in every way, and so beset with mishaps and hindrances.

One of his "Moles," Ephraim to wit, had made his escape; he had lost one of his faithful hounds; and after his gang had been terrified and drenched by such a storm as scarcely befel once in five years in all that thirsty tract, another overtook them on the following day—the same in which Pharaoh and his host had perished—even more violent and persistent than the first. The tempest had stopped their march, and after this second deluge some of the prisoners and men had sickened with fever from sleeping on the wet ground in the open air. Even the Egyptian asses, unaccustomed to the rain, had suffered from the wetting, and the best had been left to die on the way.

At last they had been compelled to bury two of

their comrades in the sand, and three more were so ill that they must be mounted on the asses that were left; thus the prisoners were forced to carry the provisions with which the beasts had been laden. In all his twenty-five years experience such a thing had never before happened to their guide, and he looked forward to severe reproof at home.

All this had a bad effect on the man's temper, though he was commonly regarded as the most lenient of his tribe; and Joshua, as the accomplice of the audacious rascal whose escape was the beginning of all these vexations, was the chief victim of his wrath. Angry as he was, the leader of the gang might perhaps have dealt more mercifully with him if he had bewailed his lot like the man next behind him, or cursed as loudly as his companion in chains, who spent his breath in threats of a time coming when his sister-in-law would be in attendance on Pharaoh, and when she would find some way to punish the man who had ill treated her dear sister's husband.

But Hosea had made up his mind to take all the rough driver and his men could do him with as calm submission as the scorching sun, which had tortured him many a time ere this during his marches under arms across the desert; and his manly

spirit and strong will helped him to keep his resolution. When the driver loaded him with a monstrous burthen he collected all the strength of his powerful muscles and tottered forward under it without a rebellious word till his knees gave way; and then his tyrant would fly at him, snatch a few bales from off his shoulders, and declare he knew all the wickedness of his heart, and that all he hoped for was, that he might have to be left on the way and so bring his driver to further trouble; but he would not let his prisoners cheat him of their lives when hands were needed in the mines.

Once the man inflicted a deep wound; but he was immediately most anxiously careful that it should be healed, gave him wine to strengthen him, and delayed the caravan for half a day that he might rest.

He had not forgotten Prince Siptah's promise of a splendid reward to the man who should bring him news of this prisoner's death; but he was an honest man, and it was this very promise which prompted him to watch with special care over Joshua's life; for the consciousness of having neglected his duty for any personal profit would have spoiled his appetite for meat, drink and sleep, the three blessings he most prized. Hence, though

the Hebrew had much to suffer, it was not beyond endurance; and it was a real pleasure to be able to lighten the woes of his weaker comrades by exerting his own great strength.

He had resigned his fate to the God who had called him to serve Him; but this service, he knew, was something more than mere pious trust; and day and night his mind was set on flight. But the fetters which linked him to his fellow victim were so firmly rivetted and so carefully examined and hammered night and morning, that any attempt at escape must only have ended in more cruel misery.

The prisoners were conducted first across a hilly country and then towards a long range of mountains lying in front of them, till they reached a desert tract where weather-worn boulders of sand-stone stood up at intervals from the rocky ground.

On the fifth evening the gang stopped to rest by a lofty mountain which Nature seemed to have piled up out of flat layers of stone; and at sunrise, on the sixth morning, they turned off down a valley leading to the mines.

They had overtaken no one since, on the first day, they had come up with a messenger from the King's Treasury. They had, on the other hand, met

several small caravans, conveying malachite, turquoises and copper to Egypt, as well as the green glass manufactured in the neighbourhood of the mines.

Among a party whom they met at the opening of the gorge into which they diverged on this last day, were a married couple, on their way homeward, having been pardoned by the King. The driver pointed to them, to raise the spirits of his exhausted "moles", but the sight of them had quite an opposite effect; for the man's unkempt hair was already grey, though he was hardly past thirty, his tall figure bent and haggard, and his bare back striped with many scars and clotted blood, while his wife, who had shared his fate, had gone blind. She sat huddled on an ass in the brooding melancholy of mania; and although the prisoner gang as they marched past, loudly broke the silence of the desert, and her hearing was as sharp as ever, she paid no heed to them, but stared unmoved into vacancy.

The sight of these hapless wretches held up his own hideous fate as clearly as a mirror before Hosea's eyes; for the first time he groaned aloud, and clasped his hands over his face. This the driver noticed, and touched by the horror of a man

whose powers of endurance had till now seemed indomitable, he cried to him:

“But they do not all return like this; not indeed like this!”—“Because they are even more utterly wretched,” he thought to himself. “But that poor fellow need not know that. Next time I come this way I will remember to ask for Hosea, for I shall be curious to know what will become of such a bull of a man. The strongest and most determined often are the quickest to perish.”

At this he flourished his whip over the heads of his gang as if he were driving a team of horses, without touching them, however. Then he pointed to a cloud of smoke rising from behind a wall of rock on the right hand and said:—

“There are the smelting furnaces. We shall be in by midday. There is no lack of fires here to cook our lentils, and a bit of sheep’s flesh into the bargain, for we are keeping the Kind God’s birthday, the son of Ra. Long may he live! Hail and good health to him!”

For half an hour longer they toiled along the dry bed of a torrent, with high banks on each side; after the storm a roaring mountain stream had rushed down this gully to the lower ground, and

even now a few pools were exhaling their moisture. When the melancholy train had made their way round a steep shoulder of rock, on the top of which stood a small Egyptian temple to Hathor and a considerable number of grave-stones, they found themselves close to a bend in the ravine which led to the gorge where the mines lay.

Flags were waving from tall masts in front of the temple, in honour of Pharaoh's birth-day; and when presently a noise came up from the valley, usually so silent, of shouts, and tumult, and clatter, the driver expressed his opinion that the high festival was being kept by the prisoners with unwonted jollity, saying so to the other guards who had paused to listen.

So they moved forward without delay; but no man held up his drooping head, for the noon-day sun was so relentlessly cruel, and the sides of the ravine, dazzling with the glare, poured down such fierce heat that it seemed as though they were striving to out-do the smelting furnaces.

Though so near their journey's end the wanderers tottered forward as if in sleep, and one alone held his breath with excitement. As a war-horse harnessed to a plough arches his neck and dilates his nostrils,

while the fire sparkles in his eye, so had Joshua drawn up his stooping form in spite of the heavy sack across his shoulders, and his flashing gaze turned to the spot whence the uproar came which the driver supposed to be loud revelry. But he, Joshua, knew better. He could never mistake the sounds which he heard. It was the battle-cry of Egyptian troops, the trumpet-call to summon them to arms, the clatter of weapons and shouting of hostile parties.

Ready at once for swift action, he addressed his comrade in chains and whispered his commands. "The hour of release is at hand. Keep your eyes open, follow me blindly."

At this the other too was greatly excited, and no sooner had Hosea looked down the ravine than he said, "Now! Be ready!"

The first glance into the little gorge had revealed to him a figure standing on the top of a cliff, and a noble head framed in white hair. It was his father. He would have known him among ten thousand, and from a much greater distance. But he looked away from that beloved face for a moment to glance at the driver of the gang, who stood still, startled and speechless; and then, thinking that a mutiny had broken out among the State-prisoners, with

quick presence of mind he cried in harsh accents to his subordinates:—

“Get behind our prisoners and kill any one who attempts to escape.” But hardly had the men done his bidding and gone to the rear, when Hosea whispered to his companion: “Now, down with him!”

With these words the Hebrew, who, with his fellow captive, was at the head of the file, rushed on the driver, and Joshua had seized his right arm and the other man his left, before he was aware of it.

He was a stalwart fellow, and rage doubled his strength; he struggled wildly to free himself, but Joshua and his comrade held him in a grip of iron.

One glance had been enough to show the captive warrior which way he must go to reach his own people. He would have to pass a small force of Egyptian bowmen who were shooting their arrows at the Hebrews on the opposite side of the ravine; but the enemy would not dare to turn on them, for the sturdy form of the slave driver served to screen them both, and he was easily recognisable by his dress and weapons. “Hold up the chain with one hand,” said Joshua to his accomplice. “I can hold

our living shield. We must get up the shoulder of the hill crab-fashion."

His companion obeyed, and when they came within arrow-shot length of the foe they held their prisoner, first on one side and then walking backwards, between themselves and the Egyptians. Thus Joshua made his way, step by step, towards the Hebrew fighting men, shouting in ringing tones:—"The son of Nun is returning to his father and his people!"

None of the Egyptians who recognised the Captain of the prison-gang, had dared to let fly a shaft at the escaped prisoners; and now, from the top of the slope which the fettered couple were climbing backwards, Joshua heard his name called in joyful accents, and at the same moment Ephraim and his company of youthful combatants came flying down the hill to meet him.

To his astonishment the warrior saw in the hands of every son of his people a large shield as of an Egyptian foot-soldier, a sword, or a battle axe. But many still wore at their girdle the herdsman's sling and bag of pebbles.

Ephraim was their leader, and before he greeted his uncle, he ranged his men in two ranks like a

double wall between Hosea and the enemy's archers. Not till then did he give utterance to the joy of meeting; and another glad greeting followed his, for old Nun was safely led to the wall of rock under cover of those large Egyptian shields which the sea had cast on shore; and then, under shelter of the cliff, strong hands filed off the fetters which bound Joshua and his comrade, while Ephraim, aided by a few others, bound the driver captive. The unfortunate officer had given up all resistance and let them do what they would, passively resigned. Before they tied his hands behind his back he only begged to be allowed to wipe his eyes, for the tears were coursing each other down the stern man's cheeks and on to his grey beard; tears of vexation at finding himself outwitted and overpowered, and unable to fulfil his duty.

The old Hebrew clasped his redeemed and only son to his heart with passionate affection. Then releasing him from his embrace, he stepped back a few paces and would never have tired of feasting his eyes on Joshua, and of hearing that, faithful to his God, he would henceforth devote himself to the service of his people.

But it was not for long that they might allow themselves to revel in the joy of this happy meeting;

the battle was still to be won, and Nun, as a matter of course, transferred his command to Joshua.

With thankful gladness, and yet not without a pang of regret, Joshua heard of the end which had overtaken the fine army among whose Captains he had long been proud to reckon himself; and he rejoiced to learn that another company of armed shepherds had gone under the leadership of Hur, Miriam's husband, to surprise the turquoise mines at Dophkah at about an hour's march further to the South. If they were victorious they were to rejoin the young men under Ephraim before sundown.

These ardent spirits were burning to fall upon the Egyptians once more; Joshua, who was prudent, and who had reconnoitred the foe, had indeed no doubt that they would succumb to the fierce herdsmen, who far outnumbered them. But he was anxious to avoid bloodshed in this fight which was being waged for his sake, so he desired Ephraim to cut him a plummy leaf from the nearest palm-tree, borrowed a shield, and went forward alone to speak with the enemy, waving his symbol of peace. The chief body of the Egyptians were guarding the entrance to the mines, and recognising the token which invited a parley they desired their captain to meet Joshua. This officer was nothing loth to grant

the Hebrew an interview, but he would first make himself acquainted with the contents of a letter which had just been delivered to him, and which must contain evil tidings, for that much could be gathered from the messenger's demeanour, and from a few broken but ominous words which he had murmured to his fellow Egyptians.

While some of Pharaoh's soldiers fetched refreshment for the exhausted and travel-stained runner, listening with horror to the tidings he panted out in hoarse accents, the officer read the letter.

His brow darkened, and when he had ended he clutched the papyrus fiercely in his hand, for it announced nothing less than the destruction of the army, the death of Pharaoh Menephtah and, moreover, that his eldest surviving son had been proclaimed and crowned as Seti the second; an attempt on the part of Prince Siptah to possess himself of the throne, having completely failed. This Prince had fled to the marsh-lands of the Delta, and the Syrian, Aarsu, after deserting him and ranging himself on the side of the new King, had been raised to the command of the whole army of mercenaries. Baie, the High Priest and Supreme Judge, had been deprived of his offices by Seti II., and banished

from Court. Those who had conspired with Siptah were condemned, not to the copper mines but to the gold mines of Ethiopia. It was also reported that several women attached to the family of the fugitive usurper had been strangled, certainly his mother. Every fighting-man who could be spared from the mines was to return forthwith to Tanis, as there was need of men for the newly constituted legions.

These tidings produced a great effect; for after Joshua had communicated to the Egyptian Captain the fact that he too knew of the destruction of the Egyptian Host, and in a few hours expected fresh reinforcements who had meanwhile been sent to reduce Dophka, the Egyptian surrendered to his imperious tone, and only sought favourable terms and leave to depart. He knew only too well how weak was the force in charge of the turquoise mines, and that he could look for no succour from headquarters. Besides this, the person of the envoy captivated his confidence; so after many excuses and threats he expressed himself satisfied with Joshua's permission to withdraw the garrison unharmed, with their beasts of burthen and provisions for the journey. This, to be sure, was not to be granted till they had laid down their arms and

shown the Hebrews every entrance to the mines where prisoners were working.

The young Hebrews proceeded forthwith to disarm the Egyptians, who were more than twice their number, and many a veteran's eye was moist, while many an one broke his spear or snapped his arrows, cursing and swearing the while: and some of the older men who had formerly served under Hosea and now recognised him, raised their fist and railed at him for a traitor.

It was always the refuse of the troops which was sent on service in this wilderness; most of the men were stamped with traces of evil-living, and their faces were hard and cruel. On the banks of the Nile those were carefully chosen who made ruthless brutality to the helpless their duty.

At last the mines were opened, and Joshua himself seized the miners' lamp and made his way into the sweltering galleries where the State prisoners, naked and loaded with fetters, were hewing out the copper ore. From a distance he could hear the swallow-tailed picks hacking at the hard rock. Then the miserable wailing of men and women in torment fell on his ear, for barbarous drivers pursued them into these depths and goaded the idlers to bestir themselves.

This morning, as being Pharaoh's birthday, they had all been driven to the temple of Hathor, up on the cliff, to pray for the king who had cast them into this uttermost wretchedness; and they would have enjoyed a respite from labour till next morning if it had not been for this unexpected attack; but the chief overseer had compelled them to return underground. Indeed, even the women were all employed in digging, though, as a rule, their tasks consisted only in crushing and sifting the ore which was used in the manufacture of glass and of dye-stuffs.

When the victims heard Joshua's footstep echoing from the bare rock-wall, they feared lest some new torment should be coming upon them, and their cries and lamentations were heard on all sides. But the deliverer had soon reached the first of the toilers, and the glad tidings that he had come to put an end to their wretched lot was soon repeated to the furthest depths of the caverns. Wild shouts of joy filled the galleries long used to wailing and tears; but loud cries for help, groaning and a death-rattle also fell on Joshua's ear, for one hot-headed victim had turned on the driver of his gang and killed him with a blow of his pick. His example fired the vengeance of the others, and before they

could be stopped the rest of the overseers had met the same fate. Not without defending themselves however, and many a prisoner lay dead by the corpse of his tormentor.

In obedience to Joshua's call the liberated throng at length made their way out to the light of day. Wild and harsh indeed were their shouts, mingling with the clatter of the chains they dragged behind them. And the most stout-hearted among the Hebrews, when they saw this troop of despairing wretches in the broad sunshine, shrank from the sight. Many of these helpless creatures had, in former times, enjoyed every earthly blessing in their own homes, or in the King's palace; had been loving fathers and mothers; had rejoiced in their power for good, and had had their part in all the fruits which culture could bestow on a gifted people; and now their weak and blood-shot eyes, though they glittered at first with the tears brought into them by the sudden change from the night of the caverns to the glare of the midday sun, presently flashed with a wild and greedy gleam like those of starving owls.

In their first bewilderment and consternation at the amazing change in their fortunes they tremulously struggled for composure, and suffered the

Hebrews, at Joshua's bidding, to file off the fetters from their ankles; but they soon caught sight of the disarmed soldiers and overseers, who were ranged under a wall of rock under the eye of Ephraim and his followers, and a strange impulse came over them. With a yell and a shriek for which there is no name, and which no words could describe, they tore themselves away from the men who were trying to remove their chains, and without a word or a sign of mutual agreement, rushed with a common instinct, heedless of their metal bonds, on the helpless wretches. Before the Hebrews could stay them each fell on the one who had treated him most cruelly; and here a famished creature gripped the foe who had been his master by the throat, while there a herd of women, stripped of all clothing and horribly disfigured by want and neglect, flew at the man who had most brutally insulted, beaten and injured them, and wreaked their long repressed fury with tooth and nail. It was as though a sudden flood of hatred had broken down the dam and was ravening unchecked for its prey.

There was a frantic attack and defence, a fearful and bloody struggle on the shifting, red sandy soil, an ear-splitting chorus of shrieks, wailing and yells; indeed it was hard to distinguish anything in

the revolting medley of men and women which became more and more inextricably tangled as it was aggravated on one side by the wildest passions and a desire for revenge which was sheer blood-thirstiness, and on the other by the dread of death and strenuous instinct of self-defence.

Only a few of the prisoners had held back, and even they shrieked encouragement to the rest, reviled the enemy with excited vehemence, and shook their fists. The rage with which the released victims now fell on their tormentors was as unmeasured as the cruelty under which they had suffered.

But it was Joshua who had disarmed the tyrants; they were therefore under his protection. He ordered his men to separate the combatants and if possible without bloodshed; this was no easy matter, and many a fresh deed of horror was inevitable. At last it was done, and now it could be seen how strangely passion had lent strength to the most exhausted and wretched, for though no weapons had been used in the struggle, not a few corpses lay on the arena, and most of the guards and overseers were bleeding from ugly wounds.

When peace once more reigned, Joshua de-

manded of the Captain of the little garrison a list of the prisoners in the mines; but he himself was wounded and pointed to the clerk of the works who had not been laid hands on. He, who had been their leech in case of need and had always treated them kindly, was a man of some age who had known sorrow himself, and knowing what suffering means had always been ready to alleviate it in others.

He very willingly read out the names of the captives, among whom were several Hebrews, and, after each had answered to the call, most of them expressed themselves ready to go with the departing tribes.

When at length the disarmed soldiers and guards set forth on their homeward way, the driver who had brought Joshua and his fellow prisoners to the mines went up to old Nun and his son with a crest-fallen air, and begged to be allowed to remain with them; for no good could be in store for him at home, and in all Egypt there was no God so mighty as their God! He had not failed to observe that Hosea, who had himself once been the Captain of thousands, had ever in the greatest straits uplifted his hands to that God, and such fortitude as the Hebrew had shown he had never before seen. Now

indeed he saw and knew that that mighty God had overwhelmed Pharaoh and his host in the sea in order to save His people. Such a God was after his own heart, and he desired nothing better henceforth than to abide with those who served Him.

Joshua gladly consented to his joining himself to them, and it was found that there were fifteen Hebrew prisoners, among them, to Ephraim's great joy, Reuben, the husband of Miriam's devoted and heartbroken ally, Milcah. His reserved and taciturn manners had stood him in good stead, and the hardships he had endured seemed to have had little effect on his strong frame.

A triumphant sense of victory and the joy of success had come over Ephraim and his youthful army; but when the sun had set and no sign yet appeared of Hur and his followers, Nun began to feel some alarm. Ephraim had just declared his intention of sallying forth with some of his comrades in search of tidings, when a messenger arrived announcing that Hur's fighting-men had lost courage on beholding the efficient defence of the Egyptian stronghold. Their leader had vainly urged them to storm it; they had shrunk from the venture, and if Nun could not go to their support they must return ingloriously.

It was at once determined to succour the timorous troop. The Hebrews set forth in high spirits, and on their march through the refreshing night, Ephraim and Nun related to Joshua how Kasana had been found and had died. All she had desired them to tell the man she loved they now made known to him, and it was with deep emotion that the soldier heard it all, marching on in silent thought till they reached Dophkah, the valley of the turquoise-mines, in the midst of which towered the fortress, surrounded by the huts of the captive miners.

Hur and his men remained in ambush in an adjoining valley, and when Joshua had told off all the Hebrew force into several divisions, assigning a task to each, at day-break he gave the signal for the onslaught. The little garrison was overpowered after a short struggle, and the fortress seized. The Egyptians were disarmed, as those at the copper mines had been, and sent off homewards. The prisoners were released, and the lepers, whose encampment was in another valley beyond the mines, and among them those who had been sent hither by Joshua's desire—were permitted to follow the conquerors at a fixed distance.

Joshua had succeeded where Hur had failed, and before the younger men departed with Ephraim,

their leader, old Nun, called them together and then returned thanks to the Lord. Those likewise who were under Hur's command joined in the thanksgiving, and when Joshua presently appeared, Ephraim and his comrades hailed him with loud acclamations.

"Hail to our Captain!" was shouted again and again as they went on their further way. "Hail to him whom the Lord hath chosen to be His sword! Him will we follow and obey; through him our God shall give us the victory!"

Hur's followers also joined in the cry, nor did he forbid them; nay, he had thanked Joshua for storming the strongholds, and expressed his gladness at seeing him free once more.

When they set forth, Joshua, as the younger, drew back to let the elder man take the lead; but Hur had begged Nun, who was much older than himself, to march at the head of the little host, although after the escape of the people, on the shore of the Red Sea, he had been named the chief Captain of the Hebrew fighting men, by Moses and the elders of the tribes.

Their way led them first through a level valley. Then they mounted and crossed a pass over the ridge, this being the only road by which there was any communication between the mines and the Red

Sea. The rocky scene was wild and desolate, the path steep and hard to climb. Joshua's aged father, who had spent his life in the plains of Goshen and was unaccustomed to mountain-walking, was carried by his son and grandson amid much glad shouting from the others; and Miriam's husband, who led his men in the rear of Ephraim's troop of comrades, as he heard their joyful cry, climbed after them with a bowed head and eyes fixed gloomily on the ground.

At the top they were to rest, waiting for the main body of the Israelites, who were to be led through the Desert of Sin towards Dophkah.

From the top of the pass the victorious troop looked out for the wandering tribes, but as yet nothing could be seen of them. But as they gazed back on the mountain path by which they had come, the scene was so grand and beautiful that it attracted every eye. At their feet lay a cauldron-shaped valley enclosed by high precipices, ravines, peaks and pinnacles, here white like chalk, there raven-black, grey and brown, red and green, growing as it were, from the sandy base and pointing to the deep-blue heaven, the vault of dazzling light that bent over the desert unflecked by a cloud.

All was barren, desolate, silent, dead. Not a blade, not the humblest growth clung to the sides

of the many-coloured cliffs which shut in the sandy abyss. No bird, no worm nor beetle even, stirred in this still region hostile to life. The eye could nowhere see anything to suggest human existence, or the tilth and handiwork of man. God, it seemed, had created this grand scene unfit for any earthly being, for Himself alone. The man who made his way into these wilds trod a spot which the Most High might have chosen for a retreat and rest, like the silent and unapproachable inner sanctuary of the temple.

The younger men had gazed speechless on the wondrous picture at their feet. Then they lay down on the ground, or did their best to be serviceable to old Nun, who loved the companionship of the young. He was soon reclining in their midst under a hastily contrived awning, and relating with sparkling eyes his son's achievements as Captain of the Egyptians.

Joshua and Hur, meanwhile, were standing together on the highest point of the Pass and gazing down into the desolate valley of rocks, which, surrounded by columns and pillars of God's own hewing, and vaulted over by the blue dome of Heaven, appeared to each as the most stupendous of temples.

The elder kept his eyes fixed gloomily on the ground, but suddenly he broke the silence saying:

“It was at Succoth that I built a heap and cried upon the Lord to be witness between us two. But in this place, and in this stillness, it seems to me that we are certain of the Presence without sign or token.” He raised his face to Heaven and went on: “And I lift up mine eyes to Thee, Adonai, I send up my humble words to thee, O Jehovah, Thou God of Abraham and our fathers, that Thou mayest again be witness between me and this man whom thou callest to be thy servant and the sword in Thy right hand!”

He spoke the words loudly, with eyes and hands upraised to Heaven. Then he turned to his companion and said with solemn gravity:

“And I ask thee, Hosea, son of Nun, dost thou remember the witness borne by thee and me by the stone at Succoth?”

“I do remember it,” was the answer, “and in bitter ill fortune and great dangers I have learnt what the Most High requires of me. I am ready to devote such strength of soul and body as he hath vouchsafed to me to Him alone, and to His people, which is my people. Joshua, henceforth, be my name. I seek no further help, neither from the Egyptians nor from any other strange folk, for it

was the Lord our God who gave me this name by the mouth of thy wife."

Hereupon Hur broke in with earnest words:—

"This is what I looked to hear; and inasmuch as in this place also the Most High is a witness between me and thee, and heareth our present speech together here, lo, I fulfil that which I have vowed. The elders of the tribes, and Moses, the servant of the Lord, called me to be chief Captain over the fighting-men of Israel. But now thou art Joshua, and hast sworn to serve none other but the Lord our God. Likewise I know that as the Captain of our host thou canst do greater things than I, who have grown grey tending herds, or than any other Hebrew be he who he may; therefore do I perform my vow at Succoth. I will require of Moses, the servant of the Lord, and of the elders of the people that they give thee the office of Captain of the host. I leave the decision in thy hands; and inasmuch as I know that the Lord readeth the heart, I hereby confess that I had evil thoughts of thee in mine. But for the good of the people I will forget all strife between us, and I give thee my right hand in token thereof!" He held out his hand as he spoke, and Joshua grasped it, replying with generous frankness, "These are the words of a man, and so likewise

shall mine be. For the people's sake, and the cause we both serve, I accept the offered sacrifice. And inasmuch as you solemnly called the Lord to witness who likewise heareth me, I will speak the truth in every thing. The office of Captain of the host of Israel which you will lay upon me, I was called to by the Lord Himself. The call came to me by the mouth of Miriam your wife, and mine it is by right. Yet, that you should be willing to yield your own dignity to me I take as a noble deed; for I know full well how hard it is for a man to resign power, most especially in favour of a younger man who is not dear to his heart. This you have done, and I thank you. And I too have had evil thoughts of you, for through you I lost another blessing which a man finds it harder to give up than his office—the love of a woman.”

Hereupon the blood mounted to Hur's face and he exclaimed:

“Miriam! I never forced her to marry me. Nay, without my paying for her even, after the manner of our fathers, she became my wife of her own free will.”

“I know it,” replied Joshua calmly. “Still, another than you had loved and wooed her longer and more fervently, and the fires of jealousy burn fiercely.

But have no fears. If you were now to get a bill of divorce and bring her to me that I should open my arms and tent to her, I should say: wherefore have you done this thing to yourself and to me?—For I have just now learnt what the love of woman is and can do, and I was mistaken when I believed that she loved me as hotly as I loved her. Yea, and in the course of my wanderings with fetters on my feet, in grief and misery, I vowed to myself that I would devote all that is in me of the fire and force of love to no single creature, but to all my people. Not even the love of woman shall ever turn me away from the great duty I have taken upon me. And as for your wife, I am as a stranger to her, unless it be that she sends for me, as a Prophetess to declare to me some new purpose of the Lord.”

And he on his part held out his hand; and as Hur took it a noise came up from the troop below, calling on the head of the house of Judah and their newly chosen Captain; for messengers were climbing the mountain-slope, waving and pointing to the mighty clouds of dust which swept in front of the coming multitude.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE wanderers came nearer and nearer, and several of the young fighting-men hastened forward to meet them. They were no longer the jubilant host who had joined triumphantly in Miriam's hymn of praise; no, they came slowly, mournfully and deviously towards the mountain's foot. They had to climb the pass from the steepest side; and how the bearers groaned, and the women and children wailed, how bitterly the drivers cursed as they urged the beasts up the narrow, precipitous path, and how hoarse were the voices of the men, parched with thirst, as they set their shoulders to a cart to help the brutes that pulled it!

These tribes, who but a few days since had so thankfully hailed the saving mercy of the Lord, looked, to Joshua's eyes, like a beaten army. The way by which they had travelled from their last resting place, the camp by the Red Sea, had been rough, and waterless; and to a people who had grown up in the fertile plain of Lower Egypt it had

been severe indeed and full of horror. It had led them into the heart of the barren highlands; and at every step their eyes, wont to gaze on wide and luxuriantly green pastures, had fallen on narrow gorges and a naked wilderness. After passing the entrance to the Baba valley, as they made their way along it through the desert of Sin, they had seen nothing but ravines hemmed in by cliffs. A high mountain of the hue of death towered in awful blackness above the rust-brown crags close at hand, and the rocks had seemed to the wanderers like monstrous piles raised by human hands; the layers of square blocks built up at equal distances, stood open to the sky, and it might have been fancied that the giant workmen whose hands had aided the Architect of the world, had been dismissed before finishing their task, which in this solitude need fear no prying eye, and which seemed not intended to be the dwelling of any living creature. Walls of granite, brown and grey, rose on each side of the path, and in the sand which covered it lay heaps of fragments of red porphyry and coal-black stones, looking as if they had been broken by the hammer, or like chips of slag cast out from the smelting furnace. Strangely-shaped masses of gleaming green rock enclosed the small cauldron-shaped valleys of

the higher ground, which opened endlessly one out of another. The mountain path cut them across, and many a time as the pilgrims entered one of these circular gorges, the fear came upon them that the cliff beyond would compel them to return. Their complaints and murmurs had been heard, but presently the gap had come in sight through which they reached another rocky amphitheatre.

On first quitting the encampment by the Red Sea they had frequently passed clumps of acacia, and patches of a fragrant desert-herb which the beasts had eaten with relish; but the further they went into the stony wilderness, the dryer and hotter was the sandy soil, and at last the eye vainly sought a tree or a green thing.

At Elim they had found sweet wells and the shade of palms, and at the Encampment by the Red Sea there had been well-filled tanks, but in the desert of Sin they had found no water to quench their thirst withal, and by midday it seemed as though malicious demons had cut off all shade from the walls of rock, for in these cauldrons and bowls of stone everything was scorching glare, and there was no shelter anywhere from the burning sun. The last of the water they had brought with them had been distributed to man and beast at their last halt-

ing place, and when the host set forth again in the morning, not a drop could be found to assuage their raging thirst. Then the old unbelieving spirit of discontent and rebellion had again come over the Israelites. There was no end to the curses on Moses and the Elders, who had brought them out of the well-watered land of Egypt to such torment as this; however, when at last they had climbed the pass over the ridge, their parched throats were too dry for any loud utterance of complaint and cursing.

Old Nun's messengers, and the youths sent to meet them by Ephraim and Hur, had already announced to them that the smaller party had won a victory and set Joshua and the rest of the prisoners free; but their exhaustion was so complete that even these glad tidings had affected them but little, and brought no more than a faint smile to the men's bearded lips, or a transient gleam of extinct brightness to the women's dark eyes. Miriam even, with Milcah, had remained with her tribe and had not, as was her wont, called the women together to return thanks to the Almighty.

Reuben, the husband of her melancholy young companion, whose dread of disappointment would not even now allow her to indulge in her new-born hope. was a silent, uncommunicative man, and the

first messenger did not know for certain whether he were among the prisoners who had been rescued. Milcah, nevertheless, became greatly excited, and when Miriam desired her to have patience and be still, she ran from one to another of her companions and besieged them with questions, and since they could give her no information as to the fate of him she loved and had lost, she broke into loud sobs and fled back to the Prophetess. From her, indeed, she got small comfort, for Miriam, looking forward to hailing her husband as conqueror, and receiving the friend of her childhood rescued and safe, had fallen into a brooding and anxious mood; it seemed as though some heavy burthen weighed on her soul.

As soon as he learnt that the attack on the mines had proved successful and that Hosea was free, Moses had quitted the host of the Hebrews. He had been told that the Amalekites, a warlike race inhabiting the oasis at the foot of Mount Sinai, were making ready to hinder the advance of the exiles across their palmy and fertile island in the desert. He had therefore set out with a handful of picked men, to make his way across the range and reconnoitre the enemy, purposing to rejoin the Israelites between Alush and Rephidim which lay in the valley next before the oasis.

Abidah, the chief of the tribe of Benjamin, with Hur and Nun on their return from the mines, as the heads of the tribes of Judah and Ephraim, were to fill his place and that of his companions.

Now, as the multitude came nearer to the pass they must climb, Hur and some of the freed men went forward to meet them; one especially, outstripping the rest, Reuben namely, Milcah's husband. And she, on her part, had recognised him from afar as he sped down the hill-side, and, in spite of Miriam's remonstrance, hurried forward as far as to the midst of the tribe of Simeon, which marched ahead of their own. And there, the sight of their meeting had uplifted many a dejected soul; and when at length, clinging closely together, they hastened back to Miriam, as the Prophetess gazed into her little friend's face she thought a miracle had been wrought, for the pale lily had been transformed to a blooming and glowing rose. And her lips, which for so long she had scarcely ever opened but for some request or brief reply, now were never still—for how much she wanted to know, how much she had to ask her taciturn husband, who had suffered such terrible things! They were a comely and joyful couple; and to them their path lay not over bare rocks and parched desert-tracks, but through a land

of spring-flowers where brooks murmured and birds sang. And Miriam, who had done her utmost to cheer the pining girl, rejoiced at the sight of their happiness.

Soon, however, every gleam of glad sympathy faded from her face; for while Reuben and Milcah walked on winged feet, scarce seeming to tread the soil of the desert, she marched on with bowed head, weighed down by the thought that she herself was alone to blame if no such happiness as theirs was in prospect for her at this hour. She told herself indeed that she had made a great sacrifice, pleasing in the eyes of the Lord and worthy of great reward, in refusing to hearken to the voice of her heart; but nevertheless she could not help remembering the Egyptian woman who had forbidden her to account herself as one of those who truly loved Hosea, and who herself had died so young for her love's sake.

She, Miriam, was alive; she had killed the most ardent desires of her heart; duty forbade her now to think with ardent longing of the man who lingered on the mountain-top, devoted wholly to the cause of his people and to the God of his fathers, a free and noble soul, the future leader perhaps of her nation's armies, and, if Moses would have it so, the first and

most influential among the Hebrews next to himself. But lost, for ever lost to her. If only, on that fateful night, she had followed the leading of her woman's heart and not that imperious call which placed her above all other women, he would long since have clasped her in his arms as Reuben held his poor, weak Milcah, now so rich in joy and renewed strength.

What thoughts were these! She must drive them down to the deepest recesses of her heart and destroy them utterly; for her it was sin to long so passionately to see him again, and she wished that her husband were by her side to protect her against herself and the forbidden emotions of this dreadful hour.

Hur, the prince of the tribe of Judah, was her husband; not the Egyptian Captain, the rescued captive. What could she henceforth have to do with this son of Ephraim whom she had cast off once for all. Why should she now be aggrieved that he did not hasten to meet her, why should she cherish in secret a foolish hope that it was some important duty which withheld him on the mountain?

She scarcely saw or heard what was going on

around her, and it was Milcah's cry of glad gratitude which warned her of Hur's approach. He had waved her a greeting from afar; but he was alone, without Hosea—or Joshua, which ever he called himself; and the fact that this was a pang to her—nay, that it went to her heart—enraged her against herself. She held her elderly husband in true esteem, and it was with no effort that she welcomed him with affection. He replied to her greeting with heartfelt warmth; and when she pointed to the reunited pair, and lauded him as a conqueror and the deliverer of Reuben and his many fellow-victims, he frankly confessed that the praise was not to him but to Joshua, whom she herself had called in the name of the Lord to be the Captain of the army of Israel.

At this she turned pale, and though the path led steeply upwards, she pressed her husband with urgent questions. When she learnt that Joshua was resting on the ridge with his father and the young fighting-men, and drinking wine, and that Hur had pledged himself to withdraw if Moses should appoint Joshua to be Captain of the host, her knit brows darkened below her lofty brow, and with stern severity she replied:

“You are my lord, and it ill beseems me to

resist your will, even when you so far forget what is due to your wife as to give way to the man who once dared to lift his eyes to her."

Hur eagerly broke in:

"But henceforth you are as a stranger to him; and even if I would give you a bill of divorce he would no longer woo you."

"Indeed!" said she with a forced smile, "and is it to him that you owe this announcement?"

"He has devoted himself body and soul to the welfare of the people, and renounces the love of woman," replied Hur.

But she exclaimed:—"Renunciation is easy when desire could bring nothing in its train but rejection and disgrace. It is not he, who, in our day of greatest need sought help of the Egyptians—not he, but you who ought to be captain over the fighting-men of Israel—you alone who led the Hebrews to their first victory at the Store-House of Succoth, and whom the Lord himself, by his servant Moses, charged to lead the fighting-men of Israel!"

At this Hur looked in some uneasiness at this woman for whom a late but ardent love had glowed up in him, and seeing her bosom heave and her

cheeks flush red, he knew not whether to ascribe it to the fatigue of climbing or the lofty ambition of her aspiring soul, which she had now transferred to the person of her husband.

He was, indeed, glad to think that she cared so much more for him than for the younger and more heroic man whose return had caused him some anxiety; still, he had grown grey in the stern fulfilment of duty, and what he thought it right to do no man could hinder his doing. To the wife of his youth, whom he had buried many years since, his merest sign had been a command, and from Miriam he had as yet met with no contradiction. That Joshua was the most fit to command the fighting men was beyond a doubt, and he replied, panting somewhat, for he too found the ascent hard:—

“Your high esteem honours and pleases me; but although Moses and the Elders have promoted me, you must remember the Heap at Succoth, and my vow. I bear it in mind and shall abide by it.”

She looked aside and said no more till they had reached the top.

The victorious youths hailed them from the summit with loud acclamations. The joy of meeting, the provisions they had won from the foe, and

the good drink which was sparingly measured out to revive those who most needed it, raised the fallen courage of the exhausted wanderers, and the thirsty multitude shortened their rest on the ridge to reach Dophkah all the sooner. They had heard from Joshua that they would find there, not only some ruined tanks, but also a hidden spring of whose existence he had been informed by the driver of the gang of prisoners.

Their way now lay down hill. Haste is the watchword when thirsty souls know that wells are within reach; and soon after sunset they arrived in the valley of turquoise-mines, where they encamped at the foot of the hill on which the now ruined stronghold and store-houses of Dophkah had lately stood. The well, hidden in a grove of acacia sacred to Hathor, was very soon discovered. Fires were quickly lighted, the wavering hearts which in the desert of Sin had sunk almost to despair, now swelled again with the love of life, with hope and thankful trust. The fine acacia-trees indeed were felled to open a way to the spring, whose refreshing waters worked the wondrous change.

Joshua and Miriam had met on the ridge, but had only had time for a brief greeting. Here, in the camp, they were thrown together once more.

It was already late, for the Elders had held long council as to the measures to be taken against an unexpected attack of the Amalekites. Nun and Joshua had joined the assembly. The princely and reverend old man's son had been gladly welcomed, and his counsel that they should form a vanguard of the younger men and a reserve of the older warriors was readily agreed to; they were also to send small parties of picked men to spy out the enemy. Joshua found himself in fact entrusted with every thing appertaining to the conduct and safety of a considerable army. God himself had chosen him to be their captain, and Moses, by leaving him that warning word to be "Steadfast and Strong," had confirmed him in the office. Hur, likewise, who as yet held the post, was ready to resign it to him; and of a surety that man would keep his word, although he had not yet declared his purpose before the Elders. At any rate Joshua was treated as though he were indeed the Captain, and he felt himself their leader.

After the assembly of the Elders had broken up, Hur had desired Joshua to accompany him to his tent, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour; and the warrior had consented, for indeed he desired to speak fully to Miriam. He would fain

prove to her in her husband's presence that he had found the path which she had so zealously pointed out to him.

The tenderest passions of a Hebrew must be dumb in the presence of another man's wife. Miriam must know full well that he had nothing more to ask of her. Indeed he had entirely ceased, even in his hours of solitude, to care or long for her. He confessed to himself that she was a grand and queenly woman, but now he felt a chill as he thought of that lofty dignity. Nay, all her doings appeared to him now in a new light. When she greeted him on the hill-top with a cold smile he had felt convinced that henceforth they were strangers indeed; and as they sat by the blazing fire in front of the Elder's tent, where they now met again, this feeling grew stronger and stronger.

Miriam had long since parted from Reuben and his Milcah, and during her solitary waiting many thoughts had coursed through her brain of what she would now make this man feel—the man to whom in an hour of strong excitement she had opened the depths of her soul.

We are always most prone to be angry with those to whom we have done a wrong, and a woman holds the gift of her love as so great and precious

that even the man she afterwards rejects is to think of her with gratitude for ever after. And Joshua had boasted that he had ceased to care for her whom he had once ardently desired, and who had confessed her love for him—yea, even if she were offered to him. Aye, and he had proved his words, for he had been content to wait with the others instead of coming to meet her.

At last he came, and with him her husband who was so ready to make way for him. But she was still here to keep her eyes open in behalf of the too generous Hur.

The older man, to whose fate she had linked her own, and whose faithful devotion touched her deeply, should not be supplanted by any other man in the high place he filled by right; he must cling to it, if only because she did not choose to be the wife of any man who could not assert himself as the foremost of the Hebrews after her own brothers.

Never had this much venerated woman, who for her part believed too in her own gift of prophecy, felt so bitter, so sore and indignant. She did not own it to herself, but it was as though the hatred which Moses had fired in her soul against the Egyptians, and which no longer had an outlet,

needed some fresh object, and was now turned against the only man she ever had loved. But a true woman can make a show of friendship in word and demeanour to every one excepting those she scorns, and Miriam received her belated guest with haughty but gracious condescension, and begged him to give her further details as to his captivity and release. But she called him by his old name of Hosea, and, when he perceived that this was evidently intentional, he asked her whether she had forgotten that it was she herself who, as the messenger of the Most High, had bidden him henceforth to call himself Joshua. To this she replied, and her features assumed a sharper gravity of expression, that her memory was good, but that she would fain forget the time he referred to. He himself had rejected the name bestowed on him by the Lord, inasmuch as he had preferred to seek the favour of the Egyptian King rather than the help promised him by God. She, faithful to her old habits, should continue to call him Hosea.

The simple-hearted soldier was not prepared for such a hostile tone; however, he preserved a fittingly calm demeanour, and replied with composure that he would but rarely give her the opportunity of calling him by any name. Those who were his

friends found no difficulty in learning to call him Joshua.

To this Miriam answered that she likewise would be willing to do so if her husband agreed, and he himself insisted on it, for a man's name was but as a garment. With offices and dignities it was another matter.

When Joshua then declared that he had always believed that it was God himself who had called him by the voice of His prophetess, herself, to be the Captain of the hosts of Israel, and that he conceded to no man, save only to Moses, the right to deprive him of that office, Hur agreed with him, and offered him his hand.

At this Miriam threw off the self-control she had hitherto preserved, and exclaimed with vehement defiance:

"In this I am not of your mind! You evaded the call of the Most High! Can you deny it? And inasmuch as the Almighty found you at Pharaoh's footstool, instead of at the head of His people, He deprived you of the office to which He had raised you. He himself, the Mightiest of Captains, commanded the wind and waves, and they swallowed up the enemy. Thus ended they who had been

your friends till their heavy fetters taught you what their feelings were to you and your people.

“I sang a hymn of praise to the Lord, and the people joined in my thanksgiving. And on that same day God called another man than you to be chief of the Hebrew host, and he, as you know, is my husband. And although Hur indeed has never learnt the arts of war, yet the Lord surely guides his arm; and who is it that giveth the victory but the Lord Almighty? My husband, I tell you once again—my husband alone is the Captain, and though, in his excess of generosity he forgets it, yet he will assert his right to his office when he remembers whose hand it was that chose him; and I, his wife, lift up my voice to bring it to his mind.”

On this Joshua turned to go, to put an end to this unpleasant discussion, but Hur, very wroth at his wife's interference between them, held him fast, assuring him that he should abide by his renunciation. The wind might blow away a woman's words of displeasure; it must rest with Moses to declare whom the Lord had chosen to be Captain of His people.

As he spoke Hur looked in his wife's face with stern dignity, as warning her to reflect, and this seemed to have had the desired effect, as Miriam

turned first pale and then deep scarlet, and she too detained their guest as though she desired to make amends, beckoning him with a trembling hand to come closer to her.

“Yet one thing I must say,” she began with a deep breath, “that you may not misunderstand me. I call every man my friend who devotes himself to the cause of Israel, and Hur has told me how much you purpose to sacrifice to our people. It was your confidence in Pharaoh’s clemency which came between us—and I know how to value your deep and decisive breach with the Egyptians. Still, I only truly understood the greatness of your deed when I learnt that it was not only lifelong habit, but another and stronger tie that bound you to the foe.”

“What is the aim of such a speech?” Joshua broke in, feeling quite sure that she was laying some fresh arrow to the bow-string, intended to wound him. But she paid no heed to the interruption and went on with a defiant sparkle in her eye which belied the moderation of her tongue:

“After the guidance of the Lord had saved us from the foe, the sea cast up on shore the fairest woman we had seen for many a day. I bound up the wounds inflicted on her by a Hebrew woman, and she then confessed that she was full of love for

you, and with her dying breath spoke of you as the idol of her heart.”

At this Joshua, deeply incensed, exclaimed:—

“If this were all the truth, O wife of Hur, then my father would have told me an untruth. For, as I learnt from him, it was in the presence of those only who love me that the hapless woman made her last confession: not before you. And she was wise to mistrust your presence, for you would never have understood her!”

He saw a supercilious smile play on Miriam's lips, but he heeded it not and went on. “Your wit is—oh! ten times keener than that poor child's ever was. But in your heart, which once was open to such great things, there is no room for love. It will grow old and cease to beat before it has learnt what love is! Yea, in spite of your flashing eyes I tell you this: you are indeed more than a woman, you are a prophetess, and I cannot boast of such grace. I am no more than a man, and understand the use of the sword better than looking into futurity. And nevertheless I can foretell one thing; you will cherish the hatred of me which burns in your soul—you will even light up the flame in your husband's heart and strive to fan it with the utmost zeal. And I know why! The fiery ambition which possesses

you will not suffer you to be happy as the wife of a man who must stand second to another:—You refuse to call me by the name you yourself gave me. But if hatred and pride do not altogether choke the one feeling which unites us, namely our love of our people, the day will come when of your own free will you will approach me and call me Joshua, unbidden, out of the fulness of your heart!”

With these words he bowed his head in brief farewell to Miriam and her husband, and disappeared in the darkness.

Hur looked after him gloomily and spoke not a word till the footsteps of their departing guest had died away in the silence of the night. Till this hour he had always looked up to his wife with tender admiration, but now the wrath he had restrained with difficulty knew no bounds. With two long strides he came close to her; she was even paler than he, as she stood gazing into the fire like one distraught. His voice had lost its rich metallic ring, and sounded harsh and thin as he said:—

“I was so bold as to woo a maiden who believed herself nearer to God than other women, and now she is mine she makes me repent of my audacity!”

“Repent?” she panted with white lips, and as

she looked up at him a defiant glance sparkled in her black eyes.

He seized her hand with so firm a grip that it hurt her, and went on as he had begun:—"Yes, you make me repent of it! Shame on me if I suffered this hour of degradation to be followed by such another!"

She tried to wrench her hand free, but he would not surrender it, and went on:—"I wooed and won you to be the pride of my house. I believed I was sowing honour, I have reaped dishonour—for what deeper disgrace may befall a man than that the wife should have the mastery and dare to wound the heart of his friend, whom hospitality should protect, with hostile words. A woman, such as you are not, a simple, right-minded wife, who could look back on her husband's past life and think not merely of how he may gain promotion because she desires to share his greatness—such a wife would not need to be reminded that Hur, the man who is your husband, has earned dignities and honours enough in the course of a long life to be able to lay down some portion of them without losing anything by it. Not he who is chief in command, but he who does most from self-sacrificing love of his nation, is the greatest in Jehovah's sight. You crave

to stand aloof and be honoured by the crowd as the chosen handmaid of God. I do not forbid it, so long as you do not forget what your duty as a wife and mistress requires of you. To me, indeed, you also owe love, for you promised to love me on the day when we were wed: howbeit, the human heart can only give what it has to give; and Hosea is right when he says that the love which glows and gives warmth is far from your cold soul."

He turned his back on her and withdrew into the darkness of the tent; she remained standing by the fire, the flickering blaze lighting up her beautiful pallid features. She set her teeth tightly and clenched her hands over her heaving bosom as she gazed after her husband. He had stood before her in the consciousness of his dignity, grey-haired, tall, and reverend, a worthy and princely leader of the people. Each of his words had pierced her heart like a spear-thrust. The power of truth had weighted his speech, and had held up a mirror to Miriam which showed her own image from which she started in horror. Now she longed to hasten after him, and beseech him to give her again the love with which he had hitherto surrounded her; she, alone in the world, had gratefully acknowledged that she felt that she could fully return the precious boon, for she

longed, ah, how ardently, to hear one kind and forgiving word from his lips. Her own heart seemed to her as a cornfield blighted by malignant mildew; withered, dried up and ruined, where all had been so fresh and blossoming.

Her thoughts flew to the rich arable of Goshen, which, after bearing the richest crops, remained hard and parched till the river rose to soften it again, and bring the seed laid in its bosom to life and verdure. Thus was it with her; but she had cast the ripening ears into the fire, and wilfully built up a dam between the beneficent stream and the dry land.

But there was yet time. She knew indeed that in one thing he was unjust, that she was a woman like any other, and capable of devoting herself with passionate ardour to the man she loved. It depended only on her to prove this to him and bring him to her arms. Just now, to be sure, he had a right to regard her as hard and unfeeling; for there, where love was wont to bloom, a bitter spring had risen which poisoned all it touched.

Was this the revenge taken by her heart whose ardent desires she had so heroically smothered?

God had scorned her most precious offering; it was impossible to doubt the fact. His presence no longer uplifted her soul in visions of glory, and she

could hardly call herself His prophetess any longer. This sacrifice had led her, who was truthful, to falsehood; conscious of always desiring the right she had hitherto lived at peace with herself; now she suffered tortures of unrest. Since that momentous step, nothing she cared for had smiled on her who had been so full of hope. She who had never seen the woman for whom she need make way, had been sent from the presence of a poor, dying stranger. She had always felt kindly to everyone who loved her race and the sacred cause of her people, and now she had insulted one of their best and noblest champions with bitter wrath. The poorest serf's wife could win the husband who loved her to a closer union, and she had only estranged hers.

She had come to his hearth seeking only shelter from the cold, but she had found unexpected warmth, and his generosity and love had fallen on her aching soul like balm. He could not indeed give her back what she had lost, but he was a welcome substitute. And he now believed her incapable of a tender emotion; still, she must have love to live, and no sacrifice would be too great to win him back again.

But pride was no less a condition of her existence, and each time she made up her mind to humble herself and open her heart to her husband,

a fear of degradation checked her; and there she stood as though spell-bound, till the brands at her feet fell over and died out, and darkness surrounded her.

Then a strange fear fell upon her.

Two bats, which had come forth from the mines to flutter round the fire, flew close to her face with a ghostly stir. Everything prompted her to retire to the tent, to go back to her husband, and with sudden decision she went into the spacious room, lighted by a lamp. But Hur was not there, and a slave girl who met her, told her that he had said he would remain with his son and grandson till it was time to depart.

A sense of bitter woe fell upon her; she lay down to rest, more desolate and shame-stricken than she had ever felt since her childhood.

A few hours later the camp was alive, and when, in the grey light of dawn, her husband entered the tent with a brief greeting, her pride once more uplifted its head, and her reply was cold and demure.

He was not alone; his son Uri followed him in. He looked graver too than usual, for the men of Judah had assembled at an early hour and besought him not to surrender the Captaincy in favour of a man of another tribe than theirs.

This had come upon him as a surprise. He could only refer them to Moses, and the hope that their leader's decision might be given against himself grew keener as his young wife's resolute glance again roused his spirit to opposition.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH refreshed body and revived heart the Hebrews set forth again early on the following morning; and by this time the little spring, which they had even dug deeper to promote its flow, was for the time exhausted. They cared the less that it refused to yield any water to carry on their journey, because they expected to find more wells at Alush.

The sun mounted the cloudless sky in radiant majesty. Its splendour exerted its stirring influence on the hearts of men even, and the rocks and yellow sandy soil, shone as brightly as the blue vault above. The pure aromatic air of the desert, cooled by the hours of darkness, was so light that it was a pleasure to breathe, and walking was enjoyment.

The men showed firmer confidence, and the women's eyes flashed more brightly than for some time past, for the Lord had shown once more that He was mindful of His people in their need; and

fathers and mothers looked fondly on the sons who had overpowered the enemy. In every tribe some one had been welcomed home who had been given up for lost, and it was a joyful duty to heal the injuries inflicted by the hard labour of the mines. Moreover Joshua's deliverance was a cause of rejoicing, not alone among his people but throughout the multitude; and by all, excepting those of the tribe of Judah, he was now called by that new name with full belief in the comforting promise conveyed by it. The young men who, under him, had put the Egyptians to rout, told in their tribes what sort of man Joshua was; how he thought of everything and put every one in the very place where he could do best. The mere light of his eye as it fell on a man fired his warlike ardour; the foe quaked only to hear him shout the battle-cry.

And those who spoke of old Nun, or of the noble lad his grandson, did so with kindling glances. The high pretensions of the tribe of Ephraim had often been a source of disagreement, but on this occasion it was by common consent allowed to march first. Only the men of Judah were heard to murmur and complain. They must, no doubt, have some serious ground of discontent, for Hur, the prince of their tribe, and his wife walked on with

bowed heads as if oppressed by a heavy burthen, and those who spoke with them, had certainly better have chosen some other opportunity. So long as the sun's rays still fell aslant, there was a little shade cast by the sandstone peaks which hemmed the path in on both sides or stood up in its midst, and when the sons of Korah began to sing a hymn, old and young joined in; Milcah, no longer pallid, loudest and gladdest of all, and Reuben her released and happy husband.

The children picked up the golden fruits of the Colocinth, which fell from the now withered gourds above as if they dropped from heaven, and brought them to their parents. But they were as bitter as gall to eat, and a morose old man of the tribe of Zebulon, who kept some of the stout rinds to serve to hold salve, said:—"Thus will this day be. It has a fair seeming; but when the sun is high and we lack water we shall know its bitterness!"

And his prophecy was only too soon fulfilled; for the path, after leaving the region of sand, went on through rocky cliffs like walls of red brick and grey stone, up and up, now at an easy slope and now very steep; the sun too mounted higher and higher, and the heat increased as the hours went on. Never had its arrows fallen more cruelly on

the pilgrims, striking pitilessly on their unprotected heads and necks. Here an old man and there a young one sank to the ground under its fierce glow, or tottered forward like one drunk, supported by his neighbours and clasping his hand to his brow. The blistered skin peeled off their faces and hands, and there was not one whose tongue and gums were not dried by the heat, or whose newly found courage it did not quell.

The beasts toiled sullenly forward with drooping heads and heavy feet, or rolled rebelliously in the sand till the herdsman's thong compelled them to collect their strength for a fresh effort.

At noon the Israelites were allowed to halt, but there was not a hand breadth of shade to give them the reprieve they sought; and those who threw themselves down on the ground found fresh torment instead of rest. Thus the hapless wretches of their own accord set forth again soon for the wells of Alush.

Until this day, as soon as the sun had passed the meridian and begun to sink towards the west, the heat had abated, and a fresher breeze fanned their brows before the fall of dusk; but here the rocks for hours gave forth the heat they had absorbed from the noontide sun, till at length a faintly

cooler breath came up from the sea on the west. At the same time the vanguard which, by Joshua's advice, marched foremost, halted, and the whole multitude came to a standstill. Men, women and children all fixed their eyes and pointed with hands, sticks and crooks to the same spot, for there, before them, a strange and novel spectacle attracted their gaze. A shout of amazement and delight broke from their parched and weary lips which had long since ceased to stir for speech; it rapidly spread from one division to the next, from tribe to tribe, to the lepers that closed the train and the rear guard beyond. One and another elbowed his neighbour and whispered a name familiar to them all—that of the Holy Mountain where the Lord had promised to Moses that he would lead His people into a good and pleasant land flowing with milk and honey. None had told the weary multitude that this was the place, and yet they knew that they beheld Horeb and the peak of Sinai, the most sacred summit of this mass of granite.

Although but a mountain, yet was it the throne of the Almighty God of their fathers!

At this hour the whole sacred hill seemed, like the burning bush out of which He had there spoken to his chosen servant, to be steeped in fire. Its seven-

peaked crown towered from afar, high above the hills and vales that surrounded it, burning like an enormous ruby lighted up by a blaze of glory in the clouds.

Such a sight none of them had ever beheld. But the sun sank lower and lower, and disappeared in the sea, which the mountain hid from their view; the glowing ruby turned to solemn amethyst and then to the deep purple of the violet; but the people still gazed spell-bound on the holy mount. Nay, even when the day-star had altogether vanished, and only its reflection bordered the edge of a long, level cloud with gleaming gold, they opened their eyes the wider, for a man of the tribe of Benjamin, his brain turned by the splendour of the scene, declared that they beheld the trailing mantle of Jehovah, and those about him to whom he pointed it out caught the pious rapture.

For a little while the pilgrims had forgotten thirst and exhaustion in watching the inspiring spectacle. But ere long their high enthusiasm was turned to the deepest discouragement, for, when night fell, and after a short march they reached the wells of Alush, it was discovered that the desert-tribe which had encamped here yesterday, had

choked the spring, which at best was but brackish, with stones and rubbish.

All the water they had carried with them had been used before reaching Dophkah, and the exhausted spring at the mines had not sufficed to fill the skins. Thirst, which at first had only dried their gums, now began to burn their vitals. Their scorched throats could not swallow the solid food of which they had abundance. On every side there was nothing to be seen but heart-broken looks and pitiable or disgraceful scenes. Men and women storming, cursing, weeping and groaning, or else sunk in morose despair. Some, whose wailing infants clamoured for water, had gathered round the choked well and were fighting for a spot on the ground where they hoped to collect a few drops of the precious fluid in a sherd. And the beasts lowed and bleated so miserably that it cut their drivers to the heart like a reproach.

Very few cared to exert themselves to pitch a tent. The night was so warm, and the sooner they went forward the better; for Moses had promised to join them again at a spot but a few hours further on. He alone could help them; it was his bounden duty to save man and beast from perishing of drought.

If the God who had promised them such great things left them to perish in the wilderness with all their little ones, then the man in whose guidance they had put their trust was a deceiver, and the God whose power and mercy he was never weary of preaching to them, was false and feebler than the idols with heads of men and beasts, whom they had worshipped in Egypt. Blasphemy and curses were mingled with threats—and when Aaron came forth to comfort the thirsty pilgrims with words of hope, many a clenched fist was shaken at him.

Even Miriam was presently forbidden by her husband to console the women with kindly speech, for a woman whose sinking child clung dying to its mother's dried up breast, had picked up a stone to fling, and others had followed her example.

Old Nun and his son were more fortunate. They were both agreed that Joshua must fight, whatever post Moses might desire him to fill; and Hur himself had led him forth to the fighting-men who had hailed him gladly. The old man and his son both knew the secret of inspiring courage. They spoke to the men, of the well-watered oasis of the Amalekites, which was now not far away, and reminded them that the Lord himself had provided the weapons they held in their hands. Joshua assured

them, too, that they far out-numbered the warriors of the desert-tribe. If their young men only showed themselves as brave as they had been at Dophka and the copper mines, by God's help they should win the victory.

Soon after midnight, Joshua, after holding council with the Elders, bid the trumpets sound to call the fighting-men together. He set them in ranks under the starlit sky, appointed a leader to each division, and impressed on each the meaning of the word of command he was to obey.

They came at the call, half perishing with thirst; but the fresh effort to which their Captain exhorted them, wonderfully revived their fainting energies, as well as the hope of victory and a precious reward; a plot of land, namely, at the foot of the Holy Mountain, rich in wells and palms.

Among the youths came Ephraim, giving life to the others by his own inexhaustible vigour. And now when the Captain, to whom God had already proved that he thought him worthy of the help which his name promised, addressed the men, bidding them put their trust in the Lord Almighty, it had quite a different effect from that produced by Aaron, whose admonishing they had hearkened to every day since they set out.

When Joshua had ended, a jubilant shout went up from many young throats though parched with thirst: "Hail to the Captain! You are our leader; we will follow none other."

Then he went on gravely and decisively to explain to them that he was prepared to show to the utmost such obedience as he required of them. He was ready to march as the last man in the lowest place, if it should be Moses' will.

The stars were still bright in a cloudless sky when a cow-horn called the Hebrews to set forth again. A runner had already been sent on to report to Moses of their evil plight, and Ephraim had flown after him as soon as he was free to do so.

But throughout the morning's march Joshua kept his troops in strict order, as though an onslaught was to be expected. Meanwhile he took advantage of every minute to teach the fighting-men and their leaders something for the coming struggle, to note their behaviour, and close up their ranks. He thus kept them on the alert till the stars began to pale.

Few indeed were the murmurs or complaints among the fighting-men, but rebellion, curses and threats were all the more rife among those who bore no weapons. Long before dawn the cry was heard, more and more often, of: "Down with Moses! We

will stone him when we find him!" And indeed their knees were failing them for weariness, and the misery of their wives and children was visible to every eye.

Not a few, indeed, picked a piece of rock from the path, with a wild curse and flashing eye; and at last the fury of the multitude waxed so wild and reckless that Hur called a council of the better disposed among the Elders, and they hastened on with the fighting-men of the tribe of Judah to protect Moses, if it should come to the worst, by force of arms against the rebels. Joshua took on himself the task of keeping back the mutineers, who with curses and threats strove to outstrip the rest. When at last the sun rose in blinding splendour the march was no more than a struggle onwards of enfeebled wretches. Even the men at arms tottered forwards half-paralysed. Still, when the rebels tried to pass them they did their duty, and thrust them back with spear and sword. The valley along which they made their way was shut in on both sides by steep walls of grey granite, which glittered and sparkled strangely as the slanting sunbeams fell on the fragments of quartz thickly imbedded in the primæval rock. By noon it would be scorchingly hot again, between these steep cliffs in some parts almost

closing across the path; as yet, however, they lay in morning shade. And the beasts, at any rate, found refreshment, for among the rocks in many places succulent aromatic plants afforded them pasture, and the shepherd boys, taking off their loin cloths, filled them with the fodder in spite of their exhaustion, to offer it to their famishing favourites.

Thus they struggled on for less than an hour, when suddenly a loud shout of joy rang out, spreading from the foremost in the van to the last man in the long train. No one had been told in so many words to what it owed its origin, but every one knew it must mean that they had come upon fresh water. Then Ephraim came flying back with the glad tidings, and what a miracle it worked on the exhausted wanderers. They pulled themselves up as though they had already emptied the brimming jar at a deep draught, and struggled forward at double speed. The ranks of fighting-men now no longer hindered them, but hailed those of their tribe who hastened past them with glad greetings.

Soon, however, the hurrying tide stopped of its own accord; for at the spot where refreshment was to be found the foremost came to a standstill, and behind them the whole multitude were checked more effectually than by moats and walls. The

toiling pilgrims had become a vast, disorderly crowd, filling the whole valley. At last men and women turned back, carrying well-filled water-jars in their hands and on their heads, beckoning joyfully to their friends with words of encouragement, and making their way through the throng to their own families; but the precious fluid was snatched away from many before it could be conveyed to its destination.

Joshua and his troop had made their way to the immediate vicinity of the wells, to keep order among the thirsty people. However, for some little time there was nothing for it but patience, while the mighty men of the tribe of Judah, who, with Hur at their head, had been the first to reach the spot, wielded their axes and strove with levers hastily made out of the trunks of acacia-trees, to clear away the huge boulders which strewed the path, and open up the way to the spring which leapt forth from several rifts in the rock.

At first it had flowed among a chaos of moss-grown blocks of granite; but presently they succeeded in directing the flow of the precious fluid, and in checking the waste by forming a sort of tank where even the cattle could drink. Those who had filled their jars had caught the water in its overflow

from the hastily contrived dam. Now the men whose duty it was to watch the camp kept the throng off, so as to give the water time to settle and clear in the large, new basin which it filled with amazing rapidity.

In sight actually of the blessing for which they had so loudly clamoured it was easy now to have patience. They had found the treasure; all that was necessary was to husband it. Not a word of discontent or complaint or reviling was now to be heard; many indeed looked abashed and ashamed on this new mercy from the Most High.

Loud and jubilant voices were heard far and wide, shouting and talking; but the man of God, who knew every rock and valley, every pasture and spring of the hills of Horeb better than any one, and who had again been the instrument of such great blessing to his people, had retired into a neighbouring ravine, as if seeking refuge there from the thanks and acclamations which rose louder and spread further every moment, seeking peace and silence above all things for his deeply agitated spirit.

Presently hymns of thanksgiving to the Lord were to be heard from the Hebrew multitude, who, refreshed and revived, and overflowing with gratitude, were pitching their camps with as much hope

and confidence as ever they had known. The sound of song, of happy laughter, jests and encouraging cries, formed an accompaniment to the work of putting up tents; and the encampment was rapidly effected, as rapidly as if it had been raised from the earth by a magic spell.

The eyes of the young men flashed with martial ardour, and many a beast shed its blood to make a feast.

Mothers, after doing their part by the hearth and in the tent, led their little ones to the spring to show them the spot where Moses with his staff had pointed out the spring bubbling through the rift in the granite. Many men likewise stood with hands and eyes raised to heaven, round the place where Jehovah had shown such grace to His people, and among them were not a few of those murmurers who had picked up stones wherewith to stone the servant of God. None doubted that they here beheld the result of a great miracle. The elders impressed on the little ones that they should never forget this day, and this water; and an old grandmother was wetting her grandchildren's brows at the brink of the pool to ensure divine protection for them for the rest of their lives.

Hope, thankfulness, and the glow of trust pre-

vailed on all hands; even the fear of the hostile Amalekites had vanished, for what ill could come to him who put his trust in the mercy of so omnipotent a Protector.

Joy was absent from one tent alone, and that the finest of them—the tent of the head of the tribe of Judah. Miriam sat among her women after distributing the midday meal in silence to the men overflowing with grateful enthusiasm; she had heard from Milcah's husband Reuben that Moses had made Joshua Captain of the Hebrew host in the presence of all the Elders. Hur, her husband, she also was told, had expressed himself ready and glad to renounce the dignity in favour of the son of Nun.

The prophetess had not chosen to join in the people's song of praise; when Milcah and her women had besought her to go with them to the well, she had bidden them go without her. She was now expecting her husband and wished to meet him alone; she must show him that she desired his forgiveness. But he did not come; for, after the council of the Elders had broken up, he remained with the new Captain to help him to arrange his men, and this he did as a subordinate obedient to Hosea, who owed his call and his name of Joshua to her.

Her waiting women, who had gathered about her, were busy spinning; but she could not endure this humble toil, and while she sat with idle hands staring into vacancy the hours went slowly indeed. And at the same time her purpose of humbling herself before her husband grew feebler. She felt impelled to pray for strength to bow before the man who was in truth her master; but the prophetess, usually so apt at fervent prayer, could not find the right vein of devotion. If now and then she succeeded in collecting her thoughts and uplifting her heart, something disturbed her. Every fresh report which was brought to her from the camp, added to her displeasure. When at last dusk was falling, a messenger came desiring her to have no care for the men's evening meal, which had already been long prepared and waiting; Hur, with his son and grandson, were about to accept the bidding of Nun and Joshua to share theirs.

At this she felt it hard to restrain her tears. And if she had suffered them to flow unchecked they would have been the bitter drops of wrath and wounded pride, not tears of distress and regretful longing.

During the hours of the evening-watch, the war-

riors all marched past her, and from rank to rank the cry re-echoed of: "Hail to Joshua!" And those who repeated the watchword "Steadfast and Strong," did so in honour of the man she once had loved,—but now hated, as she confessed to herself. None but the men of his own tribe honoured her husband with a special cry. Was this their gratitude for the generosity which had led him to abdicate the post to which he alone had a right, in favour of a younger man? It cut her to the heart to see her husband so deposed; but it wounded her yet more to find that Hur could thus abandon his lately wedded wife.

The evening meal at the door of the Ephraimites' tent was a long one. A little before midnight she sent her serving-woman to bed and lay down herself to wait till her husband should return, to confess to him all that had troubled and angered her, and what she most desired.

She thought it would be easy to keep awake when she was in such anguish of mind; but the great fatigues and strain of the last few days and nights had told upon her, and in the midst of a prayer for humility and the love of her husband, she was overcome by sleep. At last, at the hour of the first morning watch, when day was just begin-

ning to break, she was startled from her slumbers by the sound of the trumpets giving warning of immediate danger.

She rose quickly, and glancing at her husband's couch, saw that it was empty; still it had been used, and on the sandy soil—for mats were spread only in the living-rooms—she saw the traces of Hur's foot-steps by her own bedside. He must have stood close by her, and perhaps while she slept, have gazed tenderly down on her face.

This was indeed the truth; her old slave-woman told her so unasked. For after she had roused Hur she had seen him carefully shading the lamp while he looked on Miriam's face, and bent over her for some minutes, as though he would have kissed her. This was good hearing, and rejoiced the lonely wife so greatly that she forgot her usual calm dignity and pressed her lips to the wrinkled brow of the little, bent old woman, who had done service of yore to her parents. Then she hastily bid her maids to braid her hair and dress her in a holiday robe of light blue which Hur had given her, and hastened forth to take leave of him.

Meanwhile the troops had formed in order, the tents were being struck, and Miriam sought her hus-

band for a long time in vain. At last she found him; but he was deeply engaged in talk with Joshua, and as she caught sight of the Captain, the prophetess shuddered with a sudden chill, nor could she persuade herself to address the men.

CHAPTER X.

A hard battle must be fought, for, as the spies reported, the Amalekites had been joined by other desert-tribes. Nevertheless, the Israelites were still almost twice their number; but how far inferior in warlike skill were Joshua's troops to their opponents, inured to battle and ambush. The foe came up from the South, from the oasis at the foot of the Sacred Mountain, which was the primeval home of their race, their foster mother, their beloved, their all, and to them well worth shedding their blood to the last drop for.

Joshua, now the Captain recognised by Moses and all the people as leader of the Hebrew fighting-men, led his newly formed army to the widest portion of the valley, as this allowed him to take the utmost advantage of their superior numbers. The camp was removed by his orders and pitched in a narrower place at the northern end of the valley of Replidim, in which the struggle must be fought out,

as this made it easier to defend the tents. He left the command of the camp and of the men told off to protect it to the prudent care of his father.

He had wished to leave Moses and all the Elders of the tribes safe within the precincts of the camp; but their great leader had gone forward with Hur and Aaron, and climbed a peak of granite whence they could look down upon the fight. Thus the fighting men could see Moses and his two companions on the cliff which commanded the top of the valley, and feel assured that the servant of the Lord would not cease to beseech Him to spare them and give them the victory. But every simple man in that host, and every woman and old man in the camp, in that hour of peril turned to the God of their fathers; and the rallying cry chosen by Joshua, "Jehovah our Refuge," bound the hearts of the warriors to the Ruler of the battle, and reminded the most faint-hearted and unskilled among the fighting men that he could not take a step nor deal a blow, but the Lord would mark it.

The trumpets and cow-horns of the Hebrew host rang out louder and louder, for the Amalekites were pouring down on the level ground which was to be the field of battle.

It was a strange scene for such a struggle, such as no experienced Captain would ever willingly have chosen, for it was shut in on both sides by steep grey cliffs of granite towering up to heaven. If the foe should win, the camp too must be lost, and any benefit to be derived from knowledge of warfare must here be displayed within the smallest conceivable space. To circumvent the enemy or surprise him in flank seemed quite impossible; but even the rocks were turned to account by the leader, for wherever it was possible, he had made his best slingers and archers climb up them to no great height, and instructed them to watch for a sign at which they should mingle in the fight.

At the first glance Joshua perceived that he had not overrated the foe, for those who began the battle were bearded men, with clearly cut, manly faces, out of which their black eyes glowed at the enemy with wild and blood-thirsty hatred. And every man, like their leader himself, a grey-haired man of many scars, was spare and supple of limb. They wielded the curved sabre, the javelin of heavy sharpened wood, and the lance ornamented with a tuft of camel's hair, like practised warriors, and the war-cry rang out loud, cruel and death-defying from the deep breasts of these men, who felt that they

must die or see their dearest possession in the hands of the enemy.

At the first onslaught Joshua led forward the men whom he had armed with the large Egyptian shields and lances, and these, fired by their valiant leader, made a good stand, particularly as the narrow defile into the field of battle hindered their wild opponents from taking full advantage of their superior skill. But when the men on foot presently withdrew, and a troop of warriors on dromedaries rushed down on the Hebrews, many of them were scared at the strange aspect of these creatures, known to them only by description. They cast away their shields and fled with loud outcries; and wherever a gap was made, the riders drove in their dromedaries and thrust down at the foe with their long sharp javelins. At this the herdsmen, unused to such an attack, thought only of saving themselves, and many turned to fly, for sudden terror seized them as they saw the flaming eyes and heard the shrill, malignant cry of the enraged Amalekite women, who had rushed into the fight to add fuel to their husbands' courage and terrify the enemy. They held on to the humped brutes by leathern straps hanging down from the saddle, which they clutched in their left hands, and allowed themselves to be

dragged whithersoever the riders went. Hatred seemed to have steeled each female heart against fear of death, compassion and womanly feeling; and the hideous cry of these Megæras broke the spirit of many a brave Hebrew.

But no sooner did their Captain see them give way than he took advantage of the disorder, and bid them retire and allow the savage foe to enter the valley; for he said to himself that the superior number of his men could be turned to better account as soon as they had the opportunity of pressing on the foe from both flanks as well as in front, and when the slingers and archers could take their part in the fight.

Ephraim and the bravest of his comrades, who remained with him as runners, were now sent back to the northern end of the valley to tell the leaders of the ranks posted there what Joshua proposed, and to order them to advance. The swift-footed shepherd lads vanished as nimbly as gazelles; and it soon was seen that their Captain had hit on the right plan; for no sooner had the Amalekites reached the middle of the valley than the Hebrews fell upon them from all sides; several who were bravely rushing forward fell in the sand as they brandished the

sword or spear, hit by a round pebble or a sharp arrow, from sling or bow.

Moses, meanwhile, kept his place on the cliff overlooking the battle field with Aaron and Hur. From thence he watched the fight in which he, who had grown grey in peaceful pursuits, could take part only with heart and soul. Not a movement, not a sword raised or dropped among friends or foes, escaped his keen eye; but when the fray had fairly begun, and the Captain, with wise forethought, had opened a way for the enemy into the midst of his own fighting men, Hur exclaimed to the grey-haired man of God: "My wife, your sister's lofty spirit has indeed discerned the truth. The son of Nun belies the call of the Most High. What is this? We are the superior force and yet the enemy makes his way unhindered into the very heart of our host. As the waters of the Red Sea stood aside at the word of the Lord, so do our ranks, — and, as it would seem, by their leader's bidding."

"Only to swallow up Amalek as the waves of the sea swallowed up the Egyptians," was Moses' reply.

Then he lifted up his hands to Heaven and cried;

“Look down, Jehovah, on Thy people, who are in fresh straits. Strengthen the arm and give sight to the eye of him whom Thou hast chosen to be Thy Sword. Lend him the succour Thou didst promise him when Thou didst name him Joshua instead of Hosea! And if Thou dost no more suffer him to prove himself steadfast and strong as beseems the Captain of Thy choice, then do Thou, with the Hosts of Heaven, set Thyself at the head of Thy people that they may put their enemies to flight!”

Thus the man of God besought the Lord with hands lifted on high, and ceased not to entreat Jehovah and cry to Him whose mighty will ruled His people; and presently Aaron whispered to him that the foe was hard beset, and that the courage of the Israelites was proving itself nobly. Joshua was now here and now there, and the ranks of the enemy were visibly thinner, while those of the Hebrews seemed to multiply. And Hur confirmed this report, and added that the untiring zeal and heroic contempt of death of the Son of Nun were beyond all praise. He had, at that moment, felled one of the wildest of the Amalekites with his battle-axe.

At this Moses breathed more freely; his arms fell by his side and he eagerly watched the course

of the fight which was surging and raging, tossing and roaring at his feet.

The sun had by this time reached its noon and shone down on the combatants with scorching fires. The gray granite walls of the valley glowed with intenser heat every hour, and the sweat had long since stood on the brows of the three men on the rock. What, then, must the heat be below, adding to the labour of struggling and wrestling! How sorely must the wounds ache of the bleeding wretches lying there in the sand.

Moses felt it all as though he himself were suffering it, for his immovably steadfast soul was rich in compassion, and he bore this people, who were of his own flesh and blood, and for whom he lived and laboured, in his heart as a father does his child. The wounds inflicted on his brethren pained him; yet his heart beat high with proud gladness as he beheld how those whose cowardly subjection had but a short while since so greatly fired his wrath, had learned the arts of attack and defence, and how one band of young Hebrews after another rushed on the enemy with loud cries of "Jehovah our Refuge!"

In Joshua's proud, heroic form he saw the pos-

terity of Israel as he dreamed and hoped it might be, and he now no longer doubted that the Lord had indeed called Joshua to be the Captain of his people. Rarely had his large commanding look flashed more brightly than at this moment.

But what was that?

A cry of horror broke from Aaron's lips, and Hur started to his feet and gazed anxiously towards the north; for, from the spot where the people's tents were pitched, came a fresh battle-cry, mingling with loud and lamentable shrieks, not, as it seemed, from the men alone, but from women and children. The enemy had surprised the camp.

A troop of the Amalekites had been detached from the main body, long before the battle had begun, and had made their way round by a mountain defile, known only to themselves.

At this Hur thought of his young wife, and a vision rose before Aaron's mind of Elisheba his faithful spouse, of his children and grand-children; and both with beseeching eyes dumbly entreated Moses to allow them to fly to the rescue of those dearest to them; but the austere chief refused, and kept them with him.

Then again standing up, he raised his heart and hand once more to Heaven. With fervent prayer

he cried to the Lord, and ceased not his entreaties; as the minutes went on the more ardent was his beseeching, for all that the Hebrew host had won they now seemed to be losing. Every glance at the battle field, every thing his companions told him, while, with spirit uplifted to the Lord his God, he stood blind and deaf to the scene below, added to the burthen of his woes.

Joshua had placed himself at the head of a strong party of men and withdrawn from the fray, and with him were Bezaleel, Hur's grandson, Aholiab, his favourite comrade, young Ephraim, and Reuben, Milcah's husband. It was with a heart full of blessings that Hur marked them retire, for they could only have quitted the fight in order to succour the camp. He listened with eager ears to the sounds from the north, as though he divined how deeply he was interested in the broken cries and lamentations which came up on the breeze from the tents.

Old Nun had taken up arms against the troop of Amalekites who had fallen on the camp, and had fought valiantly; but when he perceived that the men whom Joshua had left under his command could no longer stand against the onslaught of the foe, he sent to crave reinforcement of the Captain. Joshua forthwith entrusted the further conduct of

the battle to Nahshon, the second chief of the tribe of Judah, and to Uri, the son of Hur, who had distinguished himself by his courage and forethought, and hastened with other chosen men to help his father.

He had not lost a moment, and yet the fight was already decided by the time he reached the scene of the struggle; for, as he approached the camp the Amalekites had broken through his father's line of defence, and cut him off from the tents on which they were rushing.

First, then, Joshua rescued the brave old man from the foe, and next he had to drive the sons of the desert away from the camp; this gave rise to a sharp struggle, man to man, and hand to hand; and he himself could be in but one spot at a time, and must needs leave it to the younger fighting men to act for themselves, each in his own place.

Here too he raised the cry: "Jehovah our Refuge!" and rushed, shouting these words, into Hur's tent, which was the first to be seized by the enemy, and round which the battle was fiercest. Many corpses already strewed the ground at the entrance, and furious Amalekites were struggling with a party of Hebrews, while from within came wild screams of terror.

He sprang across the threshold with winged feet, and beheld a spectacle which filled even the unflinching man with horror, for on the left of the large room it formed, Hebrews and Amalekites were rolling on the bloodstained mats in a furious struggle, while on the right he saw Miriam and her waiting-women, whose hands the men of the desert had tied.

The men had meant to carry them off as precious plunder, but an Amalekite woman, frenzied with hatred, revenge and jealousy, and eager to sacrifice the strange women to the flames, was blowing the brands on the hearth and, by waving the veil she had snatched from Miriam's head, had fanned them to a considerable blaze.

A fearful tumult filled the confined space as Joshua rushed into the tent; on one side the yells of the struggling men, while on the other the Prophetess's women set up a succession of loud shrieks for rescue and deliverance as soon as they saw him coming. Their mistress, as pale as death, knelt at the feet of the Amalekite chief whose wife was threatening them with death by fire. She stared at their deliverer as though a spirit had started out of the earth before her eyes, and the scenes which followed stamped themselves on Miriam's memory as

a series of horrible and disconnected, but never-to-be forgotten images.

First the Amalekite chief who had bound her, was a strange but heroic figure. With his swarthy skin and high hooked nose he resembled an eagle of his native mountains; his beard was black, his eyes were flame. But ere long he was to measure his strength with another—with the man who once had been dear to her heart. She had often compared him with a lion, but never had he seemed more like the king of the desert.

They were both mighty men and strong. No one could have predicted which of them must yield to the other, which must win the victory; and it was her fate to witness the struggle, for already the fiery son of the desert had shouted his war-cry and rushed upon the more cautious Hebrew.

That no man may live if his heart stops beating for so much as a minute every child must know; and yet Miriam was certain that hers had stood still, rigid and turned to stone, when the Lion rushed into peril to destroy the Eagle, and the Amalekite's bright knife flashed forth, and she saw the blood flowing from her champion's shoulder.

But then her heart began to beat again, nay

and faster than ever before, for suddenly the lion-hearted warrior whom she had so lately hated with such bitter hatred was once more, as by a miracle, the friend of her childhood again. Love had waked up with the sound of trumpets and cymbals, and marched in triumph into her heart, lately so desolate and forlorn. All that had held them apart was suddenly forgotten and buried, and never were more pressing appeals addressed to the Most High than in the brief prayer which went up from her agonised soul. But as her pleading was fervent, so was it immediately answered, for the Eagle was down and his soaring ended for ever, under the superior strength of the Lion.

All was dark for a while before Miriam's eyes, and it was as in a dream that she felt the cords which bound her wrists and ancles cut by Ephraim. Then she soon recovered consciousness and beheld, at her feet, the bleeding corpse of the vanquished chief, and in other parts of the tent many bodies and wounded men, among them several of her husband's slaves. By them, stalwart and victorious, stood the brave fighting men of her nation, with the noble and reverend figure of Nun, and Joshua, whose wounds his father was binding up.

This task, she felt, should have been hers and

hers alone; and deep grief and burning shame came over her as she remembered how greatly she had sinned against this man. She knew not how she could repay him, on whom she had brought such deep sorrow, all she owed him. Her whole heart longed to hear some word of forgiveness from his lips, and she went towards him on her knees across the blood-stained ground; but the Prophetess's eloquent lips were dumb; she could not find the right word, till suddenly the imploring cry rose loud from her oppressed breast:

“Joshua, O Joshua! I have sinned against you indeed, and will repent of it all my life long, but do not scorn my thanks. Do not repel me from you,—and if you can, forgive me!”

She could not have uttered another word; but then—and this again she never forgot—her eyes had overflowed with scalding tears, and he had raised her from the ground with irresistible strength, and yet with a hand as gentle as a mother's when her child has had a fall, and from his lips came mild and friendly words, promising full forgiveness. The mere pressure of his hand was enough to show her that he was no longer wroth with her, as she heard his assurance that the name

of Joshua could not fall more sweetly on his ear from any lips than from hers.

Then, with the cry "Jehovah our Refuge!" he turned from her, but his clear shout, and the enthusiastic battle-cry of his followers rang in her ears long after.

At last all was still once more, and she only knew that never before nor after had she wept so passionately or so bitterly as in that hour. Moreover she had made two solemn vows to the God who had called her to be his handmaid. But the two men whom they most concerned, were meanwhile in the thick of the tumult of battle.

One had led his men back from the rescued camp to meet the foe once more; the other, by the side of the leader of the multitude, was watching the varying movements of the still furious fight.

Joshua found his followers hardly pressed. In one place they were giving way, in another they were making but a half-hearted stand against the sons of the desert; Hur too was looking with increasing and double anxiety on the course of the battle, for in the camp he pictured his wife and father in peril, and below him his son. His fatherly heart quaked when he beheld Uri giving way, but when he made a fresh onslaught, and by a well

directed attack broke the ranks of the enemy, he held up his head again, and longed to be able to shout a word of praise that he could hear. But what ear could be sharp enough to hear a single voice above the clatter of weapons and mingled battle cries, the shrieking of the women and the wailing of the wounded, the surly grunting of the camels, the blare of trumpets and horns?

And now the foremost of the Amalekites had forced their way, like the thin edge of a wedge, into the furthest ranks of the Hebrews. If they should succeed in breaking open a gap for those behind them, and effect a junction with those who had attacked the camp, the battle was lost and the fate of the Israelites was sealed; for still another horde of Amalekites were in reserve at the southern end of the valley, who had not yet had any fighting, and who seemed to be intended to protect the oasis from the foe in the last extremity.

But here was a fresh surprise.

The men of the desert had made their way so far forward, that the slingers and bow-men could scarcely hit one of them, and if these were not to remain idle they must be ordered down to the scene of the struggle.

Hur might have called in vain to Uri to remember

these men and give them some fresh occupation, but suddenly a youth made his appearance, coming from the end of the encampment, a lad as nimble as a mountain-goat, scrambling and leaping from crag to crag. As soon as he reached the first man he spoke to him, gave a signal to those beyond, who again repeated it to the next, and finally they all descended into the valley and climbed the western cliff, as far as a spot where some men were standing; there they vanished as utterly as though the rocks had swallowed them. The youth who had led the slingers and bowmen was Ephraim. A patch of shadow on the face of the rock, was, no doubt, the opening into a ravine, and through this the men were to be led whom Joshua had sent for to succour the camp. So thought Hur, and not he alone, but Aaron likewise; and again Hur began to doubt whether the Lord were indeed with Joshua, for the men who were to be of use at the tents were lost to the troops which it was now the duty of his son and of his comrade Nahshon to command.

The fight round the camp had already lasted above an hour, and Moses had not ceased to beseech the Lord with hands uplifted to Heaven, when the Amalekites made a great rush forward. At this the leader of his people collected all his strength

for a new appeal to the Almighty; but he was much exhausted, his knees shook, and his weary arms fell by his sides. Still his spirit had all its fire, and his heart all its fervent desire not to cease from entreating Him who is the Ruler of battles. The leader of his people must not be idle during the struggle, and his weapon was prayer. Like a child which will not cease from beseeching its mother till she has granted him that which it unselfishly demands for its brethren, so Moses importuned the Almighty who had hitherto shewn himself to be a Father to him and the Hebrew folk, saving them as by a miracle from the greatest perils.

But his frame was faint, so he called on his companions and they pushed forward a block of stone on which he might sit, while he besieged the Heart of the Lord with more and yet more prayers. There he sat; and when his weary limbs refused their service, his soul still answered to his call, and went up as in a flame to the Ruler of the destinies of man. But his arms grew more and more feeble, and dropped at last as if weighed down by heavy masses of lead, although it had for years been his habit to raise them heavenwards when he cried fervently to God on High.

This his comrades knew, and they thought they

had perceived that as often as their great chief's hands sank, the Sons of Amalek gained some new advantage. Then they diligently held up his arms, the one on the right hand, and the other on the left; and although the mighty man could no longer appeal to Heaven in intelligible words, and his giant's frame swayed to and fro, and more than once he felt as though the stone on which he sat, the valley below him, and the whole world were in movement, still his eyes and hands were raised on high. Not for an instant did he cease calling on the Most High, till, on a sudden, from the camp, there came up glad shouts of victory, which echoed loudly from the rocky walls of the gorge. Joshua had returned to the field of battle, and at the head of his troops rushed on the enemy with irresistible fury.

From this moment the struggle assumed a new aspect. The decision, indeed, was still doubtful. Moses, supported on either side, dared not cease to uplift his heart and his hands, but at last, at last, the final struggle was over. The ranks of the Amalekites gave way, and presently they fled, broken and panic-stricken, to the southern pass by which they had entered the valley. And even from thence the cry came up from a thousand throats, "Jehovah our Refuge!" "Victory! Victory!"

At this the man of God let his arms fall from the supporting shoulders of his companions, and stood up, tall and strong, crying with renewed and wonderfully revived energy: "I thank Thee, my God and Lord! Jehovah our Refuge! Thy people are saved!" But then his sight grew dark from exhaustion.

However, he presently looked up again, and saw Ephraim, pressing close on the Amalekites, who had taken their stand at the southern end with his slingers and bowmen, while Joshua drove the main body of the desert-tribes backwards towards their vanquished brethren.

The Captain had heard from a deserter, of a pass by which good climbers could reach a defile leading out on the southern end of the battle-field, and Ephraim, in obedience to his command, had led the archers and slingers along this difficult path, and fallen on the rear of the last band of the enemy who could still have made any stand. Thus attacked from both sides, their ranks thinned, and their courage quelled, the Sons of Amalek gave up the struggle; and now it was seen how these children of the desert and dwellers among the highlands could use their legs, for at a sign from their leader they first killed their dromedaries, and then fled in all directions

like feathers scattered by the wind. They climbed steep cliffs which looked inaccessible to man, like the nimblest lizards, on their hands and feet; but a great many escaped by the ravine which the deserter had betrayed to Joshua.

CHAPTER XI.

THE larger half of the Amalekites lay dead or wounded on the field of battle, and the Hebrew Captain knew that the other desert-tribes who had joined them had, as was their custom, abandoned their slain, and would retire to their own haunts. At the same time it was not impossible that despair might give the fugitives courage not to allow their oasis to fall into the hands of the Hebrews without a final contest.

However, Joshua's men were too much exhausted for it to be possible to lead them any further at this moment. He himself had lost some blood from several slight wounds, and the great exertions of the last few days had made their mark even on his iron frame.

Besides this, the sun, which had not long risen when the strife began, was already sinking to rest, and if they were to force their way through to the oasis it would not be advisable to do battle in the

dark. What he and, even more, his brave followers, most needed was rest till the next day's dawn.

All about him he saw none but glad faces, beaming with proud self-reliance, and when he dismissed the ranks to retire to the camp and rejoice with those dear to them over the victory, the troops, which had marched past wearily and slowly, broke out in shouts of joy, as clear and glad as though they had quite forgotten the fatigues which had bowed their heads and weighted their feet.

"Hail to Joshua! Hail to the Conqueror!" re-echoed from cliff to cliff, long after the last of the troops was lost to sight. But more clearly still did the words ring in his heart in which Moses had thanked him, for they had been:—"Verily as the Sword of the Most High, steadfast and strong, hast thou fought the fight. So long as the Lord is thy Helper, and Jehovah our Refuge we need fear no enemies!"

He fancied he still could feel on his brow and head the kiss of the great leader, the Man of God, who had clasped him to his heart before all the people; and it was not a small thing to control the violent agitation which disturbed him at the end of this all-important day.

A strong desire to stand clear in his own eyes,

before mingling with the jubilant throng, or meeting his father, to whom a share in every great emotion that stirred his soul was due, prompted him to linger on the field of battle. This was now a scene where gloom and horror held sway, for those who lingered here besides himself were detained by death or mortal wounds.

The ravens which had followed the pilgrims were soaring above the bodies, and already venturing to settle on the rich banquet spread before them. The scent of blood had brought the beasts of prey out of their coverts in the hills and rocks, and their greedy howl or bark was to be heard on every side.

Then when darkness followed on dusk, lights began to flit about over the blood-drenched ground. They guided the slaves and those who missed one dear to them, to discriminate between friend and foe, the wounded and the dead; and many a cry of anguish from those who were badly hurt rose up amid the croaking of the birds of prey and the yells of the ravening jackals and hyaenas, foxes and tiger-cats.

But Joshua knew the horrors of a battle-field and feared them not. Leaning against a rock he saw the same stars rise as had shone on him outside his tent in the camp by Tanis, when he stood divided

against himself, face to face with the hardest decision in his life. Since then a month only had gone by, but that short space of time had witnessed an incredible change in his whole inner and outer life. All that had seemed great and splendid to him that night, as he sat outside the tent in which Ephraim lay in his fever, all that he had then deemed worthy of his most strenuous effort, now lay far behind him, vain and worthless. He cared no longer for the honours and dignities with which the caprice of the weak and arbitrary King of a strange nation could make him great and rich. What, to him, now, was the well armed and disciplined army among whose Captains he had numbered himself with such glad pride?

He could scarcely believe that there had been a time when he had aspired to nothing higher than to command more and yet more thousands of Egyptian soldiers, when his heart had beat high at the prospect of a new title or a mark of honour conferred by men whom, for the most part, he could not regard as worthy of his esteem. He had looked for everything from the Egyptians, for nothing from his own nation. That night in the camp he had thought with repulsion of the great mass of the people, who were of his own blood, as miserable

slaves, perishing in degrading servitude. He had looked down in his pride even on the noblest of them, for they were but herdsmen, and as such held in contempt by the Egyptians whose feelings he shared.

His own father, indeed, was an owner of beasts, and though he held him in high veneration, this was in spite of his position, this was because his whole nature commanded respect, because the vigorous old man with his youthful fire won the love of all men and above all, that of his grateful son. He had never ceased to acknowledge him gladly, but in all other matters he had striven so to conduct himself among his brethren-in-arms that they should forget his origin and regard him in all respects as one of themselves. His ancestress, Asenath, the wife of Joseph, had been an Egyptian, and of this he had always been proud.

But now—to-night.

Now he would have made the man who called him an Egyptian feel his wrath; and all which, at the last new moon, he would have cast from him and hidden away as though it were a disgrace, at this next new moon, which like the last, rose in a star-lit sky, made him hold his head high with pride and joy.

How grand a thought it was that he had a right to pride himself on being what he was! What a standing lie, what infinite treason, would his life and doings as an Egyptian Captain appear to him now! His upright spirit rejoiced in the consciousness that this was an end to that unworthy denial and concealment of his own blood. He felt with glad thankfulness that he was one of the people whom the Most High had chosen before all others; that he belonged to a congregation of whom even the humblest, nay, and every child, lifted up his hands in prayer to the God whom the loftiest spirits among the Egyptians veiled in the narrowest mystery, because they thought the common folk too weak and too dull-witted to stand before his might and greatness, or to comprehend them.

And this, the One and Only God, before whom the motley crowd of Egyptian gods sank into nothingness, this God had chosen him, the son of Nun, out of the thousands of the nation, to be the leader and protector of His chosen people, and had given him a name pledging Himself to be his Helper. To obey his God and to devote his blood and life, under His guidance, to his people seemed to him as lofty an aim as any man ever kept in view. His black eyes flashed more brightly as he thought of

it. His heart seemed too small for all the love with which he would now make up to his brethren for his shortcomings towards them in former years.

He had indeed lost a noble and lordly woman whom he had hoped to win, and she was the wife of another; but this did not at all trouble the happy enthusiasm which possessed his soul; he had ceased to desire her for his own, high as her image still stood in his heart. At this moment he thought of her with calm gratitude; for as he confessed to himself, his new life had begun on that decisive night when Miriam had set him the example of sacrificing everything, even what she held dearest, for God and the Hebrew people.

In so far as the prophetess had sinned against him he had blotted it all from his memory, for he was wont to forget when he had forgiven. At this moment he felt only how much he owed her. Like some noble tree uplifting its head to heaven where two hostile countries join and touch, so she stood between his former and his present life; and although love was laid in the grave, still he and she could never cease to strive hand in hand for the same end, and to walk in the same way.

He looked back once more on the period which he had just passed through, and he could say to

himself that in a very short time, and under his leadership, a crowd of wretched serfs had become valiant warriors. They had already learned to obey promptly in the field and to be justly proud of victory. And every new success must inspire them. To-day, even, it seemed to him not merely desirable, but perfectly possible, at their head to conquer a new country, a home which they would love and call their own, where they might dwell in freedom and welfare, and become such men of valour as by good training, he hoped to make them.

Thus among the horrors of the battle-field under the moonless night, gladness as the radiance of day shone in his soul, and with the words "God and my people," and a thankful upward glance at the starry vault, he quitted the corpse-strewn valley of death with a triumphant step, as though he were marching over palms and flowers cast in his victorious path by a thankful throng.

CONCLUSION.

IN the camp he found all astir. Fires were blazing in front of the tents, and round them sat joyful groups, while many a beast was slain, either as a thank-offering or for an evening feast. Wherever Joshua went he was hailed with glad acclamations; but he failed to find his father, for Nun had accepted Hur's bidding, and it was outside his tent that the son embraced the old man, radiant with thankful pride. And the belated guest was welcomed by Miriam and her husband in a way which gladdened his heart. Hur gave him his hand with hearty frankness, while she bowed reverently before him, and her eyes beamed with joy and gratitude.

Before he sat down Hur led him aside, ordered a slave who had just slaughtered a calf to divide it in two parts, and pointing to it said:

"You have done great things for the people and for me, son of Nun, and my life is too short for

the gratitude you have laid on me and on my wife. If you can forget the bitter words which troubled our peace at Dophkah—and you say you have forgotten them—let us henceforth dwell in unity as brothers in one cause, and stand up for each other in joy and sorrow, in peril and in need. The Captaincy henceforth belongs to you alone, Joshua, and to none other; and the people all rejoice thereat, and most of all so do I and my wife. And if you share my desire that we should henceforth live in the bonds of brotherhood, come with me, and after the custom of our fathers we will walk together between the two halves of this slaughtered beast.”

And Joshua gladly did his bidding; Miriam was the first to join in the loud approval which old Nun began, and she did so with ardent vehemence; for it was she who, after humbling herself before her husband, whose love she had now quite won back, had suggested to him to invite Joshua to this treaty of brotherhood which was now ratified. All this had cost her no pang; for the two vows to which she had pledged herself, after the son of Nun, whom she now was ready to call Joshua, had saved her from the hand of the foe, were about to be fulfilled, and she felt that it was in a happy hour that she had made them,

The feeling, new to her, that she was a woman even as other women are, gave to her whole person a gentleness which had hitherto been foreign to her, and this won her the love of her husband, whose full worth she had learnt during the bitter time when he had opened his heart to her.

At the very hour when Hur and Joshua were sealing the bond of brotherhood, another faithful pair had met again whom sacred duty had torn asunder, for, while the friends were still enjoying their meal in front of Hur's tent, three persons desired permission to speak with Nun, their lord and master. These were the old freed woman who had remained behind in Tanis with her grand-daughter and Asser, from whom Hoglah had parted to stay with her feeble grand parents.

Old Eliab, the father, had soon died, and then the widow and her grand-daughter had set forth and followed their people through unspeakable fatigues, the old woman riding her husband's ass. Nun received the faithful souls with joy, and in the same hour gave Hoglah to Asser to wife. Thus this blood-stained day had brought blessing to many; and yet it was fated to end with a harsh discord.

So long as the fires blazed in the camp there was always some stir going forward, and throughout

their wanderings hither no evening had passed without some quarrel and bloody fray. Wounds and death blows had been the frequent result, when one who had been insulted revenged himself on his adversary, when some dishonest rascal had seized the property of another, or refused to fulfil the obligations he had contracted.

In these cases it had often been a hard matter to make the peace and bring the criminals to a reckoning, for the refractory refused to acknowledge any man, be he who he might, as a judge over them. Those who had fancied themselves injured, banded together with others, and tried to right themselves by force.

On this festive evening, Hur and his guests at first heard only such a noise as every one was accustomed to hear. But presently, when besides the wild uproar, a glare of light flared up close to them, the chiefs began to fear for the safety of the camp; so they rose up to put an end to the turmoil, and found themselves in the presence of a spectacle which filled some with rage and horror, and others with grief.

The triumph of victory had turned the heads of the multitude. They felt prompted to give expression to their gratitude to God, and with a vivid

remembrance of the horrible worship of their native land, a party of Phoenicians, among the strangers in the camp, had lighted a great fire to their god Moloch, and were almost in the act of flinging an Amalekite into the flames as an offering pleasing in his eyes. Close at hand, the Israelites had set up a clay image of the Egyptian god Set, which one of his Hebrew devotees had brought with him as a charm to protect his family, placing it on a tall pillar of wood. Hundreds were dancing round it, and singing in triumph. Their worship could not have been more fervent, nor the rapture of their souls more eager, if they had desired to pay the God of their fathers the thanksgiving which was His due.

Soon after his return to the camp, Aaron had assembled the people to sing praises and glorify the Lord; but the need for seeing an image of the god to which they might uplift their souls, after the manner to which they had so long been accustomed, had proved so strong in many of them that the mere sight of the clay idol had sufficed to bring them to their knees, and turn their hearts from the true God.

At the sight of the worshippers of Moloch, who had already bound their victim ready to cast him

into the flames, Joshua was very wroth; and when in their darkness they refused to hear him he bid the trumpets sound, and by the help of the young fighting-men, who obeyed him blindly, and to whom the strangers were anything rather than dear, he drove them without bloodshed back to their own quarters of the camp.

The Hebrews yielded to the urgent exhortations of old Nun, Hur and Nahshon, and repented of their sin, which was aggravated by ingratitude. But even they took it amiss when the fiery old man broke the images they prized so dearly, and if it had not been for the love they bore his son and grandson, and for the honour due to his white hairs, many a hand would have been lifted against him.

Moses had retired into solitude, as was his wont after such peril had by the grace of the Almighty come to a good issue; and the tears rose to Miriam's eyes when she thought of the grief it must cause her noble brother to hear the tidings of such a falling away and such deep unthankfulness. A dark shadow had fallen even on Joshua's glad and confident mood. He lay sleepless on a mat in his father's tent, looking back on the past. His warrior's soul was strengthened by the thought that a single Almighty and unerring Power ruled the universe and

the lives of men, and required unflinching obedience from all created things; a single glance at the order of nature and of life showed him that all things depended on one infinitely great and mighty Being, and rose up, moved, or lay down to rest at a sign from Him.

To him, the Captain of a puny army, his God was the supreme and wise Captain, the only Leader who was always sure of victory. How great was the sin of insulting such a Lord, and of going after strange gods in return for His mercies. And this was what the Israelites had done before his very eyes; and as he recalled to his memory the doings which had compelled his intervention, the question arose in his mind how might they be protected against the wrath of the most High, and how could the eyes of the darkened multitude be opened to His wondrous and soul-inspiring greatness?

But he found no answer and saw no remedy, as he pictured to himself the perversity prevailing in the camp, and the rebellious spirit which threatened to bring evil on his people.

He had succeeded in reducing the fighting-men to obedience. As soon as the trumpet sounded and he made his appearance in battle array at the head

of his troops their stiff-necked will gave way to his. Was there nothing, then, which in the peaceful round of every-day life could keep them within the bounds which, under Egyptian rule, made life safe for even the humblest and weakest, and protected them against the high-handed and powerful? Meditating on these things, he watched till dawn was near, and as the stars began to set he sprang up and bid the trumpets sound, and to-day as yesterday, the men assembled without a murmur, and in full numbers. He was soon marching at the head of his troops through the narrow gorge, and after they had gone forward for about an hour in silence and in darkness, they were refreshed by the cooler air which precedes the day.' Dawn began to spread in the East, the sky grew paler, and the glowing splendours of sunrise solemnly and grandly rose above the majestic mass of the Holy Mountain. It lay spread out before the pilgrims almost tangibly close and clear, with its brown crags, precipices and ravines; towering above them rose its snow-peaked crown, round which a pair of eagles were soaring, their broad wings bathed in a golden glory in the light of the new-born day.

And again, as at Alush, a pious thrill brought the marching host to a stand-still, while each one,

from the first to the last, raised his hands in silent adoration and prayer.

Then the warriors went on with hearts uplifted, one gaily calling to another in glad excitement as some pretty little brown birds flew to meet them, twittering loudly—an assurance that fresh water must be near. Hardly an hour further on they saw the blue-green foliage of a tamarisk-brake, and above it tall palms, and heard at last the sweetest sound that ever falls on the listening ear in the desert—the ripple of a running stream. This encouraged them greatly, and the mighty form of the peak of Sinai,* its heaven-kissed head veiled in blue mist, filled the souls of these men, dwellers until now in the level meads of Goshen, with devout amazement.

They now proceeded with caution, for the remnant of the stricken Amalekites might be lurking in ambush. But there was no foe to be seen or heard; and the only traces the Hebrews found

* Now called Serbal; not the Sinai of the monks, which, in my opinion, was not supposed to be the mountain of the Law-giving, till the time of Justinian. A full exposition of the view that Serbal is the Sinai of Scripture, which was first put forward by Lepsius and in which other writers agree, may be found in a volume entitled (in German) "Through Goshen to Sinai," by Dr. G. Ebers. Leipzig 1882. Willh. Engelmann.

of the sons of the desert and their thirst for revenge were their ruined houses, the fine palms felled and prone, and the garden-ground destroyed.

They were forced to clear the slender trunks out of their path that they might not check the advance of the Hebrew multitude; and when this task was done Joshua went down through a defile leading to the brook in the valley, and up the nearest shoulder of the mountain, to look about him, far and near, for the enemy.

The mountain-path led over masses of granite veined with green diorite, rising steeply till it ended high above the plain of the oasis, at a plateau, where, by a clear spring, green shrubs and delicate mountain-flowers graced the wilderness.

Here he paused to rest, and looking round he discerned in the shadow of an overhanging rock a tall figure gazing at the ground.

It was Moses.

The course of his reflections had so completely rapt him from his present surroundings that he did not perceive Joshua's approach, and the warrior reverently kept silence for fear of disturbing the Man of God, waiting patiently till he raised his bearded face, and greeted him with dignity and

kindness. Side by side they gazed down into the oasis and the desolate rocky ravines at their feet. Even a tiny strip of the Red Sea, which bathes the western foot of the mountain, gleamed like an emerald in the distance. And their talk was of the people, and of the greatness and power of the God who had brought them so far with such wondrous works; and as they looked to the northward they could see the endless train of the pilgrims, slowly making their way along the devious line of the defile towards the oasis.

Then did Joshua open his heart to the Man of God, and told him all he had thought and wondered during the past sleepless night, finding no answer.

The prophet listened to him with composure, and then replied in a deep hesitating voice and in broken sentences:

“Insubordination in the camp—yes; it is ruining the people. But the Lord of Might has left it in these hands to dash them to pieces. Woe to those who rebel. That Power, as stupendous as this mountain, and as immovable as its foundation rock—they must feel it!”

Here the angry speech of Moses ceased. After

they had stood for a while looking into the distance, Joshua broke the silence by enquiring:

“And what is that Power called?”

And the answer came clear and strong from the bearded lips of the Man of God:

“The Law.” And he pointed with his staff to the top of the peak.

Then with a gesture of farewell he quitted his companion.

Joshua, still looking out, perceived some dark shadows moving to and fro in the yellow sand of the valleys. These were the remnant of the Amalekites seeking a new spot where they might dwell.

For a short time he kept his eye on them and when he had assured himself that they were moving away from the oasis, he returned pensive to the valley.

“The Law” he repeated to himself again and again.

Yes, that was what the exiles lacked. Its severity might be the one thing capable of forming the tribes which had fled from bondage into a nation worthy of the God who had chosen them before all the other peoples of the earth.

Here the Captain's reflections were broken off, for the voices of men, the bellowing and bleating of herds and flocks, the barking of dogs and the noise of hammers came up to him from the oasis. The tents were being pitched—a work of peace in which his aid was not needed. He lay down in the shade of a thick tamarisk-shrub, above which a tall palm towered proudly, and thankfully stretched his limbs in the consciousness that henceforth the people would be amply cared for, in war by his good sword, in peace by the Law. This was much, this raised his hopes;—but no—this could not be all, could not be the end of everything. The longer he meditated, the more deeply he felt that this did not satisfy him for the mass of beings down there, whom he bore in his heart as his brethren and sisters.

His broad brow darkened again, and startled out of his rest by these new doubts, he sadly shook his head. No, and again no! The Law could not afford the people who had grown so dear to him all he desired for them. Something else was needful to make their future lot as noble and fair as he had dreamed it might be, on his way to the mines.

But what was that something, what was its name?

And now he began to rack his brain to find out; but while, with closed eyes, he allowed his thoughts to wander to those other nations whom he had seen in war and in peace, to discover what was the one thing still lacking to the Hebrew folk, sleep fell on him; and in a dream he saw Miriam and another lovelier form, resembling Kasana as he had often seen her flying to meet him, a pure and innocent child, and after her ran the white lamb which his father had given his favourite years since.

The two figures each offered him a gift, and bid him choose one or the other. In Miriam's hands was a heavy gold plate, and on the top of it in letters of flame he saw written, "The Law." She held it forth to him with gloomy gravity. The child offered him a drooping palm leaf, such as he had often carried in token of truce.

The sight of the table of the Law filled him with pious awe; but the palm branch waved invitingly in his eyes, and he seized it quickly. Hardly had he grasped it when the figure of the Prophetess vanished into the air like a mist wafted away by the morning breeze. He gazed in anxious surprise at the spot where she had stood, amazed and uneasy at the strange choice he had made, though feeling he had decided rightly.

Then he asked the child what her gift might signify to him and the people. At this she signed to him pointing to the distance, and spoke three words, in a gentle sweet voice which went to his heart. But strive as he might to seize their meaning he could not succeed, and when he desired the vision to interpret them he awoke at the sound of his own voice, and made his way back to the camp, disappointed and puzzled.

In later days he often sought again to remember these words, but always in vain.

The whole force of his body and soul he devoted to the Hebrew folk; but his nephew Ephraim, as a powerful prince of his tribe, well worthy of the honour he achieved, founded a house in Israel. Through him old Nun saw great-grandchildren growing up, who promised enduring posterity to his noble race.

The rest of Joshua's active life, and how he conquered a new home for his people is a well known tale.

And there, in the Land of Promise, many hundred years later, was another Joshua born, who brought to all mankind gifts which the son of Nun vainly

sought for the children of Israel. And the three words spoken by the child, and which the Captain of the host failed to interpret, were "Love, Mercy and Redemption!"

THE END.

PRINTING OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.

